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SERVING THE REPUBLIC

MEMOIRS OF THE CIVIL
AND MILITARY LIFE OF

NELSON A. MILES

LIEUTENANT-GENERAL, UNITED STATES ARMY

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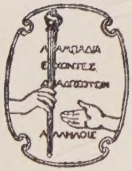
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PRINTED IN THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA
PUBLISHED OCTOBER, 1911

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CONTENTS

CHAP.		PAGE
	INTRODUCTION	vii
I.	MID-CENTURY MASSACHUSETTS	1
II.	FROM HOME TO THE BATTLE-FIELD	20
III.	THE CAMPAIGNS IN THE EAST	47
IV.	CLOSING SCENES OF THE WAR	76
V.	THE AFTERMATH OF WAR	95
VI.	IN THE INDIAN COUNTRY	107
VII.	FIGHTING ON THE PLAINS	122
VIII.	CAMPAIGNING AGAINST THE SIOUX	137
IX.	THE CAPTURE OF CHIEF JOSEPH	169
X.	INDIAN LIFE AND PROBLEMS	182
XI.	FROM ALASKA TO ARIZONA	209
XII.	THE LAST INDIAN WAR	233
XIII.	COMMANDING MIDDLE DIVISION	248
XIV.	COMMANDING THE ARMY	259
XV.	THE WAR WITH SPAIN	268
XVI.	CAMPAIGNING IN CUBA	285
XVII.	THE CAPTURE OF PORTO RICO	296
XVIII.	THE CLOSE OF ACTIVE SERVICE	306
APPENDIX A		315
APPENDIX B		328
INDEX		331

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ILLUSTRATIONS

LIEUTENANT-GENERAL NELSON A. MILES . . . . . *Frontispiece*

PARENTS AND BIRTHPLACE OF GENERAL NELSON A. MILES . . . . . *Facing p.* 8

LIEUTENANT NELSON A. MILES, 22D MASSACHUSETTS VOLS., 1861 . . . . . " 26

MAJOR-GENERAL NELSON A. MILES, COMMANDING 1ST DIVISION, SECOND ARMY CORPS, U. S. VOLS., 1864–1865 . . . . . " 26

NELSON A. MILES, COLONEL U. S. INFANTRY, BRIGADIER-GENERAL U. S. ARMY, 1866–1879 . . . . " 26

LIEUTENANT-GENERAL NELSON A. MILES, COMMANDING U. S. ARMY, 1895–1903 . . . . . " 26

BATTLE OF MALVERN HILL, VIRGINIA, 1862 . . . . " 36

CAPTURE OF FIELD WORKS, SPOTTSYLVANIA, VIRGINIA, 1864 . . . . . " 66

ABRAHAM LINCOLN . . . . . " 96

MRS. NELSON A. MILES . . . . . " 108

CAVALRY CHARGE . . . . . " 124

SITTING BULL, SIOUX INDIAN CHIEF . . . . . " 148

CHIEF JOSEPH, OF THE NEZ PERCES INDIANS . . . " 148

WINTER CAMPAIGNING . . . . . " 156

GERONIMO, CHIEF OF THE APACHES . . . . . " 228

THE MEETING OF THE GENERALS TO ARRANGE THE SURRENDER OF SANTIAGO . . . . . " 286

SPANIARDS SURPRISED AND CAPTURED BY COLONEL HULING'S REGIMENT NEAR COAMO . . . . . " 302

CUBAN, PORTO RICAN, AND PHILIPINO PATRIOTS . . " 306

MAP OF WESTERN UNITED STATES SHOWING MILITARY POSTS AND ENGAGEMENTS SPOKEN OF IN THE TEXT " 330

INTRODUCTION

IN writing these memoirs I have a threefold object. My hope is to interest the reader in certain subjects which should rest near the hearts of all patriotic citizens, since they are topics dealing to some extent with the history, conditions, and welfare of our country; also, in doing this, to add a leaf to the crowns of those noble men who, as my self-sacrificing companions in arms, labored heroically in her service; and, finally, to be able to set forth some information that may attract and prove of value to the future student and historian. I trust these chapters may awaken their readers to a broader interest in the establishment and development of our government, and to a justifiable pride in our country, its influence and its glory.

The recording of one's personal opinion, judgment, and observation of historical events appeals to me as a sacred duty, since out of such narratives the facts of history are culled. I think grave error may result, and often arises, from the inclusion of inaccurate reports and sensational statements, and I believe that literary indifference or recklessness should be avoided at all times. To this end I shall devote my earnest efforts in order that what I have to say may at least be authentic.

INTRODUCTION

That part of our country's past history which treats of the expansion of our civilization in the territory west of the Mississippi, and the causes thereof, will come in for notice in the course of my narrative, as will also the more salient features of our present conditions, the possible trend of our country's future, and the responsibilities and possibilities which lie before us. I hope that what I have to say may promote confidence in the young men of to-day and inspire them with patriotism, since, of necessity, the destiny of our great Republic depends chiefly upon them and those who shall follow them.

SERVING THE REPUBLIC

SERVING THE REPUBLIC

I

MID-CENTURY MASSACHUSETTS

IT was my good fortune to have been born and reared in one of the old New England States—Massachusetts—and in the goodly town of Westminster, a community typical of a civilization which for more than three hundred years adhered to the traditions and principles of the Pilgrim Fathers—in brief, a New England civilization. A climate that led to mental and bodily development, a physical setting richly endowed by Nature, and a community actuated and controlled by the highest motives of public integrity, are some of the charms and advantages of my birthplace, whose merits certainly have not been surpassed by other localities. I find it in my heart to wish that every district, home, and hamlet in our country enjoyed equal blessings.

It was in part because of their experience, their environments, and the primitive condition of their rugged country that the heart, body, and mind of the early settlers of New England were so strong and resolute. They had courage, physical, mental, and moral, as emergency demanded, and, thus equipped,

they were qualified for the hardy life to which they had given themselves, to the crossing of unknown seas, to the transforming of a wilderness into peaceful communities and happy homes. Under such desperate and exposed conditions the sturdy manhood of the colonists was ripened and matured. Physical as well as intellectual strength was needed to lead them victoriously in the two hundred years of hardships and warfare.

Life and vigor are inherent in the very atmosphere of New England. The four contrasting seasons call forth an answering alertness in the inhabitants of that section. A spring whose beauty is famed is followed by a joyous summer, which in turn gives way to the wonderful New England autumn, and the year is rounded out with a sharp, dry, invigorating winter. Of all New England, I think Massachusetts is especially favored as regards the nature of its people and its climate. The civilization of this Republic owes much to the sturdy settlers of that colony. Their admirable qualities have been reflected not only in the history of the colonies at large, but also in the record of that larger commonwealth which succeeded them—a record of progress marked with events of importance to the human race considered in connection with the mental uplift and enlightening development of civilization.

It was a high purpose and laudable ambition which embarked the Pilgrim Fathers upon what was in their day a perilous and arduous voyage. No gain of spoil beckoned them onward; no hope of avarice, that modern recompense for the pillaging of new lands,

lured them on. They were seeking a home, a home in which they could enjoy political and personal liberty dear to their hearts, free from the oppression of a tyrannical power. Like a seed blown across the seas from the sterile fields of the old world to the fertile, virgin soil of the new, the little colony germinated and grew until it was firmly rooted and finally burst forth into blossom, bearing fruit in such abundance that this in turn furnished seed for many another planting. Thus the Massachusetts Commonwealth blazed the way and broke ground for others to follow, and when the tide of American advance flowed toward the West, New England customs and New England ideas were borne along to be deposited for all time on the farthest shore reached by the advancing civilization. In the contest which the colonists, under that redoubtable leader, Miles Standish, had to maintain with the Indians whose hostilities dated back to near the first landing, Massachusetts was ever contributing men and money to the cause. The struggle for our national independent existence found this colony ready to furnish daring, resolute, experienced men in goodly numbers, and, when the "shot heard 'round the world" was fired, Massachusetts became the first field of action in that great struggle for American independence.

New England to-day presents the appearance of a country largely denuded of its native forests and covered with towns and cities which are supported chiefly by the manufacturing industries. I well remember when it was quite different. Then the farmer was more independent of the towns and cities,

and his farm establishment more completely equipped and well stocked. A good farm at that time produced nearly all that was required by an ordinary family, and subsistence was easily obtainable. The forest and wild fields provided what the farm itself did not produce.

No more ideal setting for innocent and happy childhood could be found than my home, the recollection of which I naturally cherish, and my happiest memories are of that period of my life and the pleasures, influences, and associations that it held. Those influences and associations were well calculated to bring out that mental and physical growth which count for so much in meeting the responsibilities of later life, and in the full accomplishment of a man's whole duty.

I attained the usual accomplishments of the country boy during my childhood. I cannot remember when I was not at home on the back of a horse. Long before I could hold on I sat in front of my father holding on to the reins while he supported me on the horse's back with his arms, and later I rode behind him. I soon learned to ride alone, clinging on to the mane, and at the age of six I was given a gentle horse, and could manage and ride him. The other manly sports of the country boy also claimed me as a devotee. I was passionately fond of coasting, swimming, skating, playing ball, and trapping or hunting. I varied these sports by exploring the surrounding country, accompanied at times by no other than a faithful dog, and many a day was spent in this delightful manner, listening to the music of birds at that time abundant

in the forests and fields, watching the wild game—in fact, communing with and enjoying the best of Nature. In winter I was up early and attending to a farm-boy's duties. Then came a walk over or through the snows of a mile to school, returning the same way, then attending stock and other duties, and in the evening with my companions going to a pond or lake a mile distant, building large bonfires and skating for hours. All this gave health, happiness, and a strong and lasting constitution.

One of the favorite pastimes for our boyhood days was playing at war, and hapless were those who happened to be selected to represent the enemy, for, whether he was a red-coated Britisher, a red-skinned savage, or a brown-faced Mexican, he was doomed to certain rout and defeat. "Playing Indian" was, perhaps, our greatest sport, and in this game I acquired boyish fame as one of the chiefs. We were divided into bands, at the head of which were chieftains, and royal fun we had while the bands engaged in warfare, necessitating arduous campaigns, scouting, exploring, pursuing, and the like; and many a time have our boyish shouts or our blood-curdling war-cries awakened echoes among those New England hills. Thus did we make believe, never thinking that within a few years, but far removed on the Western plains and mountains, real and desperate Indian warfare would claim our services.

I have to thank my parents not only for the physical advantages which I enjoyed, but also for the high standards of heart and mind that were as strongly developed in them as they were in my more remote

ancestors. My father, Daniel Miles, was a man of great strength of character, of resolution, and sterling integrity. To his high sense of honor, his courage, the purity of his nature, and the depth of his patriotism, I am indebted for whatever ability I may have had for meeting the duties and responsibilities of a stern and exacting profession. On his side my father had received his traits of character through a succession of five generations, from a Welsh clergyman ancestor, the Rev. John Myles, from Swansea, Wales, who settled in Swansea, Massachusetts, who was doubly a warrior fighting with approved valor, not only for the Cross, but also against the Indians in the Colonial wars. At the outbreak of King Philip's War, in 1675, the forces of the Colonists gathered at his residence, which had been strongly built. This was fortified, and they elected the pastor captain. He served throughout the war, defending the settlement from the hostilities of the Indians, and at its close returned to his vocation of clergyman. Following the custom of most clergymen of that time, he was an educator as well as a minister, and for years conducted a school "for the teaching of grammar and arithmetic and the tongues of Latin, Greek, and Hebrew; also how to read English and to write."

John Myles's son, Samuel, adopted his father's calling, and, after having graduated from Harvard College, in 1684, went to England and took orders in the English Church. In 1689 he returned to Boston and entered on his rectorship of King's Chapel, which position he held for twenty-nine years. Oxford, in the mean time, conferred upon him, in 1693, the degree

of Master of Arts. Having left Massachusetts, and after settling temporarily in Pomfret, Connecticut, my ancestor made a home on the then frontier where the town of Petersham, in Central Massachusetts, now stands; but this home was so subject to attack from the Indians that it was temporarily abandoned.

In the Revolutionary War my great-grandfather, Daniel Miles, and my grandfather, Joab, fought at the battle of Bennington, wintered with Washington at Valley Forge, and, taking part in the principal subsequent engagements, witnessed the surrender of Cornwallis at Yorktown. The zeal of my great-grandfather carried him so far that when the war was over he converted all of his property into the Continental money of the day. When the government subsequently repudiated this issue of currency, my ancestor suffered a total loss of fortune.

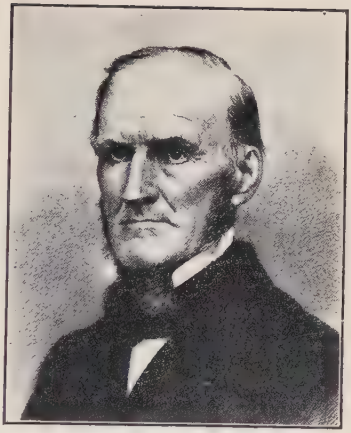
Westminster, Worcester County, Massachusetts, was the home of my father after he reached maturity, Petersham, however, being the place of his birth. In Westminster my father engaged in farming and the lumber business, his home being situated near Wachusett Mountain, about fifty miles from Boston, in a picturesque region blessed with an exhilarating climate. My mother, Mary Curtis, traced her descent directly from William Curtis, who arrived on the ship *Lyon* in Boston Harbor, September 3, 1632. Possessing characteristics much like those of my father, she also had those traits most becoming in womanhood, and I cannot sufficiently express my sense of obligation for the love and the devotion which she

showed for me. Her prayers attended me always, as a child or man, in peace or in war. She was a true Christian, and the example she set her children was an incentive toward praiseworthy conduct and an upright and honorable life. Our home was also blessed by an elder brother, whose splendid example and precepts were of the highest and truest type of American citizenship, and the refining, beneficent influence of two devoted sisters made it a most cheerful and happy Home.

Thus my boyhood ran its course. The educational advantages were the best for the youth of that community. In due time I outgrew the simple school of the district, and was admitted to the greater opportunities of the academy, then taught by that prominent educator, John R. Galt. At the age of sixteen I moved to Boston in order to acquire a business education, as I had decided to engage in commercial pursuits, although this was by no means congenial to me, for there had been at work upon my mind and heart a powerful influence all the years of my young life which pointed my desires in another direction.

I had been accustomed throughout my youth to listen to the evening fireside tales when relatives or friends were visiting us. These stories held for me a potent charm and wonder, as they usually related to the historical lore of the section—tales of fighting and campaigning, of devotion to country, and of sacrifices made in the cause of patriotism. Thus it was that I first heard my father tell of the experience of his father and grandfather, of their sudden depart-

MOTHER



FATHER

BIRTHPLACE

PARENTS AND BIRTHPLACE OF GENERAL NELSON A. MILES

ure for the field at the outbreak of the Revolution, and of the dangers and privations which they and their companions in arms endured. Thus I learned that, each in his day, my ancestors had been eminent examples of patriotism and lofty courage, and my own heart became enthused with a longing for the military profession. I soon realized that there was no present likelihood of my being able to follow what would have been my chosen occupation for life, and it was at this time that I went to Boston to enter commercial pursuits, cherishing the hope, none the less, that some occasion would afford me the opportunity to serve my country as my ancestors had done. Little did I think that an occasion was so near at hand, or that the demand for service would be so insistent or so far-reaching.

During the five years which I spent in Boston, I had ample opportunity for studying the temper of the times, and it soon became apparent to me, as it did indeed to all of the younger men of that period, that we were being threatened by a political hurricane which was sure to break upon us sooner or later. The body politic was in a state of feverish excitement. Controversy, from being acrimonious, soon became violent. Talk of war became common, and thoughts of war were universal. Finally the fire of antagonism burst into flame in the West, and what was known as the Kansas Border War took place, to be followed a little later by the Harper's Ferry affair, that ill-advised effort of John Brown to settle matters to his own liking.

During this period preceding the war, the study of

political questions engrossed my time, and naturally I observed the undisguised preparations which were going forward in the Southern States, to the end that they might be prepared to uphold their cause by arms, if conflict became inevitable. Hence I devoted all my spare time and thought to military affairs, and strove, with such aid as I could command, to equip myself in the military arts so that when the call came from my country I might be prepared to serve her efficiently. Books of military history, manuals of army regulations, and treatises on strategy and military tactics became my favorite reading. In order to further prepare myself, I, together with other young men of Boston, enlisted the services of a veteran French officer, Colonel Salignac, who was a most thorough and capable soldier and military instructor, and under whose instruction and command we were splendidly drilled in military practice and discipline, as well as in the duties of officers and the methods of command. So capable and so popular was this French officer of the old school that the size of the corps under his direction grew, until, from a small company of the young men of Boston, it numbered finally over three thousand men, included among whom were many officers of Massachusetts regiments destined to serve with distinction throughout the war.

During the five years of my life between the ages of sixteen and twenty-one I could have been in school or college in the company of boys where conventionality and the consensus of opinion of youthful minds is, to a great extent, the controlling influence. On the contrary, I was in the company of men of more mature

years, of experience and judgment, who were occupied with the affairs of the world and with public interests that naturally turned my attention to broader fields of thought and observation. In the busy marts of trade, the enterprise of commercial life, and the strict integrity of commercial honor that prevailed at that time, there was good schooling for a young man. The opportunity, also, to see and realize the advantages of our institutions of government, which affect the industries, the prosperity, and the welfare of our communities, States, and nation, was of decided advantage. The intelligence of the world disseminated by the great journals of our large cities was also a great advantage to a youthful mind.

The instructive and interesting lectures by the great scholars, scientists, and orators of that day, as given on the lecture forum, were not only agreeable and fascinating, but highly beneficial and lasting in the impression made. The exciting political controversies that prevailed during that period attracted the attention of every one, and fortunate were those who had the opportunity to hear the great political problems discussed, the great arguments made by the most distinguished statesmen of the time in Tremont Temple and Faneuil Hall—such men as Robert Winthrop, William Lloyd Garrison, Wendell Phillips, Caleb Cushing, Stephen A. Douglas, Edward Everett, Henry Wilson, Gov. Andrew G. Curtin, and Charles Sumner. So intense was the excitement and so agitated were the local commercial interests, that I have seen great civic meetings broken up at the instigation of business interests and by acts of violence, and such

men as Wendell Phillips driven from the platform at Tremont Temple and mobbed in the streets of Boston. While my days were occupied in the duties of my vocation, my evenings were spent chiefly in Comer's Commercial College and the Boston Library.

All political controversies which at times had created intense interest, feeling, and excitement were insignificant compared with the political storm which had been gathering for seventy years and at that time was developing in a most threatening form that boded evil to our beloved country, if not its destruction. No other question concerning the Constitution, laws, institutions, or system of government was so vital as the one great problem which then agitated the American people—that of the justice or injustice of the existence and perpetuation of human slavery, involving the dissolution or perpetuity of the American Union. None other affected so seriously the status of our citizenship, our industrial interests, the character of our country or its future, though the question of State sovereignty and the constitutional rights of federation or non-federation were pressed to the front and argued with great force.

It would be unfair to blame the people of one age or any one section for agitating the question of slavery or defending that baleful institution. It was an institution for which the people of this country, the founders of the Republic, and every generation during its existence up to that time, were responsible and will ever be held responsible by future historians, for, in fact, it will ever remain a blot upon our history. The original charter was given by Charles V. to a Portu-

guese merchant to transport African slaves to the colonies of America. The first were landed in Virginia against the protest of the governor of that colony. That and all other grants and concessions of like character were a gross injustice and cruelty upon the Ethiopian and a curse to the American. It cannot be justified by any philosophy, and it can be accounted for in one word and in no other way—*avarice*. Greed was what induced the colonists to receive the poor slaves who had been kidnapped upon the coast of Africa and brought to our shores. Greed was what impelled them to force their captives to unrequited toil. Greed prompted the building of ships and their manning to bring over from the continent of Africa millions of people to toil in slavery for the white people of this country along the whole line of the Atlantic colonies, just as avarice prompted the building of pirate ships that for years roamed the seas committing acts of robbery and every species of crime. In fact, the avarice of the human race has made it responsible for its most colossal crimes. How much wiser, more humane, and more Christianlike it would have been had the American people appropriated a sufficient sum to have paid liberally for every slave on the American continent and set them free or returned them to their native land, instead of having encouraged and perpetuated for two centuries a political system which engendered hostile elements that were in due time to deluge the country in fraternal blood, to bankrupt practically one section, and to involve the whole country in a colossal debt which bids fair to last more than a hundred years.

One can scarcely realize the feelings of a boy or young man when he contemplates the dissolution of his government, which, from the very hour he was first able to think or to understand anything, he had been taught to cherish and reverently consider precious as life itself. The citizenship which he has learned to regard as an honor and a privilege of great responsibility, and to which he is looking forward with bright anticipation and hope, is threatened with absolute destruction. Should the Republic be destroyed or dissolved, no one could foretell what would be his political status or condition. It was that serious aspect of affairs that caused the young men of that day to think deeply and anxiously concerning the political conflict then being waged between the contending parties. The great journals of the country, while admitting the possibility of serious conflict, were advising and advocating an amicable settlement of the great political problem. The pulpit and the forum were eloquent and urgent in advocating peaceful measures, and the prayers of a Christian people in entire unanimity ascended to Heaven, supplicating Divine interposition, to the end that the storm then overshadowing the land might pass harmlessly by. Politicians and statesmen were advocating measures and organizing commissions to recommend a peaceful settlement of the controversy, and yet all such efforts seemed to be fruitless and barren of results. Argument had lost its force, and reason seemed to be dethroned. I remember reading not only the journals and papers published in the North, but also with great care those published in the South, as they

were daily received at the library in Boston, and noting how the spirit of hostility seemed to be developing. The agitation of the political problem was engendering a feeling of intense hostility—hatred, in fact, on the part of the dominant element of the South toward the people of the North.

At length, in April, 1860, the Democratic convention met at Baltimore, Maryland, and resulted in dividing the party and the placing of two prominent statesmen in the field as candidates for the Presidency —Stephen A. Douglas and John C. Breckenridge. The most prominent political question then agitating the party dominating the country was that of the advisability of extending the sphere of slavery into the States and territories where it did not then exist. The policy of one faction was to permit and encourage such extension, or at least to enforce a recognition of the rights in human property in every section of the country. This policy was sustained by what is known as the "Dred Scott Decision"; while the other policy was then supported by the limitations of what was known as the "Missouri Compromise," which confined the institution of slavery to certain States and territories. This, however, was subsequently repealed, and hence there appeared the possibility of the institution being made to grow and eventually to spread over the entire country. The division which split the convention at Baltimore gave opportunity for the election of a nominee of the Republican party.

Before their convention, which met at Chicago on May 16, 1860, and lasted for three days, the Hon.

William H. Seward was regarded as the great leader of the Republican party, a man of high character and representing the Empire State of New York. Yet, like many others who have appeared before and since his time, he had not a following quite strong enough to secure his nomination on the preliminary ballots. Other men were in the field as candidates against him, and were powerful enough to control the votes of their States and thus prevent his securing the majority. A compromise was effected, as is often the case, and availability succeeded, as in other cases. The West had grown in political power and importance. It became active and then dominant in the convention, and they brought forward the type of man popular in the West as a representative of that progressive element of true Americanism, a man who had become noted as a jurist, a popular public speaker who had served a term in Congress with credit, a man of spotless character and bright intellect, and imbued with the true principles of Republican ideas. While Abraham Lincoln's nomination was a disappointment to the veteran leaders of his party, yet it seemed to unite all elements and created active enthusiasm in all sections of the North and West, and, after a spirited campaign, he was elected. There was nothing in his election that violated any principle of the Constitution or national traditions of our political system. He had made no threat to disturb any of the rights of our citizens or to deprive any of them of their political liberties or property interests. He was pledged to support the Constitution and the laws of Congress based thereon.

Yet, without waiting for any declaration of principles from the President-elect, or even an opportunity for his taking the oath of office, measures for the dissolution of the government were actively advocated over the entire South, and actually precipitated in no less than six States before his inauguration. In fact, so strong was the feeling against his inauguration that it was a serious question whether it would ever be permitted. The political agitation had aroused an intensely hostile feeling between the two elements. War was predicted, and preparations in hot haste were made for carrying it into effect. Even government munitions of war were taken in large quantities from Northern navy-yards and arsenals and stored in those existing in Southern States. Many of the ships of the navy were sent to distant stations, and the greatest activity prevailed among military men in the organization, equipment, and drill of Southern military forces.

While these preparations were actively going on, and almost daily accounts given in the Southern journals of such war preparations, the attention of Northern men was attracted to it, and a corresponding and reciprocal activity gradually manifested itself. Northern militia companies began to be recruited to their full complement, and increasing attention was paid to their instruction, equipment, and drill. In addition to all this, voluntary organizations began to be formed of young men who were drilled either by veterans of the Mexican War or by ex-officers of the French army who had had experience in more recent military service at Magenta and

Solferino. As is always customary after a war, the uniforms and even the tactics of the successful forces became popular and subject to adoption in other countries; so it happened that the chasseur and Zouave were popular in our own country, and the French tactics were translated for our army by Hardee, who abandoned the national service for that of the Confederacy, after which the tactics were rewritten by General Casey and became familiar in our service as "Casey's Tactics." Even as far west as Illinois, a young man named Ellsworth had formed a company of young athletes known as "Ellsworth's Zouaves," governed under the most rigid rules of discipline, temperance, and good habits, and when they made a tour of the Eastern States created a great sensation by excelling every military organization they met including the corps of West Point Cadets.

During all the months between the election and inauguration of Mr. Lincoln, in the winter of 1860 and '61, military armories were crowded; and wherever men were gathered the national question as to the existence of the Republic, and the probabilities of war, was most earnestly discussed. Patriotic speeches were made, and national anthems and songs were sung with great enthusiasm. While Mr. Lincoln's journey to Washington and his inauguration were successfully accomplished, they occurred under the most trying circumstances. If any one will now read his first inaugural address he will be impressed with the candor and generosity of that most remarkable document. It contains no words even implying menace or threat of violence, but it is in

the nature of a most earnest appeal to the heart, conscience, and patience of all citizens to maintain and preserve our institutions and government as they had been vouchsafed to us by the fathers. In fact, it would be difficult to find in literature more beautiful language than is contained in that brief inaugural address. In the closing paragraph he reminded the disaffected elements of the country that they had no vow recorded in heaven to destroy the Union, while he was about to take a solemn oath to maintain the government and defend the Constitution, and then closed with the following:

"I am loath to close. We are not enemies, but friends. We must not be enemies. Though passion may have strained, it must not break our bonds of affection. The mystic chords of memory stretching from every battle-field and patriot grave to every living heart and hearthstone all over this broad land will yet swell the chorus of the Union when again touched, as surely they will be by the better angels of our nature."

II

FROM HOME TO THE BATTLE-FIELD

AFTER the inauguration of Mr. Lincoln, active war measures increased, arsenals and custom-houses were seized, and fortifications erected to reduce or capture existing forts guarding Southern harbors. A quasi-army was organized under General Beauregard (who had resigned his commission in the United States army), and on April 12th the country was shocked by the bombardment of Fort Sumter, in Charleston Harbor.

Those guns may have been intended to solidify and unite the Southern people in favor of secession, but they had the effect of arousing the great Northern power and patriotism. These were awakened in every community and almost every home. The martial spirit and devotion to country were developed to an intense degree. No people were ever more universally aroused in any great cause. I believe the loyal sentiment of the North and West was more uniform than the desire for secession in the South. There was a very strong Union element in the Southern States, especially Maryland, Virginia, North Carolina, Kentucky, Missouri, Tennessee and Texas. The call of President Lincoln for troops was responded to immediately, and whole regiments of State troops repaired to their armories, and many were prepared to march within

twenty-four hours. The first important measure was to save Washington. Large quantities of war material had been moved to Southern arsenals and forts, and then seized, which gave the Southern forces a better equipment at the commencement of the war. This was a serious embarrassment to the nation, and agents were immediately sent to foreign countries to secure arms and munitions of war, and were in many instances obliged to accept those that were obsolete or of an inferior quality.

The Southern forces were advanced as far north as Manassas and Centerville, with advanced outposts at Fairfax and Alexandria, Virginia. The Confederate flag floating in sight of the White House at Washington was a defiant menace, and the gallant and most promising young Colonel Ellsworth met a tragic death in its capture. Beauregard had been transferred from South Carolina to the command of the army in Virginia.

The General-in-Chief of all the Union forces was the veteran General Winfield Scott. Like George H. Thomas, Farragut, and thousands of others, this eminent commander represented that element of the South which remained loyal to the government and devoted to its perpetuity. A hero in the War of 1812, he commanded the principal army in the conquest of Mexico. During his candidacy for the Presidency he had been unjustly assailed, but criticism never penetrated the strong armor of his splendid ability and high character. The infirmities of age had rendered him at that time unavailable for field service, but his executive ability and wise counsel were invaluable to

the nation, and his firm loyalty inspired confidence and brought tens of thousands of young men to the national standard.

While the loyal elements were exceedingly impatient for an advance, much time was required to properly equip an army. The cry was, "On to Richmond." A well-defined plan was decided upon. It was to advance an army of three corps under General McDowell, from Washington, against the army under Beauregard, while Patterson was to hold or neutralize the force under Johnston in the Valley of the Shenandoah, but, like many well-drawn plans of campaign, the enemy seldom conforms to their requirements or conditions.

The delay in moving was taken advantage of by the opposing army, and practically the entire force under Johnston was withdrawn from Patterson's front in time to participate in the battle of Bull Run. During that engagement a large Union force, practically one corps, was held in reserve at Centerville, and rendered useless thereby, so that only a portion of the Union army was engaged against the entire concentrated force of the enemy. The result was a defeat, which turned into a rout, or what was then termed a "stampede," back to the environments of Washington. Vast quantities of arms and munitions of war fell into the hands of the enemy. This gave them unbounded confidence and encouragement, while it was most disheartening to the loyal element of the country. It soon, however, strengthened the war spirit of the North in its determination to maintain the government.

The first call of seventy-five thousand men was responded to chiefly by men in the militia forces of the country, who enlisted for three months. Congress now authorized the raising of an army of five hundred thousand men for three years' enlistment. This was responded to almost entirely by volunteers, principally the young men who were willing to lay aside all the bright prospects of life and make every sacrifice for the good of their country. Citizenship we lightly considered when we enjoyed it in perfect tranquillity, yet, when its destruction was threatened in the dark gloom of impending dissolution and we were possibly to become the subjects of some unknown dynasty or despotism, our patriotism then became a sacred obligation, and our devotion to the welfare of our country dearer than all other considerations in life. Young men who had scarcely ever left home before bade adieu to their earlier associations, their worldly interests, to those nearest and dearest to them, and marched forth to victory or to death as cheerfully as to a festival. War-cries and patriotic anthems were shouted on every street and wherever Americans were assembled. "E Pluribus Unum," "The Star-spangled Banner," and "America" were sung in all the churches and public gatherings. The national colors were displayed over every patriotic home and worn conspicuously by nearly every man, woman, and child throughout the Northern States. The entire press voiced the will of the people, and the office of every journal displayed the national flag and echoed their loyal sentiments.

It was then well into the summer of 1861, and Con-

gress, after a long, exciting, and very important session, adjourned, but not, however, until after the active sympathizers with the Southern cause had, one by one, taken their leave from the Senate and the House, many of them with much ostentation and some with expressions of regret. Before Congress adjourned the prominent leaders resolved to return to their States and devote their personal efforts to raising troops to preserve the Republic. Among those were Senators Wade and Sherman, who went to Ohio, Chandler to Michigan, Trumbull to Illinois, Fessenden to Maine, Harris to New York, and Sumner and Wilson to Massachusetts. In my own State Henry Wilson raised the 22d and 23d Infantry and a battery of artillery. It was then apparent that the war was not to be over in ninety days, as many had predicted, but was to be of long duration.

The occasion seemed opportune for me. Although we were only thirteen years from the close of the Mexican War, the material for organizing, instructing, and disciplining armies was exceedingly limited in our country. Men who had had experience in the war with Mexico were considered best qualified to officer and command the great volunteer army. Next to them, for this purpose, came the men who had graduated from the military academy at West Point, and then the officers of our militia forces. The task of selecting officers to the command of fighting men was most difficult. The appointment of officers of regiments was accorded to governors of the States. Frequently political influence was used, and where

this occurred many proved utter failures in the field and were soon allowed to resign.

The expense of recruiting a company was quite a serious undertaking, and in a few cases proved disastrous to those who attempted it; I have known men who expended all they possessed in such an enterprise and then did not receive the commission to which they were entitled. Public meetings were held in the town of Roxbury, now a part of Boston, the home of that Revolutionary hero, Warren, who fell at Bunker Hill, and enthusiasm was excited with the idea of having that place represented by a company to be known as the "Warren Guards." It was publicly agreed that a fund should be raised to give to each man who enlisted a sum of money to leave with his family or those dependent upon him. I expended all the money I then possessed, with the addition of twenty-five hundred dollars which I had borrowed, in the expense of raising this company and fulfilling the obligations that the citizens had made to the enlisted men. The men were permitted to elect their officers, and such election was taken as a recommendation to the Governor. I was elected Captain of the company and duly appointed by the Governor. Political influence was used at the State Capitol to have another man commissioned in my place, and so strong was the local ward political pressure brought to bear upon the Governor that he yielded; and on the evening before the regiment was to leave the State he sent his Adjutant-General down to the camp with a letter directing me to return my Captain's commission and accept one of First Lieu-

tenant, threatening, if I did not do so, to take measures toward having my commission canceled at Washington. As I had enlisted to serve my country and not for a war with the Governor of my State, I reluctantly returned the commission upon which I had been sworn into the service of the general government and accepted the commission of First Lieutenant of Company E, 22d Massachusetts Infantry. The regiment was greeted with great enthusiasm whenever it appeared en route to war, especially when marching down Broadway, New York, and through Philadelphia. When we arrived in Washington we marched in review past Mr. Lincoln at the White House.

No one can fully realize the impressions of a young man seeing the capital of his country for the first time under such circumstances. The capital—his pride and glory, yet quite unlike the beautiful city of today—the unpaved streets full of dust or mud, the national Capitol and the Washington Monument half built—yet both would have been suitably emblematic if the great Republic, not having reached the zenith of its power, was to be destroyed. The city was filled with thousands of troops—infantry, cavalry, and artillery—and on every hand were the evidences of war. The President, dignified and hopeful, his solemn and care-worn face indicating the depth of his anxiety as he saw the mighty army forming to aid him in saving the nation, greeted all with a cordial welcome and seemed intensely interested and earnest in the great enterprise in which we were all engaged. He had selected the

LIEUT. NELSON A. MILES
22d Mass. Volunteers, 1861

MAJOR-GEN. NELSON A. MILES
Commanding 1st Division, Second Army Corps, U. S. Volunteers, 1864–1865

NELSON A. MILES
Colonel U. S. Infantry, Brigadier-General U. S. Army, 1866–1879

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LIEUT. GEN. NELSON A. MILES
Commanding U. S. Army, 1895–1903

most eminent men of his party, many of them his conspicuous rivals, and placed them in his Cabinet, yet he towered above them all, physically and intellectually. Fortunate indeed was the nation and the cause of humanity that had such a man of pre-eminent ability and character at its head, and such were the impressions he inspired in us at the time.

Our regiment then marched over Long Bridge, and camped near Falls Church, in Virginia, forming a part of Wadsworth's brigade of Fitzjohn Porter's division. My only brother, Daniel, accompanied me from my home to Washington and to where the guard was stationed at the Long Bridge over the Potomac. This was as far as any civilian was allowed to go toward what was then known as the theater of war, Virginia, and there we parted. My brother was twelve years older than myself. He had a wife and four small children, and it was then agreed between us that he should return home and care for his family and our aged parents, and not enter the military service unless there should arise some unforeseen emergency or unless I should fall as a result of the serious campaign in which I was then about to engage. Crossing over the Potomac to take an insignificant part in the army then encamped before Washington was an entirely new experience for me, one for which I felt unprepared. Outside of the few men that I knew in the regiment, and whom I had known but for a few weeks, I did not know any one in that great army. All that a young man could hope to do in such an enterprise was to do his best under all circumstances and con-

ditions, and to do that was my firm determination.

The Colonel of the regiment, United States Senator Henry Wilson, stayed with us but a few weeks. He was entirely inexperienced in military life, although he had some knowledge of the subject from his experience as chairman of the military committees of the Senate. Although a large-hearted, brave man, he was more of a politician and statesman than a soldier.

After remaining in that camp but a few weeks I received a temporary detail on the staff of the veteran General Casey, then in general command of the troops and in charge of the assignment of troops to brigades and divisions on their arrival in Washington. In a short time I received a permanent detail as aide-de-camp on the staff of Brigadier-General O. O. Howard, then commanding a brigade located at Bladensburg, Maryland. Here I remained during the autumn months of 1861. During that time the government was occupied in transforming nearly a hundred thousand young men, civilians, into a well-drilled and disciplined army. While there were urgent appeals for an advance of the army at that time, it was explained that it was not prepared to take the field or to fight a battle. Still, the opposing army was on a like footing. It was not by any means a veteran organization or an efficiently disciplined body. The chances of success to the Union forces in a campaign at that time would have been problematical. The Southern forces were at home—in a country perfectly familiar to them; they had been victorious in one important battle, and were acting on the de-

fensive—which gave them at all times a great advantage.

During that time the army under Grant had achieved success at Donelson. General Lyon, who commanded the forces in Missouri, was conducting a spirited campaign. Unfortunately, he met his death in the battle of Wilson's Creek. Had he lived he would undoubtedly have achieved a fame equaled perhaps by no one on the Union side.

The most serious danger that alarmed the people of the entire country at that time was the reported reconstruction of one of our largest war-vessels, which had been seized at the Norfolk navy-yard, cut down, covered with railroad iron, and made an armored vessel. When the reports came of this new leviathan, its terrible destructive power and the impenetrability of its armor, the ingenuity of the government authorities was taxed to the utmost for a means to meet this new enemy, and it would have been hopeless but for the genius of one man, John Ericsson. This most skilful marine engineer conceived the idea of constructing a vessel having armored sides, deck, and turret with an armament of the heaviest-caliber guns. When he and his associates came to Washington with their plans, they received little encouragement from the naval authorities, but Mr. Lincoln, who had had experience as a flat-boatman on the Mississippi, had acquired a knowledge of the relative proportions of ships to their burden-carrying capacity. He grasped the idea, comprehended its importance, and gave his ready support; yet not to the extent of ordering a vessel constructed at the government's expense.

What he did was to agree to accept the vessel proposed, provided it was successful under fire. Upon this, Ericsson built the *Monitor* at the expense of Mr. Griswold, Mr. Bushnel, and Mr. Winslow, of New York. Its arrival at Hampton Roads was fortunately at a time of the nation's most serious crisis. The battle between the *Monitor*, commanded by Worden and Greene, and the *Merrimac*, was one of the most decisive of that great war, and, from the darkest hour of gloom and despair, the clouds broke over a nation of universal rejoicing. It saved the principal Northern cities, gave us a navy, and resulted largely toward blockading the Southern ports. All honor to Ericsson, Worden, Greene, and their generous supporters.

After the waters of the Chesapeake had been made safe, the Army of the Potomac, commanded by General McClellan, with Porter, Sumner, Franklin, Heintzelman, and Keyes as corps commanders, was moved by transports down the Potomac to the Chesapeake Bay and up the James and the York rivers. A battle occurred between the enemy and our advanced forces at Williamsburg. The army advanced up the peninsula, and in time found itself face to face with the Confederates strongly intrenched behind field fortifications about seven miles out from Richmond.

We were encamped, awaiting supplies, reconnoitring and preparing for an assault, when, on the 31st day of May, 1862, the quiet was suddenly broken by a well-planned and well-executed attack upon our left wing by General Joseph E. Johnston's forces. This engagement was known as Seven Pines. Without

creating any alarm or making any preliminary demonstration of active hostilities, the Confederates suddenly advanced in great force, without skirmishers or advance-guard in front of them. They were fired upon by the picket-line in front of Casey's division, but as the Union troops retired, the Confederates, by a rapid advance and charge, reached the Union line nearly as soon as the retreating pickets. It resulted in serious confusion in the Union army, and that portion was driven back through the forests and fields in disorder. The enemy's advance was made late in the afternoon, and Sumner's and Franklin's corps were ordered to the support of Casey's division and Heintzelman's corps. Sumner's corps, which had been held in reserve, reached the field just at the close of the day, and, by a counter-charge, drove back the enemy and bivouacked on the battle-field that night.

This was my first serious experience in the tragedy of war. It was my duty, as an aide-de-camp, to ride several times over the field, and a more gruesome scene cannot be imagined. In the noise and tumult of battle, blare of trumpets, and the shouts of leaders, the excitement of the contest overawes all other considerations; yet when the troops had ceased firing and the muskets and cannon became silent, the proximity of hostile troops suppressed all unnecessary noise. There was only the quiet moving of troops, before they were allowed to rest, into positions where they would be available in case the action was resumed during the night. Yet that field of gloom was not entirely noiseless. The groans of the living and the moans of the dying were constant in every part of the field. Those

who were disabled and suffering from their wounds were calling for help, for water, and assistance. One would frequently hear the words "God" and "Mother" uttered by the lips of those who were suffering and in the presence of death. Frequently, in riding over the field, I was obliged to dismount and grope my way carefully so as to avoid tramping on bodies that strewed the field. My horse seemed to be as sensitive as I was, and frequently stopped when near the body of a dead or dying soldier.

Unionists and Confederates were mingled together upon that dark field of strife. In passing along I frequently asked a man what regiment he belonged to, and the replies were "Massachusetts," "Vermont," "New York," "Pennsylvania," and others; and quite as often the response would be "Mississippi," "Louisiana," "Virginia," or some other Southern State. The suffering of those young Americans alike excited my sympathy, and all the prejudice that I may have had prior to that time vanished as I began to realize how little those young men had to do in bringing about such a tragedy and causing such suffering. The feeling was then, as it was in after-years after many similar scenes, that the responsibility for such suffering was not with those who were enduring it, but with those who, by conspiracy and selfish ambition, by political or mercenary interests, had brought to pass such a cruel war between Americans. Almost every day and hour, then, brought desolation to many homes, and mourning and suffering to every section. The best disposition possible was made of the troops during the hours of the night, and every aid was made

for the comfort of the wounded. All night long they were being gathered, as far as possible, into temporary field hospitals, and the days following they were given all the assistance that the circumstances would permit.

Early on the following morning hostilities were resumed. Our brigade was ordered to move to the left into a dense wood and meet the advance of the enemy moving in that direction. I was sent to observe the situation. I found Colonel Miller, of the 81st Pennsylvania Volunteers, a gallant veteran of the Mexican War, who reported the enemy in solid body advancing in his front. This I immediately reported to General Howard, and with him returned as rapidly as our horses could take us to the threatened position. Before reaching it the battle opened and we met the body of Colonel Miller being borne to the rear and his regiment in retreat. General Howard directed me to rally the regiment and hold the enemy until he could bring the rest of his command into action. I rallied a good part of the regiment and checked the advance of the Confederates in that direction, though wounded and my horse crippled by the enemy's fire. The engagement was known as the battle of Fair Oaks. It was fought principally in a densely wooded country, and the lines were but a few yards apart. It was one of the fiercest battles at short range which occurred during the war. General Howard lost his right arm, and many gallant heroes fell. The result was a success for the Union forces, the Confederates being driven from the ground they had gained the day before; the effort to break the siege or to dis-

lodge the Union forces from the commanding position which they occupied had proved a failure.

Then occurred a long delay of several weeks preparing for what seemed to be an indefinite siege of Richmond. The hostile forces strengthened their position by the slashing of timber, constructing abatis, lines of earthworks, etc.

During this delay there appeared another element in the great drama, that great genius of war, Thomas J. Jackson. He had acquired the name of "Stonewall" by his personal bravery and fortitude at the battle of Bull Run, where he commanded his brigade to stand like a stone wall. He was a graduate of West Point, but later had resigned from the army and became a professor at the Military Institute at Lexington, Virginia. He was a strange man, an eccentric religious enthusiast. Being a native of Virginia, he was quite familiar with the topography of the country; and, being given an independent command, he moved with great secrecy and celerity against the Union forces occupying separate positions, and then moved by a rapid forced march to the left flank of Lee's army in front of Richmond, Lee having succeeded to the command after the disabling of Johnston at the battle of Fair Oaks.

While this was being done, the Confederate cavalry, under Stuart, destroyed the depot or base of supplies of McClellan's army at White House, Virginia, and in doing this rode entirely around the Union army.

On the 27th of June the seven days' battle before Richmond began. By the raid of Stuart's cavalry the line of communication of McClellan's army had been

disturbed and his position threatened more seriously by the concentration of a heavy force under General Jackson on the left flank of the Confederate line. The veteran Sumner was like a caged lion or an ideal war-horse, clanking his bit—his sole desire was to advance, advance. We knew then, as we know now, that only a weak line confronted the four army corps of Sumner, Franklin, Keyes, and Heintzelman. Our means of observation were limited. On our line of battle was a very tall pine-tree, without limbs except at the top. A sailor had been up this tree with a strong strap round it and his body, driving railroad spikes in it as he ascended. It was within range of the enemy's artillery, and had been struck with cannon-shot. Sumner asked some one to volunteer to go up and observe the situation, and I, being somewhat venturesome, went up. From the top I could see the long line of the enemy's earthworks occupied by a thin line of infantry and artillery, yet they had left a great number of regimental bands that were continually playing "Dixie," the "Bonny Blue Flag," "Southern Rights," etc., to deceive our troops. I could look down upon the church-spires and house-tops of Richmond, but, what was more important and serious, I could see large bodies moving over and down on the left bank of the Chickahominy to assail our right wing. These facts I reported to General Sumner. We could hear our guns receding on our right, and, as he realized the situation, he was impatient to advance. His thoughts were not alone with his desperate surroundings, but far away, as he said, with a sigh, "This will be sad and depressing news to President Lincoln at Washington."

After the enemy's vigorous assault and a desperate battle had been fought, our right wing was overwhelmed, driven back from its position, and seriously disabled, but not entirely demoralized. An effort to reinforce Porter's corps on the left bank of the Chickahominy was made by crossing a portion of the Second Corps and some of the Sixth over, but too late to effect any important results. The opportunity to concentrate and make one determined attack upon Richmond with the three corps practically unoccupied against the inferior force immediately in front of Richmond was lost.

The disastrous result to the Fifth Corps under General Porter caused a change of base on the part of General McClellan from the York River to the James. In effecting this change a series of desperate battles was fought. The Confederates were determined to not only raise the siege of Richmond, but, if possible, destroy the Union army. Battles were fought during the seven days, chiefly at Mechanicsville, Gaines's Mill, Allen's Farm, Savage Station, White Oak Swamp, Glendale, and Malvern Hill. After the battles of Mechanicsville and Gaines's Mill, the right wing was withdrawn, and as the main body of the army withdrew from its line of works the enemy made a vigorous advance. A halt was made at Allen's Farm, or Peach Orchard, and a fight ensued. During a lull in the engagement, in which our brigade was not engaged, I gathered the pioneers of the different regiments and cut a road through the forest, thereby saving two batteries of artillery.

The severe battles of White Oak Swamp and Glen-

BATTLE OF MALVERN

dale, or Nelson's Farm, as it was called, resulted in drawn battles—without any great advantage on either side. Yet the Confederate army was so much encouraged by our change of base and the raising of the siege of Richmond that it pressed steadily on by every avenue and road passable. Under cover of the night the Union forces were withdrawn from the fields. This had a depressing and demoralizing effect upon the Union troops, yet they were well concentrated at Malvern Hill, a strong, natural position on high ground, with broad, open fields interspersed occasionally with a few majestic trees; and at that season of the year it was not only an attractive piece of country, but an ideal battle-field.

The Union army took up strong, commanding positions and awaited the advance of the Confederate forces. Their lines were formed back under cover of timber, and on the afternoon of July 1st made a general advance, which soon developed into one of the best open-field battles that I have ever witnessed. The Confederate forces as they debouched from the cover of the forest were obliged to cross a wide, open field, and the moment they appeared their lines were subjected to a very heavy artillery fire from our batteries, arranged thickly on the crest of the commanding hills; yet, under such circumstances, they maintained excellent order and cadence, although we could see the wide gaps made by our shells in the various regiments as they marched across the field.

Coming up where they met a well-directed, steady infantry fire, they attacked with great enthusiasm, and fought with desperation, but finally their lines were

broken and thrown back in great disorder. Repeated assaults were made with the same results, and line after line was moved forward only to be hurled back in the same condition. A single incident, showing the reckless courage of some men in the supreme hour of battle and in the presence of death, was there illustrated in one young Confederate Colonel who had led his regiment across the field in excellent order though suffering severely from the artillery fire. When they got under the first scattering fire of our infantry they seemed to hesitate and slackened their pace, whereupon he dashed out in front of his regiment and, gallantly waving his hat, shouted to his men, "Come on, come on, my men! Do you want to live forever?" in tones that seemed to scorn danger and defy the fate of carnage. In every part of that field the Union army was successful and the Confederate forces were routed and demoralized. A vigorous advance would have resulted in the capture of Richmond, but, instead, before the battle was over and decided, orders were given to retreat.

During that night heavy rains descended which thoroughly drenched the troops and made the roads almost impassable, so that, on reaching Harrison's Landing the next day, the Union forces were in a very shattered condition. Thousands of men were away from their companies, companies were separated from their regiments, and regiments from the brigades; and in some portions it was simply a moving mass of men, officers and soldiers, infantry, cavalry, and artillery, in a mixed and disheartened condition. They were followed from Malvern Hill to Harrison's

Landing by only a small portion of Confederate cavalry, so serious had been their defeat at Malvern Hill. But the campaign against Richmond had failed.

On July 1st the President issued a call for three hundred thousand more men. He had been requested to do this by the governors of eighteen States. On July 11th General Halleck was appointed Commander-in-Chief of the United States army, and a reorganization of the Union forces took place. The governors of States were anxious to employ, as far as possible, the services of officers who had had experience in the field during the campaigns which had taken place, and the Governor of my own State wrote to General E. V. Sumner, a veteran of the war with Mexico and a native of Massachusetts, asking him to send a list of men who could be fittingly appointed as field officers of the new regiments, and I learned that my name had been sent at the head of the list. The Governor chose to ignore that recommendation and declined to appoint me though asked to do so by prominent men of the State.

The result, however, turned out quite as satisfactory for me. During the late campaign I had acted as Adjutant-General of the brigade and was frequently with the 61st New York Volunteers. Its Lieutenant-Colonel, Musset, had been killed at the battle of Fair Oaks, and, when the troops were at Harrison's Landing, Colonel Barlow wrote to Governor Morgan, of New York, earnestly recommending me for the position as Lieutenant-Colonel, basing his recommendations on the necessity of the troops and my record

during the war up to that time. It was an unusual request, and rather unusual for a Governor to appoint an officer of another State. Governor Morgan approved the recommendation and sent me the commission of Lieutenant-Colonel, which was received with great gratification, it being a most valuable promotion at that period of my life. As soon as it was received I advised the Governor of Massachusetts that I had vacated the position of First-Lieutenant of Company E, 22d Massachusetts Volunteers, which he had sent me on the taking away of my commission as Captain. My tastes were entirely with the fighting force of the army. I preferred the command of troops to any staff position. I was therefore exceedingly happy to be again in the line, and elated with the additional rank and responsibility that this new commission gave me as a field officer.

During the brief period of rest every opportunity was taken to improve the *esprit de corps* of the troops and render them again efficient. The terrible experiences that they had passed through of success and disaster, victory and defeat, of advance into the enemy's country, as well as a retreat that caused some demoralization, were hardening processes, welding, tempering, and converting that army of young, patriotic Americans into an army of unconquerable veterans. The Army of the Potomac remained intrenched at Harrison's Landing, and Lee, after placing his army in position to oppose it and building intrenchments, detached a powerful corps and placed it under Stonewall Jackson for a move-

ment on the national capital or an invasion of Northern territory.

In the mean time the scattered and somewhat shattered forces which had been contending against Stonewall Jackson's corps in northern Virginia prior to the campaign near Richmond had been gathered into one body, and Major-General Pope assigned to the command. He issued a somewhat pretentious proclamation, which was regarded as a reflection upon the efforts and achievements of the Army of the Potomac; still, those patriots would have been gratified if any one could have done more. The result, however, was soon disastrous to the Union forces. So formidable was this advance toward Washington and so serious the menace against the capital that troops on the James were withdrawn rapidly by corps.

The advance of the Confederates and their success in the battles about Manassas became a most threatening menace a second time to the capital of the nation, and the Union forces were moved back in such a manner as to cover it if possible. Nothing could be more deplorable than the disasters to our national forces, the demoralizing defeat and retreat, the feeling that the national capital was in imminent danger of capture, and that possibly the great cause in which we were then engaged was doomed to utter failure.

After disembarking from the transports at Alexandria we could see the national capital on one side and hear the roar of hostile artillery on the other. In fact, the condition was almost chaotic. Startling rumors and false alarms were constant. Our corps

was rushed up from Alexandria to defend the bridges over the Potomac, and a few hours later ordered by forced marches to Centerville. When Lee began his Northern invasion our army moved on interior lines between the Confederates and Washington, and crossed the Potomac into Maryland. The army, worn down and discouraged, their dead numbered by thousands, left on the battle-fields unburied, their ranks decimated by the loss of killed, wounded, and missing, was but the remnant of its former strength; yet, when we moved out upon other fields, especially at that season of the year when all nature is clothed in its most luxurious garb, the wounded having been sent away to distant hospitals and only the strong that survived being present, the army became resolute, hopeful, and determined. The heroic spirit of the strong young men soon manifested itself in the buoyant cheerfulness that was ever characteristic of their army life. Undaunted by hardship, never discouraged by disaster, untiring in their efforts to do their best, they moved on day by day with a hope that gave them fortitude, strength, and courage. Were it not for the presence of an occasional wounded man or the distant roar of artillery we could have at times imagined ourselves rather going to a festival instead of to a tragic drama.

The beautiful rolling country of Maryland in its rich verdure of forests and fields was then most attractive. The spirit of the young men was shown frequently by one or two of them daring others to follow in a gallop over the fences or fields on spirited horses in a wild chase in which their superior horse-

manship was manifested. The favorite sport was for one young officer to challenge another or others to follow him; and I witnessed on the field of Antietam the most remarkable steeplechase that ever occurred in the presence of more than a hundred thousand armed men. The armies had taken position in line of battle on parallel ridges of hills with a valley between them, batteries in position on the commanding crests, long lines of infantry with reserves and supports; and, in advance of all, long lines of pickets, chiefly in the open field and within plain view of all. They remained thus arrayed practically all day on the 16th of September with an occasional artillery duel. During this time two young officers, Captain Gosson and Doctor Reynolds, on the staff of General Meagher, were unable to restrain their fondness for sport, and one challenged the other to a steeplechase. Jumping their horses over fences, from one field to another, these men galloped for some time, when the challenger suddenly turned and dashed out through our line of battle and down toward the advance picket-line, both cheered by thousands of our men as they went over fences, ditches, and fields with reckless bravado. As they continued the wild ride out through the picket-line, despite endeavors to stop them, the commands to halt soon changed to cheers; then, changing the direction, they galloped along between the two picket-lines within easy range of the Confederates, but the spirit of the manly sport proved more powerful than the enemy's hostility. With true Southern chivalry they took up the cheering which then resounded along the Union lines and answered it by wild yells of delight.

The leader finally turned and rode back to his own side through the picket-line and line of battle to the original starting-point. This incident demonstrated that the hearts and spirits of the men composing those two great armies were practically as one, the only thing dividing them being the terrible prejudice that had been wrought by long years of hostile sentiment.

My cheerfulness was soon turned to sadness. I had a splendid Kentucky charger, the first horse I ever owned, and one of the handsomest I have ever seen, named Excelsior. He had been my constant companion, and many a night had I wandered through the camps trying to find or borrow food for him when our wagons had failed to come up; he had borne me faithfully and fearlessly through the campaigns and battles. Under the artillery fire he was pierced by the enemy's shell, and so mutilated that he had to be shot at once. It was like losing a devoted friend.

The time previous to the opening of the battle was employed in reconnoitring and preparing for the engagement. I was detailed on the night of the 16th to take a troop of cavalry and part of my regiment, with an engineer, to see if I could learn the condition of the main bridge on the Sharpsburgh Road over the Antietam River. This was a somewhat difficult undertaking, going outside of our lines and groping our way in the darkness to get down to the bridge. I was surprised to find it unoccupied by the Confederates, as it required desperate fighting to retake it later in the day. I found the strong stone bridge in good condition, and remained there until

daylight, and then moved forward a few hundred yards on the other side before I discovered the line of Confederate pickets. This condition of affairs I reported at once, and was ordered to return and join my command, then just fording the Antietam River some two miles above, where the battle was soon to be opened by the advance of the Union right wing toward the Confederate left.

The battle raged desperately for six hours, and at all parts of the field the Union forces were successful. Our brigade moved onto the field in the second line. After the first brigade had become engaged we were called into action and succeeded in turning the right flank of the corps opposed to us, breaking the line and then wheeling to the right and enfilading what is known as the Bloody Lane. Our regiment charged the enemy occupying that position, and succeeded in capturing it with over two hundred prisoners and a stand of colors. After the engagement, this sunken road presented one of the most horrible scenes of the war. It was practically filled with dead and wounded, while the ground in front and rear was strewn with bodies of men engaged on both sides. It was here that Colonel Francis C. Barlow, a fearless and accomplished officer, was severely wounded and carried from the field, leaving me in command of the regiment, my first experience as a field officer under fire. However, my first order was to advance, and from the Bloody Lane we drove the enemy through the cornfield and orchard, and remained there with nothing on our right or left until ordered back to a line occupied by the other troops. There was a lull in the

firing about twelve o'clock, and during the afternoon a practical cessation of hostilities continued on the right, while the left was only partly engaged. A general advance of the whole force at that time would have resulted in the complete routing, if not the annihilation, of the Confederate army. They had suffered heavy losses, put in their last reserve, and exhausted most of their ammunition, while the Union forces were still in good condition, with an entire corps still in reserve and never brought into action. While the fact that the battle was not fought out, or the defeated army pursued and captured, was a great disappointment, still the Union forces had been victorious in turning back the invading enemy and winning a victory on Union territory. This was a matter of great rejoicing to the patriots of that day.

Our division commander, General Richardson, a veteran of the Mexican War, a most sterling character, a good organizer and persistent fighter, a man who was regardless of his own appearance or safety, yet ever thoughtful of his command and duties, was mortally wounded and soon died. The casualties in that command caused many changes, especially in our own corps. The gallant veteran, General Sumner, who inspired the strongest patriotism and dauntless fortitude of his own command, and was devotedly loved by all, was disabled, and had to retire temporarily from the field, and that superb, ideal commander, General Winfield Scott Hancock, was assigned to the command of the division.

III

THE CAMPAIGNS IN THE EAST

THE battle of Antietam was fought between sunrise and four o'clock, and more men were killed on that day than any one day of the Civil War. If fought out, it would have ended the war by the destruction of the Southern army. After the battle the Confederate army retreated, recrossing the Potomac and moving down the Shenandoah and Loudon valleys. The Union army remained on the field for several days, removing the wounded and burying the dead. If any one would realize the horrors of war, he should remain on a battle-field several days after an engagement. No scene could be more gruesome or atmosphere more offensive. Our inaction was most discouraging, and our surroundings were most depressing. Still, we had won a victory. President Lincoln came to the army, as was his custom whenever possible. His presence gave recognition of the valor and sacrifice of the troops. I shall never forget the feeling of great confidence felt by every one in that wise and benevolent man. He seemed the master mind wherever he appeared, and the army revered him as a devoted father.

After the battle of Antietam, Colonel Francis C. Barlow, while absent, wounded, was promoted to the rank

of Brigadier-General. This was in recognition of his very gallant and efficient services. The Governor of New York appointed me a Colonel to fill the vacancy thus made. The command of the 61st New York Volunteers at the age of twenty-three was most gratifying, and prompted me to endeavor to make that regiment one of the best in the army. Its record during the war will compare favorably with others. A more brave and faithful body of men I think was never engaged in any cause.

The army made a long and useless halt at Antietam and Harper's Ferry, then moved slowly down the Loudon Valley to Warrenton, Virginia. Here General McClellan was relieved and General Burnside appointed to command. He marched the army to the Rappahannock opposite Fredericksburg, Virginia. The non-arrival of the pontoon train was the reason given for not immediately crossing the river. After waiting twenty-three days and without adequate manœuvers or strategy, the army, under cover of a heavy fire of artillery, forced a crossing of the Rappahannock in the face of the enemy, occupying a strong line of defense. The brave men first crossed the river in boats and then constructed a pontoon bridge. This was not accomplished, however, without serious loss. The army then moved over, occupying the city of Fredericksburg, the enemy occupying the adjacent hills.

On December 13th the army advanced against the Confederate forces, and, notwithstanding the very heroic and desperate assaults, it failed to dislodge the enemy in their strong position. During that engage-

ment and while my regiment was pressing forward in its advance upon the famous stone wall at the base of Marye's Heights, I was severely wounded in the throat by a Minié ball, which nearly proved fatal. Both armies remained in their positions in close proximity to each other during the night of December 13th and the following day. On the 15th and 16th the Union army recrossed the Rappahannock, having lost, in killed and wounded, 12,653 men, without inflicting any serious injury upon the Confederate forces. The result occasioned much dissatisfaction throughout the North and was very disheartening to our troops. This engagement closed the campaigns and battles of that year. Another reorganization followed, in which General Burnside was removed and General Hooker placed in command of the army. A number of other changes were made in the division and corps commanders. We lost our beloved corps commander, the veteran Major-General Sumner, who was the soul of honor, a great patriot, and an able General. After leaving our corps, and before reaching the important command to which he had been assigned, he was taken ill and died with this patriotic prayer on his lips: "God save my native country, the United States of America."

After a short absence from the army on account of my wound, I returned to active service. The army was being re-supplied, re-equipped, and reorganized, and thus remained in winter bivouac preparing for the events of the following year. This continued all through the long winter months. My regiment occupied a prominent advance position overlooking the

valley of the Rappahannock, in plain view of the Confederate forces, though out of range. The days were occupied in instructing and drilling the troops, and careful attention was paid to every detail of equipment and supplies. Late in the afternoon our bands were accustomed to play the most spirited martial and national airs, as "Columbia," "America," "E Pluribus Unum," "The Star-spangled Banner," etc., to be answered along the Confederate lines by the bands playing, with equal enthusiasm, "The Bonny Blue Flag," "Southern Rights," and "Dixie." These demonstrations frequently aroused the hostile sentiment of the two armies, yet the animosity disappeared when at the close some band would strike up that melody which comes nearest the hearts of all true men, "Home, Sweet Home," and every band within hearing, in both armies, would join in that sacred anthem with unbroken accord and enthusiasm.

During this time there existed a practical cessation of hostilities over the great theater of war extending from Virginia to the Rocky Mountains and from the Ohio to the Gulf. The enemy, holding strong positions, were acting on interior lines, while the Union forces were widely separated in independent armies occupying a great cordon that encircled the vast territory. This method of warfare was quite the reverse of the Napoleonic methods of concentration and the destruction of the weaker forces of the enemy in detail. Notwithstanding the adverse circumstances and the discouraging events, there was the indomitable fortitude of the great Northern element which maintained its purpose regardless of the loss of life and treasure.

In the spring of 1863 the Army of the Potomac was better equipped and more efficiently organized than ever before. The military problem was to cross a formidable river and encounter the opposing army. In doing this one of the best strategic manœuvers of the war was enacted. Circumstances were favorable to the accomplishment of this enterprise. While the Confederate army had a very daring and active spy system and could overlook, in part, our territory, a fortunate condition of the weather was favorable to the movement of the Union forces. A warm rain produced a dense mist or fog that concealed the army. At one point near the river the ground was clearly visible from the opposite side, and one corps of our army was occupied nearly an entire day in apparently marching down the valley of the Rappahannock, but really marching around a hill, thereby giving the enemy the impression that our army was moving down the valley to cross some distance below Fredericksburg. While this demonstration was being made the other corps of the army were moving up the river under cover of the forests and dense fog. The cavalry had already taken possession of the upper fords, and these corps were thereby enabled to move over to the right bank of the Rappahannock, which they did, and then moved south a sufficient distance to turn the left flank of Lee's army and practically take it in reverse. In fact, that army was almost enveloped before any serious hostilities took place. Thus, by the 1st of May, the Second, Third, Fifth, Eleventh, and Twelfth corps had crossed the river, moved through a thick-wooded country, and de-

bouched into an open country, where it should have made the escape of the Confederate army impossible.

Evidently the Union commander did not appreciate the advantageous position he had gained, for, instead of continuing the aggressive move, he halted his troops and then ordered them to march back a short distance and make preparation for fighting a defensive battle. This, like other battles that are well planned in advance, might have been successful had the Confederate commander obligingly conformed thereto. Often in war the unexpected happens, and the enemy does what is least anticipated. This usually results in the success of the more adroit and audacious. A more daring manœuver was rarely ever executed on a field of battle than the movement of Stonewall Jackson's corps at Chancellorsville. After being delayed down the valley of the Rappahannock by the decoy movement above mentioned, Stonewall Jackson moved with great celerity to and around the extreme right flank of Hooker's army. The movement was well covered by a dense forest at places and the energy of Stuart's cavalry. He marched along almost the entire front of Hooker's army, and his assault was as sudden and impetuous as his march had been adroit. He found the Union troops unprepared to meet such an emergency, their arms stacked, while they were scattered about their bivouac. The Confederate forces moved through the thick timber in solid mass without advance-guards or skirmish-line, and when they struck the picket-line of the Union forces they were enabled to follow it closely and deliver a most destructive and terrifying fire. The result was a

serious disaster. The blow fell directly upon the Eleventh Army Corps, which was routed, and their retreat created great confusion and disorder in that part of our army.

When we first reached the Chancellorsville road and were advancing toward Fredericksburg, May 1st, over an open country, I was assigned to command the advance line, a heavy cloud of skirmishers covering the advance of our division and corps. When we were halted, and the troops withdrawn, I was directed to take up the best position I could find covering the left flank and front of the Second Army Corps on both sides of the Chancellorsville road, facing toward Fredericksburg. I found an excellent position on commanding ground with some timber and a stream winding through marshy ground in front. This position I strengthened in every way possible by having the troops slash the timber and construct strong rifle-pits for shelter. In fact, the troops were occupied during the day and the entire night in rendering their position, as far as possible, impregnable. An attack was made on this line during the evening of May 1st, and during the second day it was desperately assaulted at different times by troops of the Confederate divisions of McLaws and Anderson, both in line of battle and en masse.

While the Confederates became greatly embarrassed by the obstacles they encountered in front of my line, still they nearly succeeded in breaking through in some places. In fact, their forces reached within a few yards of our intrenchments, and one Colonel jumped his horse over the embankment, and both

horse and rider fell dead within our lines. General Hancock, during these attacks, had sent reinforcements, but he was careful to send regiments whose colonels were junior to me, which left me in command and increased my force to something more than a brigade. This position was held against vastly superior numbers until I was shot, and supposed to be mortally wounded, on the morning of May 3d. The position, however, was maintained. While these engagements were occurring, the Sixth Army Corps, under General Sedgwick, crossed the Rappahannock and drove the enemy from Fredericksburg.

The success and advantage gained in the first few days, however, had been offset by the counter-movements of the Confederate forces, and the Union army was subsequently withdrawn to the north bank of the Rappahannock. The Union forces outnumbered the Confederates and should have won a decisive victory, yet that must be accorded to the Confederate army. However, they met their most serious loss in that battle in the death of their greatest field marshal, Stonewall Jackson. Up to that time Lee had scarcely lost a decisive battle. After it he never gained one. When I heard of the death of Stonewall Jackson I considered the event equal to the annihilation of an entire corps of the Confederate army. It is impossible to know what might have been the result had he lived and been as active and successful in subsequent events as in those in which he had participated.

One is often asked how it seems to be wounded in battle. The flight of a bullet is quicker than thought, and has passed through a flesh-wound be-

fore one realizes that he has been struck. I have seen bodies of men dead on the field of battle where the brain had been pierced and death had been instantaneous. They would remain in every position of the "manual of arms," with an anxious look, a frown, or a smile on their cold and rigid faces. My wounds received at Fair Oaks, Fredericksburg, and Petersburg were flesh-wounds, and disabled me but a short time. While riding down the line at Chancellorsville one of the enemy's bullets struck my metallic belt plate with great force. This caused a slight deviation as it entered the body. The result was an instant deathly sickening sensation; my sword dropped from my right hand, my scabbard and belt dropped to the left; I was completely paralyzed below the waist. My horse seemed to realize what had occurred; he stopped, turned, and walked slowly back—I holding to the pommel of the saddle with my hands. We soon reached a group of soldiers, who took me off and, placing me in a blanket, carried me to the Chancellorsville House, and pulled a dead man off a couch to make room for me. Here I remained until the house was struck by a bursting shell and set on fire. I was then taken out and carried five miles on a stretcher, rested in the woods that night, and the next day was carried in an ambulance over a rough corduroy road twelve miles to a field hospital. Thence I was sent to Washington, where my brother met me and took me to my home in Massachusetts. Two weeks afterward I was able to move my right foot slightly, and the doctors concluded the bullet must be somewhere in the left side. A consultation was held,

and, after a thorough examination, Dr. Alfred Hitchcock, an eminent surgeon, found that the ball had crushed through the hip bone and lodged down in the strong muscles of the left leg. The bullet and broken bones were removed by Doctor Hitchcock, and after several weeks of convalescence I was able to return to the field. I was always curious to know how close to me the man must have been who fired the shot, as the force of the bullet was terrific. Many years afterward, by accident, I discovered and made the acquaintance of the Confederate soldier. In a letter to me he said: "I used a sharp-shooter's rifle at a range of about one hundred and fifty yards. I aimed at your heart, but think the motion of the horse carried the ball a little low. After what has occurred during these thirty-six years, I am glad I missed that shot."

The army was withdrawn on the 6th of May, recrossing the Rappahannock. The success of the Confederates gave them great confidence, and this was followed by a second advance into the Union territory of Maryland and Pennsylvania. General Hooker was removed from the command of the army and succeeded by Major-General George G. Meade. General Meade was one of the most accomplished officers of his day; a skilled engineer and a brave and successful commander of a division and an army corps. He took the army at a time when it was more depressed and disheartened than at any other period of its history. It had suffered a most disastrous and inglorious defeat upon a battle-field where it outnumbered its opponents in larger proportion than on any other field of the Civil War—approximately

130,000 against 60,000. It had endured all the hardships of war; it had fought with great gallantry and made great sacrifices; its losses, in killed and wounded, at that battle were 17,197, as against 10,281 on the Confederate side. It had suffered defeat through no fault of its own. It had left thousands of its wounded and all its dead in the hands of the enemy, and had been withdrawn by slow marches from one position to another, covering the approach of the victorious army menacing the national capital.

As the Confederate army moved around Washington the Union army crossed the Potomac and moved north, covering not only the threatened Washington, but the cities of Baltimore and Philadelphia as well. As evidence of the indomitable spirit and undying patriotism of that army, regardless of the failures of its commanders, it quickly recovered and marched forth to battle with renewed fortitude, and was soon to grapple with its antagonists in the most desperate and decisive battle of the war.

The Confederate army, on the other hand, was excessively elated with its achievements and overconfident in its prowess. In fact, their success had been so great under adverse circumstances that they now believed they could invade any part of the Northern territory. A single remark of a Confederate soldier gives an idea of the great confidence which pervaded that army. It is related that this soldier, suffering from sickness or wounds, had applied to his Captain for a sick leave. Upon the leave being granted and a furlough offered, he declined it with the remark that he "thought he would continue on

duty with his company, at least until it reached Boston." And the ablest General then under Lee, Lieutenant-General Longstreet, who had recently joined with two divisions of his corps, expressed his confidence by saying that the army of Northern Virginia was in condition to undertake *anything*.

The assignment of Meade gave a new confidence to our army; but it required all his skill to manœuver so as to hold it in position to check the invading force at all points then threatening Washington, Baltimore, and Philadelphia. He moved forward the Eleventh and Twelfth corps under Reynolds and Howard, which encountered the advance of the Confederate force at Gettysburg. Reynolds was killed in that engagement, and the Union forces were driven back in confusion. General Meade detached General Hancock from his own corps and sent him forward to represent him on the field, with instructions for selecting and taking possession of the ground and giving any orders necessary in his name until he could move up the rest of the army. Hancock selected a very strong position along the crest of Gettysburg Heights, and succeeded in checking the retreat of our troops and placing them in position, and, as the remainder of the army came up, they prolonged the line, taking up strong positions, which gave the Union army a decided advantage in the great crisis that was to follow. The Confederate army had been strengthened by the addition of the divisions of Longstreet's corps, so that it now numbered over seventy thousand men. The strength of the Union army had been reduced to nearly eighty thousand men. These numbers very

nearly equaled those engaged on the field of Waterloo under Napoleon and Wellington.

Possibly the overconfidence of the Confederate commander, together with the absence of Jackson, was the cause of his undoing. To both of these may be attributed the defeat of the Southern cause. Lee could have selected his own ground and fought a defensive-offensive battle with more chance of success in his favor. If Jackson had been there he would undoubtedly have made a more vigorous pursuit on the first day in following the defeated Union troops and occupied the crest of Gettysburg instead of halting on the low ground; and, instead of making a direct assault on the third day, he would undoubtedly have turned either the right or the left flank of the Union army.

After the Union forces had been concentrated, the different corps all occupying strong positions, with a line of two hundred guns placed in position, Lee made the fatal mistake of moving across the open fields and assaulting the center of the Union line. Possibly he thought to make it an Austerlitz, but it proved to be his Waterloo. There, on the crest of Gettysburg, the Southern army reached the flood-tide of its power. The Confederate cause had reached the zenith of its strength and existence. Southern valor had displayed all its heroism and sacrifice, and from that moment its star was in the descendant. How near that crisis came to being disastrous to the great Republic requires but a moment's reflection. Had the veteran Army of the Potomac been destroyed or captured on that field

there never would have been another to take its place. The Confederate flag would have floated in triumph over the national Capitol at Washington and the great cities and populous territory of our country; the victorious army would have been in a position to dictate terms. That was not only the military view of the situation as it appeared to us in the army, but there had grown up a strong sentiment of dissatisfaction and discouragement among the people of the North. The recruiting of another army at that time would have been impossible, and the moving of any army from the West could not have been accomplished with sufficient strength to encounter the victorious army under such conditions. The Army of the Potomac fought with great tenacity. Every man felt that upon him depended the safety and perpetuity of the government. All the skill and bravery, martial spirit and gallantry of the Southern troops were matched by the fortitude of the Northern army.

That General Meade did not immediately put his entire force in pursuit to complete the destruction of the Southern army has been a subject of much criticism. Our army was encumbered by thousands of prisoners. Its supplies and ammunition had to be replenished, and the utmost caution had to be exercised lest the departure or withdrawal of the hostile army might be for the purpose of taking up a better position. It is claimed now that this was a fact. A defeat to our army at that time would have resulted in the loss of all that had been gained. General Meade did follow with the Army of the Potomac, but the Confederate army fell back to the south side of the

Potomac and continued its retreat to the south side of the Rappahannock.

The position of the troops on that field has been marked by the most beautiful bronze, granite, and marble monuments that adorn any battle-field of the world. There are more monuments on that field than on all other battle-fields that have marked the history of the human race. Mr. Lincoln most impressively expressed the thought that the ground "could not be dedicated, could not be consecrated—the brave men living and dead who struggled there had consecrated it"; and that "the nation should have a new birth of freedom," and that "the government should not perish from the earth."

It has always been a source of regret to me that this important battle occurred at a time when, owing to my severe wound, it was impossible for me to take an active part. Yet my feelings at the time were only those of thousands of others who were intensely interested in the great cause then trembling in the balance. At the time of the invasion of Maryland and Pennsylvania I left my home, scarcely able to walk with a crutch, and tried to return to the field of duty, but found it impossible. I went to Harrisburg, where my former corps commander, Major-General Couch, was then organizing the militia of the State and such volunteers as could be rapidly gathered to occupy the passes in the mountains and other important positions, to retard, if possible, the advance of Lee's army. The whole country was in a state of great excitement and alarm as a result of that invasion. I found him glad to receive my assistance, and I was assigned to the

duty of organizing a brigade, composed mostly of men who had enlisted for three months or the emergency, then located at Huntington, on the Juniata River. To the organization, instruction, and drill of this body of troops I could make myself available, as it was not known then where the Confederate army would march. Detachments from this command were sent to occupy important passes in the mountains to obstruct the movement of the Confederate army.

When I had recovered sufficiently for field service I rejoined my command, then located near the Rappahannock River, Virginia, and found the morale of the army changed for the better. The all-absorbing topic of conversation was the victory at Gettysburg. Yet it was sad to find so many of my comrades missing, with whom I had fought side by side for so long a time.

I was assigned to the command of a brigade in place of Colonel Cross, a very gallant officer who had been killed at Gettysburg. A forward movement of the army, with the engagement at Mine Run and other places, did not result in any important success, and the army finally went into winter quarters on the Rapidan in Virginia. During this time a complete reorganization of the military forces took place. General Grant's achievements in the West, where he had captured Vicksburg and opened the Mississippi to the Gulf, dividing the Confederate territory, were heralded over the country, to the great satisfaction of every patriot. He was made Licutenant-General and assigned to the command of all the armies, and made his headquarters with the Army of the Potomac.

The winter months were occupied in rehabilitating the army, and the return of men, at home from wounds or sickness, and the recruiting of the ranks to their maximum strength, so that, on the opening of the campaign of 1864, the Army of the Potomac was in first-class order for any service, and was about to engage in the most desperate campaign of the war. On the 5th of May General Grant crossed the Rapidan with one hundred and five thousand men, and to these were added very heavy reinforcements during the subsequent campaign.

The Confederate army was the objective, and, next to that, the Confederate capital, Richmond. Much has been said concerning the despatch sent after his first engagement, saying he "would fight it out on that line if it took all summer." He did take all summer, and the object was not accomplished; neither did he keep on that line, but abandoned it to the route *via* James River.

The first important engagement that year was the battle of the Wilderness, lasting three days, an undecisive but most desperate engagement. It was fought in a thick forest of underbrush, where it was almost impossible to manœuver an army or to see the enemy until the lines were within a few yards of each other. We could only keep up a general alignment. Yet it was fought with great tenacity on both sides, and the losses were very heavy — about eighteen thousand on the Union side and eight thousand on the Confederate side. It was difficult to use artillery, and, to add to the appalling terrors, the forest took fire, and many of the men's clothes were burned while they

were fighting, and thousands of the wounded were burned to death. In that desperate encounter the men fought during the day and rested on their arms during the night, neither army being able to dislodge the opponent, and both, during the lull in the fight or under cover of night, constructed lines of intrenchments.

It was under these circumstances that Grant recognized the impossibility of dislodging or destroying Lee's army on that field, and the impossibility of advancing against such a formidable barrier; he then decided to turn the flank of Lee's army. The subsequent movements in the campaign were similar. Although he started out opposed to the idea of manœuvring and was inclined to depend upon persistent, continuous blows, he was forced to manœuver in order to make any advance. In turning to the left, while it brought him nearer to his base of operations, it carried his army into a more densely wooded country, with inferior roads, making it more difficult to march than if he had moved to the right and forced Lee into an open field of battle like Gettysburg.

These flank movements were usually made under cover of the night. The Second Corps took the initiative, moving by Todd's Tavern to Po River. My brigade was moved out from Todd's Tavern to observe if the enemy were marching on a parallel line, and was attacked by two brigades of Mahone's division, then moving to intercept our flank movement. By a spirited counter-charge this attack was successfully repulsed. Another sharp engagement took place at the Po River, resulting in the defeat

of the enemy. When the Union army reached the vicinity of Spottsylvania, prepared to assume the offensive, it found the enemy had moved, by interior lines, and was then in position. After reconnoitring and various demonstrations had been made to ascertain the position of the enemy and its relative strength, a disposition was made for attack on the angle of the Confederate line, and our corps, and especially our (Barlow's) division, was selected to make the principal assault. Marching from its position near Po River, under cover of night, our division formed *en masse* with two brigades in front and two in rear, or forty men deep; the Second and Third divisions in two lines on the right and left; the last brigade moving into position and, without a halt, forming what is tactically called "double column on the center." Thus we moved forward in the gray of the morning for one of the most desperate assaults ever made. It was impossible to see but a few yards in front of us, and without skirmishers or advanced lines the troops moved in a solid mass over the undulating ground up to where they suddenly came upon the pickets of the enemy, who fired their rifles and then retreated back to their lines. This fire was not replied to. The men had been ordered to remove the caps from their loaded rifles and use nothing but their bayonets until they had gained the enemy's position.

The column moved steadily on, passing as best it could over the obstacles of felled trees and cut brush, until it came in front of the intrenched line of battle with a strong line of *chevaux-de-frise* in front that at first seemed impassable; yet the momentum of this

column, forty men deep, all crowding forward, was irresistible. On reaching the *chevaux-de-frise* thousands of strong men literally raised it up and tore it to pieces and rushed under or over it to the line of works with their bayonets fixed. It was the first time during the war that I had actually seen bayonets crossed in mortal combat; it was a crash and a terrible scene for a few moments. The superior numbers of the Union assailants soon overpowered the Confederate defenders, who had held to their position with great tenacity. They had been able during that time to load and discharge their rifles three times into the great mass of Union troops, where every shot took effect in the heads or shoulders of the advancing men. The same was done with the batteries of artillery; the guns were fired three times before they were captured.

As the Union column swept *en masse* over the fortifications, the Confederates threw down their arms; Generals Johnson and Steuart, with four thousand Confederate soldiers, thirty stand of colors, and twenty pieces of artillery, were captured. Of course, in the rush of the assault, our organizations became very much mixed up and somewhat confused by the excitement. If this assaulting column had been properly followed by a supporting force to take advantage of the success gained, and then swept down the line to the right and left, greater success would have resulted from this heroic effort. The assaulting column pressed forward through the broken line for some distance, and was then met by a counter-charge. The ground was fought over by the

troops charging back and forth for ten hours of that day, and presented a spectacle of horror without a parallel. Probably on no other one field of like area of the great Civil War did as desperate fighting and heavy loss occur. During that time the infantry fire was so terrific that standing trees were cut down by musket-balls alone, and one solid oak, twenty-two inches in diameter, was cut down entirely by the infantry fire during the engagement. Its stump is now in the National Museum at Washington. Batteries attempting to go into action were completely disabled and thrown in a disordered mass by the drivers and horses being killed, and the bodies of men who fell, killed or wounded, on the ramparts were riddled by scores of bullets. It was the only ground that I ever saw during the war that was so completely covered with dead and wounded that it was impossible to walk over it without stepping on dead bodies.

Some idea may be had of the desperate character of this campaign in its almost continuous engagements between the Wilderness and Spottsylvania, when we consider that our army alone during that time lost over forty thousand men. (Other authorities place the loss on both sides at 84,598 men.) Our army had been reinforced by one entire division of heavy artillery troops and by Burnside's corps. For our action in this engagement and previous battles, General Francis C. Barlow was made Major-General, and I was promoted to be a Brigadier-General.

The campaign continued from Spottsylvania as it had commenced from the Wilderness. The army had become so accustomed to intrenchments that when-

ever it was in close proximity to the enemy, or halted for the night, it would, in a few hours, construct a line of field intrenchments. We utilized anything available in the way of railroads, roads, cut banks, heavy fences, ridges with additional earth thrown up, or sometimes the slashing of trees, to embarrass the enemy in case of an attack, so that if one army made an attack, it met, instead of an ordinary line of battle in the open, a line of battle concealed or sheltered behind earthworks, with batteries in position protected or masked in the same manner. Flank movements became imperative. The concentration against the angle at Spottsylvania had failed, owing to the tactical plan of execution. To make a successful flank movement with a large army in a wooded country with limited and very poor roads was most difficult, and the Confederate commander was enabled to anticipate almost every move that was made.

In these difficult and laborious marches, at times under drenching rains and over roads deep with mud, the troops pressed on, at times waiting and watching through the dreary hours of night; at times when they could rest and had obtained food, they gathered in the evening around the camp-fires to cheer one another's spirits. The grand war songs and anthems were sung by thousands of strong voices. Frequently a rule was adopted that one must sing a song, make a speech, tell a story, dance around a hat, or stand on his head; this added to the joy and merriment of all. In the still night in the forests to hear some rich, strong voice, or a splendid quartet, sing the best and purest of music, frequently to be joined by a chorus

of thousands of voices, was enough to inspire men to noble purpose and heroic deeds.

I have seen a large body of cheerless troops massed in a field after a hard day's march, and when all wanted rest, obliged to stand waiting for orders, knowing that an all-night march was before them, and a battle next morning, changed by a witty little Irishman on a caisson-box of one of the batteries, singing, crowing, talking, joking in the most inimitable manner, and the scene of gloom soon changed to one of uproarious laughter and good humor. Such scenes were of frequent occurrence as the army slowly carved its way toward Richmond. It was generally admitted that a wit was worth more to a company than a doctor, and a band of music more than a hospital.

The flank movement from Spottsylvania to North Anna, though successfully made, found the advance of the Confederate forces there in anticipation of the movement. When the army had succeeded in getting into position it found a formidable force in its front, and the result was similar to the other engagements of that campaign, necessitating a flank movement to the left, which brought the army on practically the old field of Cold Harbor, where a portion of it had fought in 1862, two years before. While these movements were progressing, a complete change of base was being made, which also involved long delay in relieving the army of prisoners, wounded, sick, and disabled, and receiving supplies of food and ammunition. The changes of base in the series of flank movements were made from Washington to

City Point on the James River. The march from North Anna to Cold Harbor was made in good time, the advance of the troops reaching that position in the afternoon of June 2d, and, instead of the concentration of a strong force against a weak position, the army was ordered to attack the enemy along the entire front on the following morning.

This resulted in the Union troops reaching the intrenched line of battle of the enemy in a few positions and breaking that line, only to be attacked on both flanks and repulsed. This was the case with Upton's division of the Sixth Corps and with Barlow's division of the Second Corps. The general result was a loss to the enemy of approximately two thousand, and to the Union troops thirteen thousand, including many of the best men of our army. Three young colonels, with whom I had served from the time they were lieutenants, bivouacked that night together and slept under the same blanket; they were laughing and speculating as to the results of the morrow. When dawn came they all gallantly led their regiments and were all dead in fifteen minutes. This was followed by another flank movement to the left, with our base line of operations once more on the James River, which we had left two years before. The army crossed the James and made an advance toward Petersburg, but before reaching that point the enemy also had crossed the James River near Richmond, and when the Union forces reached the immediate vicinity of Petersburg they found a Confederate force intrenched there and ready to meet them. General Barlow became exhausted by the severity of the campaign, and was com-

pelled by sickness to retire from the field, thus leaving the First Division, Second Army Corps, to my command.

A series of engagements followed, extending along the whole line of the army from the Appomattox to Ream's Station on the south and to Deep Bottom on the north side of the James, which consumed months and was practically a siege of Petersburg and Richmond. Some of these assumed the magnitude of battles.

On July 29th our corps was ordered to the north side of the James in order to draw as much of the Confederate army in that direction as possible. My division captured a battery of artillery and line of earthworks, and advanced to within a few miles of Richmond. One of the forts on the Confederate line at Petersburg had been mined, and on the morning of July 30th its garrison was blown into the air with a loss of something like seven hundred and forty men and a battery.

In the battle of Ream's Station our corps was desperately engaged against superior forces of the enemy, and for a time our troops were driven back in confusion, but I succeeded in making a counter-charge with a part of my division and recapturing some guns and a line of works, driving the enemy back over the ground that they had taken from us and turning the tide of battle. These minor engagements continued during the autumn with no decisive results, when Lee had the audacity to detach from his army a corps of troops under General Early for the evident purpose of capturing Washington, or at least of withdrawing the army from the siege of Richmond and Petersburg.

Had Stonewall Jackson been in command of that force, the result would undoubtedly have been very serious, if not disastrous, to the Union cause. They left Richmond on June 13th, marching north through Gordonsville and down the Shenandoah Valley, crossing the Potomac River above Harper's Ferry. They encountered a small division of troops under General Lew Wallace at Monocacy, Maryland, and permitted themselves to be delayed by this insignificant force for three days. Thence they moved on to Washington, reaching a point on Seventh Street, now known as Georgia Avenue, within sight of and four miles from the national Capitol. Here they were checked by a motley force composed largely of convalescents and employees of the departments at Washington, until the fortunate arrival of reinforcements. It was several days after this Confederate corps was despatched from the Army of Northern Virginia before it was discovered by General Grant, then with the Army of the Potomac. He detached the Sixth Corps, placed it on steamboats, and hurried it down the James and up the Potomac to Washington. It disembarked at the latter place and was rushed double-quick through the streets of Washington and out Seventh Street to reinforce the irregulars then holding off Early's corps from the capture of the capital. After a feint and some desultory attacks, with some sharp musketry and artillery fire, the corps of Early withdrew, and another serious national crisis had passed into history. The effort of General Lee to cause the Army of the Potomac to withdraw from its menacing position near Richmond and Petersburg by sending Early's corps

on its fruitless mission to capture Washington had failed. As the various independent commands acting without concert necessitated a concentration of those forces under one commanding general, it was finally decided to place General Sheridan, who had hitherto been in command of the cavalry corps, in command of this independent army. To the Sixth and Nineteenth corps, and the troops already in that department, were added two good cavalry divisions, giving him an aggregate effective force of some forty thousand men of all arms, and embracing ten thousand efficient cavalry to operate in that open country where this arm of the service would be most effective.

The position of the Army of the Potomac was that of a protracted siege. While it had suffered more than that of any other army in the terrible losses, amounting approximately to sixty thousand men placed *hors de combat*, it still clung to the throat of the Confederacy with bulldog tenacity, gaining step by step positions of slight importance, but all having the effect of convincing the enemy that it could not be forced to release its hold in the death struggle. Thus ended the campaign of 1864. While the summer and autumn had been occupied in short manœuvers, with almost daily encounters of some character—assaults, skirmishes, detached engagements or battles — the general result had been but a short advance of the Union forces, fraught with great losses as a consequence of the terrible exposure and hardship.

The movement of this army and its purpose were to be coincident with that of the Western army. The

objective point of the first was to be Richmond and Lee's army; that of the latter, Atlanta and the army under Johnston. The Western army had been the more fortunate in results. Atlanta was "ours and fairly won." The Confederate army was defeated on the field and forced away from its base, which had been practically destroyed; but, though the Confederate army had been defeated, it was not demoralized nor captured. The change of commanders from Johnston to Hood during that campaign was, I think, most unfortunate for that army. At least it was gratifying to our commanding generals.

The dividing of Sherman's army, leaving one portion to encounter the Confederate army under Hood, was a bold piece of strategy, and if it had failed it would have been regarded as reckless and unwarranted; yet, under the circumstances, it was the best that could have been devised. It broke the shell and demonstrated the hollow condition of the Confederacy by cutting a wide swath of destruction through the heart of the enemy's country, destroying railway communication and supplies, depots and war materials of every description. Such small forces as the enemy was enabled to put in its front were swept away like a vapor, and Sherman finally reached the Atlantic coast, capturing the fortifications forming the defenses of Savannah, where he formed a temporary base and received all the supplies required. He then moved north, taking the Atlantic coast in reverse, and the garrisons of the fortifications along the coast of the two Carolinas either fled or fell into the hands of the Union forces.

General George H. Thomas, that "Rock of Chica-

maugua," had been left to gather up that portion of his forces which had been scattered in detachments to protect his long line of communications, and, receiving some reinforcements as he slowly retired toward Franklin and Nashville. That splendid patriotic Virginian and really great field marshal judiciously withdrew before the advance of Hood's army until he reached Franklin and finally Nashville. There, gathering up his full strength, he awaited the further advance of the Confederate army, and then fought, on the principles of grand tactics, one of the most perfect, and certainly the most decisive, battles of the war. So perfect were his plans, and so admirably executed, that what of Hood's army was not captured, including one gun, appeared to have dispersed and practically dissolved, as it never again appeared in any formidable condition.

Notwithstanding the secret intrigue and despicable treachery displayed in reports sent to Washington, to the detriment of General Thomas, which at that time caused an order to be issued relieving him and assigning another, not then with the army, to the chief command, he won that splendid and most important victory for the Union cause, and the order relieving him was rescinded. Thomas was one of the best, well-rounded, and strong characters, as well as one of the greatest generals that the war produced on either side, and he never received just credit for his loyalty and invaluable services. Like Winfield Scott, Farragut, Gibbons, Rousseau, and tens of thousands of other Southern men, he proved his loyalty by noble deeds.

IV

CLOSING SCENES OF THE WAR

IN the month of July, 1864, General Barlow became disabled, as a result of the severe campaign, and was obliged to leave the field for several months. This left me in permanent command of the First Division of the Second Army Corps, and I may here give a brief account both of this remarkable division and army corps, which are unparalleled in the history of military organizations of our American army, or, in fact, any other army, even if we were to go back to the legions of Cæsar.

The First Division of the Second Army Corps, consisting of four brigades, was the largest of any in the army. It was organized by the veteran General Edwin V. Sumner, who inspired it with his indomitable courage and strong patriotism. William F. Fox, in his invaluable history of the regimental losses of the Civil War, speaks of this division as follows:

> But the hardest fighting and greatest loss of life occurred in the First Division of the Second Corps—Hancock's old division—in which more men were killed and wounded than in any other division in the Union army, East or West. Its losses aggregated 2,287 killed, 11,724 wounded, and 4,833 missing; total, 18,844. This division was the one which Richardson, its first commander, led on the Peninsula, and at whose head he fell at Antietam; the one which, under

Hancock, made the bloody assault on Marye's Heights (Fredericksburg, Va.); which, under Caldwell, fought so well in the Gettysburg wheat-field; which, under Barlow, surged over the enemy's works at Spottsylvania, and which, under Miles, was in at the death in 1865. Within its ranks were the Irish brigade and crack regiments like the 5th New Hampshire, the 140th Pennsylvania, and the 64th New York. Over 14,000 men were killed or wounded in this division during the war, yet it never numbered 8,000 muskets, and often could muster only half of that. After the charge on Marye's Heights it numbered only 2,800.

And he might have added that it was this division that broke through the enemy's lines near Petersburg, routed a division of the enemy at Sutherland Station, made most important captures at Sailors' Creek, and led the pursuit so vigorously and tenaciously that Lee rode up to our lines on the morning of April 9th to surrender the Army of Northern Virginia.

In speaking of the Second Army Corps, the same author says:

The Second Army Corps was prominent by reason of its longer and continuous service, larger organization, hardest fighting, and greatest number of casualties. Within its ranks was the regiment which sustained the largest percentage of losses in any one action; also, the regiment which sustained the greatest numerical loss during its term of service; while, of the 100 regiments of the Union army which lost the most men in battle, 35 of them belonged to the Second Corps.

He also refers to its achievements at Spottsylvania, where it captured two divisions of the Confederate army, with twenty pieces of artillery, thirty colors, and nearly four thousand prisoners, and up to that time its record was most remarkable in the fact that

it had not lost a color nor a gun, although it had previously captured forty-four stands of colors and thousands of prisoners; in fact, it captured in a single day more battle-flags, cannon, and prisoners than it lost in the entire four years of war. Speaking of this corps, Maj.-Gen. Winfield Scott Hancock says, in a letter dated August, 1864, before Petersburg, Virginia, and addressed to Lieutenant-General Grant:

> It is perhaps known to you that this corps had never lost a color or a gun previous to this campaign, although oftener and more desperately engaged than any other corps in this army, or perhaps in any other in the country. I have not the means of knowing exactly the number of guns and colors captured, but I, myself, saw nine in the hands of one division at Antietam, and the official reports show that 34 fell into the hands of that corps at Gettysburg. Before the opening of this campaign, it had at least captured over half a hundred colors, although at a cost of over 25,000 casualties. During this campaign, you can judge how well the corps had performed its part. It has captured more guns and colors than all the rest of the army combined. Its reverses have not been many, and they began only when the corps had dwindled to a remnant of its former strength, after it had lost 25 brigade commanders and over 125 regimental commanders, and over 20,000 men.

It was my good fortune to serve in that division and corps during the entire war. Although wounded four times, being young and strong I recovered quickly, and was, therefore, enabled to be on almost continuous duty during the four years. The severe casualties during the desperate battles gave promotion to the survivors. I, therefore, by seniority, became the Commanding General of the First Division at the age of twenty-four. On August 25th of that

year I was made a brevet Major-General and assigned to duty with that rank, and in February following, during the absence of the corps commander, Major-General Humphrey, I fell in temporary command of the Second Army Corps at the age of twenty-five, when it numbered upward of twenty-six thousand men, and was actively engaged against the Army of Northern Virginia.

The effect of the victories in the West gave great gratification and encouragement to the soldiers of the Army of the Potomac. Every victory won by their brothers in the West and South was hailed with great rejoicing by the men who were in the trenches and constantly under fire before Richmond and Petersburg. Every band was playing patriotic airs, and salutes were fired by hundreds of shotted cannon voicing the salutations to the armies under Sheridan and Thomas.

When the Confederates learned of the disastrous defeat of their armies by Thomas and Sheridan, the fall of Atlanta, Savannah, Charleston, Fort Fisher, and the march of Sherman's triumphant army up the coast, it produced a demoralizing effect and convinced them of the utter hopelessness of their efforts. As a result, great numbers left the ranks and abandoned the cause in which they were engaged. Every night during the winter of 1864 and '65 there were received along the line of intrenchments before Petersburg and Richmond numbers of men who crept through their picket-lines, dropped their arms, and came to us as individuals or in squads, amounting in the aggregate to thousands. They stated that much larger numbers were leaving their commands

and making their way as best they could back to their homes. The Confederate army never again fought with the same dash and indomitable fortitude that had marked its conduct during the three previous years. The Army of the Potomac had been increased by the return of thousands of men who had been disabled by wounds or sickness, and by additional recruits, so that the personnel was in splendid condition and the equipment was never better at any time in its history. Such was the condition of the two armies at the opening of the campaign in 1865.

The closing campaign of the war was opened in the spring as early as it was possible to move an army in that country with success. During the previous autumn and winter the Union line had been extended from the right in front of Richmond to the extreme left, on the Weldon and Petersburg Railroad, a distance of thirty-five miles. A line of formidable field fortifications had been constructed, including inclosed forts built of timber and earth, surrounded by wide and deep ditches, connected by lines of earthworks protected by every device in the way of obstructions —slashed timber, abatis, *chevaux-de-frise*, etc. The Confederate army occupied a line parallel to that of the Union army. Should the Confederate army withdraw and unite its force with that of Johnston, who had been reinstated and was then opposing Sherman in North Carolina, it might prove serious for the latter. Therefore the greatest activity was exercised along the whole Union line to keep as near to Lee's army as possible and prevent his escape. For four long years we had tried to drive the Confederates

away from Richmond and out of Virginia. Now we were most anxious to keep them there.

Lee evidently realized the hopeless condition of his position, and, in order to successfully withdraw, adopted the tactics of diversion in his effort to accomplish that purpose. This was done by a bold assault near the center and key of the position, in his attack on Fort Stedman. This plan was well conceived and admirably executed under the lead of one of their ablest generals, Gordon, who succeeded in capturing this most important position with its garrison, as well as the adjacent line of rifle-pits, occupied by one brigade of the Ninth Corps, many of whom were captured. The guns of the captured redoubt were turned upon the Union lines, and three batteries occupying adjacent positions were abandoned by the Union troops and taken possession of by the Confederates. The assaulting column was necessarily somewhat confused in the desperation of the close engagement, and the strong support which was expected to render the most important service in occupying the lines delayed in coming up, thereby giving the Union troops on the right and left time to recover from the shock.

A counter-attack was promptly made by General Hartranft, a gallant, young, and very able officer, which resulted in the recapture of the Union works and lines, with some two thousand prisoners. Wherever the Confederate forces had made a simultaneous advance they were whipped back by the Union troops and the offense resumed; this resulted in quite an advance of our lines, thus tightening the strangle-hold

at all points, rather than slackening it, as was hoped for by the Confederates.

As prearranged, the entire army was to advance on the 29th of March, and this effort at a diversion had only hastened the opening of the campaign. After accomplishing the object aimed at in the vicinity of Lynchburg, Sheridan took position on the extreme left of the Union army. The 29th of March was occupied in moving strong bodies of the Second and Fifth corps well to our left, with the object of turning the right flank of the Confederate army, and considerable ground was gained in that direction during the day. On the 30th, Lee, discovering the Union manœuvers and divining their object, assumed the offensive, as was his custom. He concentrated all his forces available for the purpose, and made a strong advance in three lines of battle against the Fifth Corps under General Warren. This offensive movement took two divisions of the Fifth Army Corps by surprise in the thickly wooded country, and was so spirited that the two divisions were forced back, not so much from the destructive effect of the blow as from the audacity of the advance of the Confederates.

Fortunately, my division was in a favorable position on the right of the point of attack, and while the Confederate forces were advancing with their attention fixed on the Fifth Corps in their front, by quickly changing my line by a left half-wheel, I struck their three lines full upon the left flank and rolled them up, driving them from the field, capturing two colors and several hundred prisoners. While this was being

done, the two divisions of the Fifth Corps rallied on the line of the third division and made an advance, the united forces succeeding in driving the enemy back to their old position on the White Oak Road.

On the 31st, the Union line was extended still farther to the left. Sheridan had occupied Dinwiddie Court-House and Five Forks. The latter being of great importance as the most available line of retreat of the Confederate army, two divisions of infantry were sent to that position, and soon dislodged the two Union cavalry divisions there, driving them back in much confusion to Dinwiddie Court-House. The position of the cavalry was somewhat jeopardized. General Warren's corps was ordered to move to its support, and a good part of the night of the 31st was thus occupied. They formed a junction with the cavalry between Five Forks and Dinwiddie Court-House at 7 A.M. of April 1st, and the advance of the Fifth Corps, ably commanded and gallantly led by Warren, in conjunction with the advance of the cavalry, resulted in a crushing defeat of the Confederate forces, with a loss of many colors and guns and 5,000 prisoners, of which 3,244 were taken by the Fifth Corps. The historian Swinton, speaking of this battle and General Warren, says: "The history of the war presents no equally splendid illustration of personal magnetism. Warren led the van of the rushing lines; his horse was fatally shot within a few feet of the breastworks, and he himself was in imminent peril, when a gallant officer, Colonel Richardson, of the Seventh Wisconsin, sprang between him and the enemy, receiving a severe wound

but shielding from hurt the person of his loved commander." Soon after this brilliant achievement General Warren was cruelly relieved from his command, and died a broken-hearted man.

That night after dark I was ordered to move my division from the left of the Army of the Potomac to Five Forks and report to General Sheridan, which I did, arriving there about three o'clock in the morning and remaining until daylight. General Sheridan then concluded that he would not require the assistance of my division, and directed me to retrace my steps in part and attack the enemy's line near where it crossed the Boydton Plank Road. This was accomplished. The works were carried by assault at that point, the enemy retreating in the direction of Sutherland Station, pursued by my division. Sheridan, with the cavalry, moved to the northwest, and the whole line of the Army of the Potomac and the Army of the James, under Generals Meade and Ord, early on that morning assaulted the entire line of the enemy's works before Petersburg and Richmond. Thus my division was left entirely alone. I followed the enemy in my front to the Sutherland Station where I found Cook's, formerly Heath's, division of four brigades, occupying a strong position on a smooth open crest, at the foot of which, some eight hundred yards, ran a small stream. These Confederate troops had thrown up intrenchments to defend their position. The enemy's left flank was concealed by a forest.

Notwithstanding the numbers and strength of the position, my division attacked in excellent order and

with impetuosity, but was repulsed with some loss, including General Madill, one of my brigade commanders, who was severely wounded. A short time after, a second assault was made, with the assistance of a powerful concentration of artillery fire, with the same result, the Second Brigade commander, General McDougall, being wounded. Two gallant attacks having failed, a third was successful. By making a formidable demonstration against the extreme right of the enemy's line with a cloud of skirmishers who charged with wild shouts, strongly supported by artillery fire, the effect, as could be plainly observed from our side, was to draw a considerable force from their left to their extreme right, just as was desired.

While this was being done, a brigade, commanded by General Ramsey, was moved under cover of the timber across Hatcher's Run and around their extreme left flank, where it made a vigorous and successful assault, rolling up the enemy's line. This assault was supported by the effective fire of two batteries of artillery, then with the division, and by the advance of the entire command, which swept the enemy from the field, leaving in our hands two guns, a battle-flag, and some six hundred prisoners.

Never shall I forget the exultation that thrilled my very soul as our troops swept over the line of fortifications soon after dawn on that memorable day of April 2, 1865.

It was apparent to all that the supreme crisis of the Confederacy had been reached and that the hour of its downfall had arrived. Every soldier, from the humblest drummer-boy to the highest commanding

General, realized the overwhelming power of the Union armies. A line of battle, forty miles in extent, moved with irresistible force under the general direction of Grant. All knew, however, that the master mind of humanity, President Lincoln, was with the army, more intensely interested than any of us. This gave additional strength to every nerve and loyal heart.

Every officer and soldier was in his place, full of enthusiasm. Every sword, rifle, and cannon flashed brighter and stronger in its force and action. The fierce Union onslaught was met by the strongest defense. One instance alone illustrates the Southern fortitude and sacrifice. The garrison of one Confederate field fortification fought until its force of two hundred and fifty was reduced to thirty men, but before it surrendered it had placed five hundred of the Union soldiers *hors de combat*. As line after line of rifle-pits, intrenchments, and field fortifications were captured by the Union troops, the stars and stripes of the national colors waved in triumph. The thunders of artillery from the advancing batteries alone broke the continuous chorus of the victorious host as they shouted their triumph along the entire line.

For four long years the Confederate forces had held their Capitol at Richmond; had there planned, plotted, and maintained their rebellion; created and directed their armies against the Federal government. Its power and fame were now crumbling beneath the iron hail and amid the blackest turmoil of terrible war. After the Confederate flag had been lowered and the national colors were flying, and the Confederate army

well on its retreat, and while the smouldering fires foolishly lighted by the flying troops were still doing their work of destruction, Abraham Lincoln entered the city. No Roman triumph nor the splendor of any conqueror's march or achievement could equal in sublimity and significance the scene then enacted at Richmond. With a few officers and a small escort of marines, that care-worn patriot, weary with the labors and burdens of a nation, weighted down with the welfare and responsibilities of a great people, the commander of armies of a million men slowly and silently walked up the street of Richmond toward the Capitol building. Few white people met or greeted him. They looked on from the housetops and windows. Yet he was not alone; every avenue, street, and alley was packed with an excited, jubilant mass of humanity—a great congregation of freed people in wild ecstasy, singing, shouting, chanting, praying; they strewed his pathway with leaves and flowers; they fell on their knees, thanking their God that their deliverer and liberator had come. No smile was seen on that sad and wrinkled face, but tears of sympathy moistened those benevolent eyes. He sat down to rest his weary frame, and then passed on, the murmurings of the grateful multitude his only salutation.

With the fall of Richmond and Petersburg, the enemy, closely pursued by the Union army, retreated to Chesterfield Court-House, Amelia Court-House, Jetersville, Deatonsville, and Sailors' Creek. Whenever they made a halt or stand they were attacked, routed, and pursued by the Union army.

After the success of Sutherland Station my command was fortunately placed to continue the pursuit, and was most actively engaged. In advancing toward the enemy, then reported to be at Amelia Court-House on the morning of April 6th, we, being on the left, soon discovered the Confederate columns escaping around our left flank. The artillery with my division opened fire, and we made an entire change of route. For sixteen miles over a rolling country of field and forest my division marched in line of battle. On every crest or commanding piece of ground, when the enemy made a stand, they were charged and routed. Many times during the day we could see in the distance a heavy wagon-train with the retreating army. At Sailors' Creek the enemy made a final stand. Without a moment's hesitation the division charged the enemy's line, capturing the entire train of two hundred and fifty wagons, two pieces of artillery, twelve battle-flags, and upward of one thousand prisoners.

Then, as night mantled the field of slaughter, a scene of comedy was enacted about the bivouac fires. After the troops were in position for the night, and the soldiers had partaken of their spare meal of coffee and crackers, they gratified their curiosity by a rigid inspection of the day's trophies. Several of the wagons were found loaded with the assets of the Confederate treasury, which had been brought out from Richmond. Then followed a most extraordinary spectacle of jollity and good humor. A Monte Carlo was suddenly improvised in the midst of the bivouac of war. "Here's the Confederate treasury, as sure

as you are a soldier!" shouted one. "Let's all be rich!" said another. "Boys, fill your pockets, your hats, your haversacks, your handkerchiefs, your arms, if you please," was the word, and the Confederate notes and bonds were rapidly disbursed. If they were at a discount, they were crisp and new and in enormous denominations. Spreading their blankets on the ground by the bivouac fires, the veterans proceeded with the comedy, and such preposterous gambling was probably never before witnessed. Ten thousand dollars was the usual "ante." Often twenty thousand to "come in"; a raise of fifty thousand to one hundred thousand was not unusual, and frequently from one million to two millions of dollars were in the "pool." "Be prudent, stranger," "Don't go beyond your means, my friends," were some of the remarks frequently heard amid roars of laughter, together with an occasional shout of, "Freedom forever"; "Rally 'round the flag, boys"; "Ain't I glad I'm in *this* army"; "We are coming, Father Abraham"; "Boys, what do you say—let's pay off the Confederate debts," etc., etc. They were seemingly as light-hearted and oblivious as it is possible for soldiers to be to what might follow. They kept up the revelry during most of the night, though some were to make the soldiers' sacrifice on the morrow, while others were to witness the scene of final triumph.

The following day the enemy were pursued to High Bridge, where the railroad crosses the Appomattox River, and where they were again driven from their position. A slight repulse occurred at Farmville, but the division maintained the closest proximity

to the enemy, and that night the first demand of General Grant to General Lee for the surrender of his army passed through my line of battle. The reply and subsequent correspondence between them on the same subject passed through my division.

The next morning the enemy was pursued along the Richmond and Lynchburg road in the direction of the Appomattox Court-House. While the enemy was being vigorously pressed in this direction, the cavalry, under General Sheridan, made a forced march and reached Appomattox Station, followed by the army corps commanded by General Ord. Our troops were fighting and pressing the enemy at every point, and just as the sun went down on the evening of April 8th we heard the guns of the cavalry on the other side of the Confederate army. We knew then that our vigorous pursuit and sharp fighting had delayed the enemy a sufficient time to enable the cavalry and army corps to get into position on the other side. The advance was resumed on the morning of the 9th, my division leading, as it had done during the last eight days, owing to its close proximity at the close of the previous day's march. We had not marched far, pressing the enemy at all points, when a flag of truce appeared on the enemy's line and orders were given to cease firing. A report was received that General Lee was there in person and desired to meet General Grant, who, up to that time, had been with the Army of the Potomac. This report was forwarded to army headquarters and the news received and conveyed to General Lee that General Grant that morning had gone around to the left to General Sheridan's front.

Had General Grant remained with the Army of the Potomac he would have received the surrender some two hours earlier than it actually occurred. (See Humphrey's *Campaign of* 1864–5, page 394.)

General Lee appeared very much disappointed at not meeting General Grant, and was apparently overwhelmed with responsibility and anxiety. He left his staff officer, Colonel Taylor, to represent him, with the earnest request that hostilities be suspended until he could see General Grant in person and surrender his army. Turning back, he rode through the shattered remnants of his army to the opposite side, where he found that Grant had passed around to that position. A meeting was arranged between the two commanders and the formal surrender made.

As soon as it was completed, officers galloped in different directions to notify the great cordon of troops then surrounding the army of Lee. The announcement was hailed with enthusiasm and the wildest demonstration. All the bands immediately struck up the national airs, such as "Hail, Columbia," "The Star-spangled Banner," etc.

The black-mouthed cannon, that for four years had been accustomed to discharge their iron hail against the lives of Americans, thundered the voice of peace, and the hills and valleys re-echoed the welcome sound. The air was filled with hats, canteens, haversacks, and everything that could be displayed as an expression of great rejoicing. The grim warriors embraced each other and rolled over on the turf with tears of joy coursing down their bronzed faces. With every manifestation of unspeakable delight we then realized

that there was no longer an army to conquer—that the nation was reunited in the strongest bonds of brotherhood; that our country was now without a slave and without an enemy; that the great cause for which we had given the best years of our lives and hundreds of thousands of our comrades, the flower of American manhood, had at last triumphed, and that the nation, by heroism and sacrifice, was stronger, freer, and purer than ever before. As our hearts were overflowing with thanksgiving, we put away every element of prejudice and hostility toward our former enemies, but now our fellow-citizens. Beneath the last war-scarred battle-field was buried all the animosity engendered by the prolonged, desperate struggle, and as the victorious troops gladly shared their rations with the destitute and almost starving Confederates, so they cheerfully shared all the advantages and blessings, privileges and political rights of a reunited country. The announcement of the close of that great drama was received with gladness by the people who had borne the terrible burden for four years throughout the entire South. It was celebrated by the entire North and West in a way that will ever be memorable to those living at that time, and will be read with pleasure by many generations in every hamlet and palace, in every colonial home and miner's camp, from the shores of New England to the waters of the Pacific.

The great Union army was dispersed and sent to the different States to be mustered out of service. No such army will ever be recruited again. It was composed of patriotic young volunteers, one million of

whom enlisted before they were nineteen years of age. They laid aside the habiliments of war to resume the responsibilities and sovereignty of American citizenship.

From the hills of Appomattox there went forth a new dispensation. A new day dawned upon human progress. In the great drama I had been exceedingly successful. In fact, any one who lived through such a prolonged tragedy was most fortunate; yet I never could have succeeded had I not had the confidence and good-will of my superiors and the best support of my brave and accomplished brigade and regimental commanders, Generals George N. Macy, C. D. McDougall, H. J. Madill, John Ramsey, James A. Beaver, Robert Nugent, George W. Scott, John Fraser, George Van Schack, O. K. Broady, H. Boyd McKeen, Augustin Lynch, and others, and staff officers most active and fearless.

The war closed with the Southern States absolutely bankrupt. They fought their cause out to the very limit of their resources. It was truly said that "they robbed the cradle and the grave to put soldiers into their armies." All had gone into the military service and their property had been consumed in the great caldron of war. The great sacrifice of human life was not confined to the South alone, but throughout the entire country mourning had shadowed nearly every home. There were very few families that had not been represented on one side or the other, and many along the border States had sons and brothers in both armies. The government was heavily burdened with what was considered at that time a colossal debt.

The chief thoughts of those who had been engaged in the great struggle were now those of home, peace, and the building up of our waste places made desolate by the war.

Our commerce had been swept from the seas by ships built in British shipyards, manned by British seamen, and commissioned and officered by the Confederacy. The soil of Canada had been used as a safe refuge and rendezvous for conspiracies against the government. A French army had been landed in Mexico, overran that territory, took possession of its Capital, and established an imperial government in place of the republic. Many of the strongest statesmen and ablest generals were in favor of forming two great armies of the veterans, composed from both the Union and Confederate armies, and marching one to Montreal and the other to the City of Mexico. Had this action been taken no one could have foretold the result, especially as affecting our territory, sea power, and commerce or the destiny of the great Republic. It would have solved some problems that will yet vex the American people. An army of fifty thousand men was moved down to the Rio Grande and a demand, which was complied with, sent to Louis Napoleon for the immediate withdrawal of the French army from Mexico. Our people had, however, seen so much of war with its horrors and devastations that they dreaded the thought of continued carnage and were more anxious for peace than for all else.

V

THE AFTERMATH OF WAR

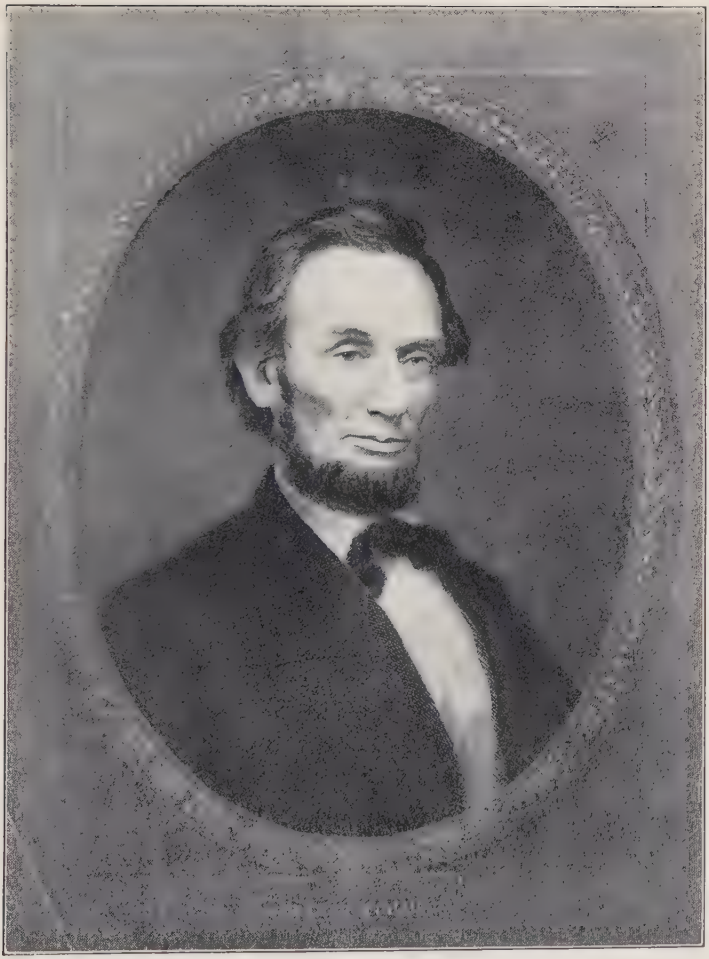
WE question whether history affords another parallel to the close of such a fierce, desperate war on such liberal and magnanimous terms. General Grant displayed a tactful delicacy at the supreme hour of great responsibility, commensurate with the difficulty of the extraordinary crisis. It was one in which he had to maintain the supreme confidence of his army and the loyal, patriotic sentiment of the nation; at the same time he touched the hearts of the fallen and increased their respect by his generous and far-reaching magnanimity. It must be remembered, however, that General Grant had at his side, as chief of staff, a man who exercised great influence over him, an able lawyer and a Western patriot of the highest type, Gen. John A. Rawlins. It will also be remembered that President Lincoln was at City Point immediately in the rear of the army, and no terms could be granted without his direction or approval.

The Southern troops were required to surrender their arms and war materials, to give their paroles, to return to their homes, remain at peace, and obey the laws in force where they were to reside.

The entire country was divided up into districts, departments, and divisions, under the control of com-

manding generals. In the South the continuance of the local and municipal governments was authorized. At the same time general supervision and control were exercised by the military authorities. I was assigned to the District of Fortress Monroe, which included the territory of eastern Maryland and eastern Virginia. Large bodies of troops were returning to their States through this district, and an army corps was being organized there for the Rio Grande and possibly for service in Mexico. For services in the closing campaign I was made a Major-General of Volunteers.

The restoration of peace gave universal gratification to the millions of people of our country, as well as to the lovers of liberty and free government in every part of the world. As our army was marching back from Appomattox there could have been seen moving along beside the regiments and batteries long lines and groups of Confederate soldiers, sharing the same fare, "drinking from the same canteen," chatting, reminiscing, as they journeyed toward their homes. The dark clouds of war had disappeared; the bright sunshine of peace had dawned to bless every part of our country and warm every heart. It was then that every soldier, sailor, and citizen in the entire land was shocked and stunned by the most appalling tragedy that could befall any people. That pre-eminent statesman, exalted leader, wisest and best of men, the great-hearted Lincoln, had been cruelly and cowardly assassinated on April 14, 1865. From universal rejoicing the country was thrown into the saddest condition of gloom; the deepest sorrow and the blackest mourning overshadowed the land.



ABRAHAM LINCOLN

When most needed, his soul was swept to eternity. No people needed his benevolent sympathy as much as those of the South. Could Mr. Lincoln have lived he would have led them back to peace, prosperity, and loyalty better than any man of his time. None felt his death as keenly as those who had borne with him the great burden of the nation. In his death human progress was set back many decades. It was never intimated that any man who wore the gray was ever concerned in that tragedy. Twenty-two thousand Confederate prisoners at Point Lookout gave expression to their sorrow at the assassination of Mr. Lincoln and their abhorrence of the act. The feeling with us in the army at the hour of supreme triumph of our cause in which he had been the ruling spirit could not be expressed by language. What the patient, cool, skilful captain is to the mariners for whom he had guided the good ship through the terrible storm; what the devoted father is to those dependent upon him—Lincoln was to us. We trusted and revered him with a depth of feeling stronger and truer than ever mortal man was loved. This was the sentiment of those who believed as Lincoln believed, and who had toiled for and triumphed in the great cause to which he had devoted his life. Lincoln towered above his fellow-men as the giant mountain towers above others. In the sublimity and depth of his character he was a world-enriching treasure. He seemed nearer to us than other eminent men. With him it was but a step from the tent of the most distinguished General to the side of the wounded soldier, whose last hours he might cheer and whose last message

write. He was more often seen in the hospitals than on the fields of martial display. He possessed a nature large enough to embrace the misfortunes of a race, and the welfare of both combatants, so sublimely magnanimous that never once in any of the days of triumph did he manifest exultation. When the nation was celebrating its greatest victory he was considering the advisability of providing occupation for the freedmen in the excavation and construction of a canal across the Isthmus of Panama. On the last day of his life he said, "The next great question for the American people, after the work of reconstruction is completed, will be the overthrow of the liquor traffic." His spirit is still shining on.

Of all the men I have ever known, he stands first. I have received twelve commissions, from Lieutenant to Lieutenant-General, yet I prize the one signed by the hand of Abraham Lincoln far more than all the others.

PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA,

TO ALL WHO SHALL SEE THESE PRESENTS GREETING:

KNOW YE, That reposing special trust and confidence in the patriotism, valor, fidelity, and abilities of Nelson A. Miles I have nominated, and by and with the advice and consent of the Senate, do appoint him Brigadier-General of Volunteers in the service of the United States: to rank as such from the Twelfth day of May, eighteen hundred and Sixty-four. He is therefore carefully and diligently to discharge the duty of Brigadier-General by doing and performing all manner of things thereunto belonging.

And I do strictly charge, and require all Officers and Soldiers under his command, to be obedient to his orders as Brigadier-General. And he is to observe and follow such orders, and

directions, from time to time, as he shall receive from me, or the future President of the United States of America, or the General, or other superior Officers set over him, according to the rules and discipline of War. This Commission to continue in force during the pleasure of the President of the United States, for the time being.

GIVEN under my hand, at the City of Washington, this Ninth day of June in the year of our Lord, one thousand eight hundred and Sixty-four and in the Eighty-eighth year of the Independence of the United States.

(Signed) ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

By the President.

E. M. STANTON, Secretary of War.

Eighteen days after the death of Mr. Lincoln, President Andrew Johnson published to the world the following proclamation:

WHEREAS, it appears, from evidence in the Bureau of Military Justice, that the atrocious murder of the late President Abraham Lincoln and the attempted assassination of the Honorable William H. Seward, Secretary of State, were incited, concerted, and procured by and between Jefferson Davis, late of Richmond, Va., and Jacob Thompson, Clement C. Clay, Beverly Tucker, George N. Sanders, William C. Cleary, and other rebels and traitors against the Government of the United States, harbored in Canada;

NOW, THEREFORE, to the end that justice may be done, I, Andrew Johnson, President of the United States, do offer and promise, for the arrest of said persons, or either of them, within the limits of the United States so that they can be brought to trial, the following rewards: $100,000 for the arrest of Jefferson Davis; $25,000 for the arrest of Clement C. Clay; $25,000 for the arrest of Jacob Thompson, late of Mississippi; $25,000 for the arrest of George N. Sanders; $25,000 for the arrest of Beverly Tucker; $10,000 for the arrest of William C. Cleary, late clerk of Clement C. Clay; the Provost-Marshal-General of the United States is directed to cause a description of said persons, with notice of the above rewards, to be published.

IN TESTIMONY WHEREOF I have hereunto set my hand and caused the seal of the United States to be affixed.

Done at the City of Washington this 2d day of May, A.D. 1865, and of the Independence of the United States of America the 89th.

(Signed) ANDREW JOHNSON.

By the President.

W. HUNTER, Secretary of State.

Descriptive circulars, offering the rewards for the parties named, "upon indubitable evidence," were posted throughout the country. Mr. C. C. Clay, on learning of the Proclamation, voluntarily surrendered and demanded a trial, which was never granted. Mr. Davis was pursued to Irwinsville, Wilkinson County, Georgia, where he was arrested and sent to Fortress Monroe, Virginia. The Secretary of War stated at the time that he would be tried without delay upon the charge made over the signature of the Chief Executive. Much criticism has been made in certain quarters regarding his imprisonment and the means used to prevent the possibility of his escape. If we consider the serious charge made by the President of the United States, and that orders were given that every precaution be taken to prevent his escape, such criticism is unwarranted. There was certainly no desire nor purpose to cause him any unnecessary humiliation. After having been held for several months he was released on one hundred thousand dollars bail, given his liberty, lived twenty-two years after, and died at the age of eighty-one.

The settlement of the political problem was a matter of most serious importance. Of course everything pertaining to the so-called Confederate government

was disregarded. The State governments were not recognized, and for a time the military control and administration was supreme. The administration of President Johnson was as unlike that of his predecessor as the two men were the antipodes of each other.

Various methods for restoring the Southern territory to civil government were suggested, and some tried. Provisional governments were established. Military control became unpopular and had the flavor of being un-American, so much so, that the cry of "bayonet rule" was finally raised, and while in the main it was conducted with justice and integrity, it began to be not only irksome to the South, but distasteful to the Northern people. This had the effect of creating a feeling of dissatisfaction with the dominant political party of the country, and in the general election for members of Congress in 1866 the Republican party, which had held sway over the country since the election of 1860, was defeated at the polls. When Congress convened it was apparent to all that some decisive measure must be taken for the re-establishment of the civil governments in the South. A reconstruction measure was first introduced and advocated by the Hon. Thaddeus Stevens, of Pennsylvania. It was amended on motion of the Hon. Samuel Shellabarger, finally passed the House, and was taken up in the Senate. Here Senator Sherman introduced a substitute which modified some of its features materially, and it finally passed both Houses March 2, 1867. It was known as the Stevens-Shellabarger-Sherman Bill, and authorized the organization of

military districts and empowered the commanding generals to call conventions at the State Capitols for the purpose of framing State constitutions, to be acceptable to the people and approved by the Congress of the United States. In these conventions and in the legislatures and civil governments that followed, the Union element of the South was quite prominent. Many of the men who had voted against the ordinance of secession where it had been submitted to the people, and who had remained loyal during the great struggle, took active part in the political affairs at that time.

After being mustered out of the volunteer service, and on the reorganization of the regular army in 1866, I was appointed a Colonel and brevet Major-General, and in the work of reconstruction I was assigned to the command of the District of North Carolina. My first orders were to re-establish civil control as far as possible, restore confidence, security, and peace, to conciliate the disaffected element, to remove the existing prejudice between the two races, to promote industry and to encourage new industries.

The most unfortunate people at that time were the widows and children of those who had been killed or disabled in the Confederate army. Their sad condition attracted my sympathy and I took active measures for their relief. They were not only given government assistance, but were materially aided by generous people in the North whom I was enabled to interest in their behalf, especially in Philadelphia, New York, and Boston. Efforts were made to secure employment for those who were most in need of such support.

Every possible assistance was rendered and every encouragement given those who had lost all except honor and courage in war, and they, with commendable zeal and fortitude, commenced to build anew the foundation of prosperity and independence amid the very ashes of desolation. The downfall of the Confederacy left more than three million black people free under the Proclamation of the President, but without ground enough to stand upon. They were congregated in large camps or remained in little slave-huts under the shadow of their former masters' mansions, and continued to toil, in most cases with the promise of some compensation. No one could tell what their status would be in the future. The black population of the country had furnished nearly two hundred thousand men who served in the Union army and navy, and who performed their duty with fidelity and fortitude. Their dead and wounded fell on many hard-fought fields, notwithstanding the threat of the enemy, of no quarter for the officers and slavery for the men in case of capture. Although at the close of the war many believed that free labor would be a failure in the South, yet it has proved a success. It has furnished the principal labor element in those States for the development of the great resources of that part of our country. No one can tell what is to be the future of a race that has nearly trebled its numbers in the last four decades, and in point of education, general intelligence, and acquired property, has vastly exceeded its increase in numbers. The great problem is yet to be solved, but its solution will be best accomplished if abso-

lute even-handed justice prevails. The race is not responsible for its being here, nor for its present condition. Its future will depend largely upon its own people. Considering their shadowed past, their condition just emerging from slavery, and the possibilities of the future, I made a somewhat remarkable report to the government at Washington at that time. It contained a prediction that may in time be fulfilled. In that report, dated Raleigh, North Carolina, October 9, 1867, I stated the condition of the colored race then in North Carolina. After giving an account of their industry and improved condition, I referred to education and to the two hundred and forty schools that had been established, and said:

> The great foundation of all prosperity and perpetuity of our institutions and country is education. From it, as a standpoint, arises everything that is great and noble in us. . . . The importance of the educational and moral improvement of a race heretofore entirely debarred of its benefits was early considered. . . . The colored people are alive to their deficiencies, and with an energy and enthusiasm unbounded have seconded the efforts made, and are rapidly disenthralling themselves from the chains of ignorance. The gain during the year was 101 schools, 145 teachers, and 8,527 pupils. . . . Much depends upon the influence and guidance given to the colored people in their new condition of life. If they are left to fall into habits of idleness and prodigality, are wronged and oppressed, their condition will become deplorable and they will be a curse to themselves and the community. On the contrary, if they are treated with justice and humanity, proper example and the advantages of education given them, the coming years will be as bright and prosperous to the unfortunate race as the past has been dark and painful. . . .
>
> Twenty-five thousand are reported in the schools of North Carolina. If not these, their children, under the influence of

increased facilities, will become so far enlightened as to be enabled to grasp the great object of progressive Christianity and become the elevators and civilizers of Africa, and accomplish what generations have failed to achieve, sending back to the land of their forefathers from whence they were stolen, "the Word of Life," thus making the "wrath of man to praise Him." Strange indeed that events and influences so antagonistic to every principle of justice and humanity should be made the engine of power in frustrating the designs of the despoiler and in effecting the final good of the victims of the slave-ship. The problem that has so long baffled the Christian world is about to be solved in making her sons the means of her civilization and salvation.

A Christian people who have for two hundred years kept a race in bondage, deprived of the advantages of civilization and religion, owe them a debt of gratitude which it would seem ungenerous to withhold. The colored people have contributed so much to the wealth and prosperity of this country and furnished so many soldiers for its defense in its hour of danger, that the least we can do is to afford them every advantage for enlightenment and improvement here in the land in which we have placed them, and in the future, should their attention be turned to their native country, extend to them every encouragement and support which an independent and powerful nation can afford.

Such was the problem as it presented itself to me at that time. Considering the years of progress and development of the race and the prejudice that has appeared in some places, I have had no occasion to change the opinion then expressed or to cease to hope that the prediction may in time be fulfilled. Ethiopia is indeed stretching forth her hands; a vast continent with its untold wealth awaits the coming of civilization and enlightenment. Africa to-day presents the richest field for the missionary, the prospector, and the pioneer of modern progress, for the up-

lifting of the one hundred and sixty million of its native population. Should a tide of emigration ever move effectively from our shores to that country it will carry with it education, intelligence, industry, skilled labor, modern industrial appliances, methods of good government, and American capital that would prosper and bless any country.

Since the war the Southern people have displayed great enterprise and have developed the vast resources, in which their country is abundantly rich, of agriculture, minerals, manufactures, and commerce. Its progress is continuous, and the indications are that in the future the people of that region will equal in prosperity those in the most prosperous parts of our country. After the close of the great war resolute and adventurous young men, many of whom had been in the Northern or Southern armies, turned their attention to the great West, then a vast wilderness of unbroken prairie and mountain waste.

After four years of experience in terrible war and two years amid the sorrow and desolation incident thereto, where chaos had followed violence, and distress and unhappiness were found in the places formerly the scenes of comfort and affluence, it was gratifying to see the evidences of peace and prosperity appear again. I was glad to leave that region in much better condition than I found it and turn my attention to other problems. I was glad to leave the South at the opening of its new era for new and untried fields of the far West—different scenes, different conditions, and quite different duties.

VI

IN THE INDIAN COUNTRY

ON March 15, 1869, I was transferred to the command of the Fifth United States Infantry, then stationed at military posts in the unsettled portion of western Kansas and Colorado. It was my good fortune the year before to win the love and devotion of the companion of my life, Miss Mary H. Sherman, daughter of Judge Charles Sherman and niece of Senator and General Sherman. The young lady had been West two years before with her father, who was one of the commissioners of the Union Pacific Railroad, but to me the country was seen for the first time. Our journey then from the balmy atmosphere of the South to our new home in the wild West was indeed an interesting romance.

There has been a very marked change in the condition of the country passed over on that journey since that time. The business, wealth, and population of those States have increased to a marvelous degree. Take the city of Chicago as an illustration. At that time it had a population of 109,206 people. Now it numbers more than 2,000,000, and its increase in wealth has been in greater proportion. It is the center or distributing base of the richest valley on earth; its growth is not phenomenal, and the same

may be observed of thousands of other towns and cities, as well as of the country of that great Mississippi Basin. Our journey took us through Chicago, St. Louis, and Kansas City to Fort Leavenworth, Kansas. Fort Leavenworth was the largest and most important military station on the frontier. In fact, it was the most important depot of supplies, a rendezvous, and a station for equipping the various expeditions and commands or detachments that moved out across the great plains country. These were usually started in the spring, and late in the autumn the engineering, scouting, and exploring commands came in to spend a few winter months. This brought a large number of engineer, artillery, cavalry, infantry, and staff officers together. These, with their families, formed a bright and agreeable society, and with plenty of good music by the military bands and the usual amusements and civilities of a large garrison, the brief season of rest was most enjoyable. Even amid the realities of war there were occasional flashes of romance.

It was from the banks of the Missouri that many of the exploring expeditions were moved westward—Lewis and Clarke, Bonneville, Pike, Long, Frémont, and many others. To the east of us was the settled portion of nearly one-half of our country. To the west was a larger portion and practically a wilderness. The construction of a railway across the continent had been advocated by some of the strongest statesmen, especially by Senator Benton, of Missouri, as a "road to India"; others advocated it as a measure for holding the Pacific States, as their condition would be a

MRS. NELSON A. MILES

matter of serious concern in a great crisis where the dissolution of the Republic was threatened. It was therefore thought necessary to bind them in closer communication. Congress provided the means for its construction by a moneyed subsidy over a portion of the route, and also donated a rich zone of land the entire distance in alternate sections of a belt forty miles wide. One can hardly realize the transformation wrought in the western half of our country within a single lifetime.

The transcontinental railroad was being built at the time of our journey, the main branch being constructed east from San Francisco harbor. The two Eastern branches were being constructed west from Omaha and Kansas City. These had been completed about two hundred miles west from the Missouri River. We passed over the Kansas Pacific branch as far as Ellsworth, Kansas, then took a construction train and journeyed west some sixty or seventy miles farther. We there had our first impression of the plains. A rolling prairie, and at that season of the year most interesting and picturesque; a country just as the Great Architect left it, without the least sign of man's adornment or mutilation. Along the watercourse abundance of timber and wild shrubbery added much to the beauty of the landscape. The ground was covered with a rich green carpet of very short, fine buffalo grass, with some wild flowers. As we passed over the plains we were seldom out of sight of wild game, vast herds of buffalo, quietly grazing, resting, or moving over the prairie. Occasionally we would see bands of elk, with great numbers of

beautiful antelope and deer. As night approached, large gray and coyote wolves would appear, and by their sharp cries and howling break the stillness of the quiet scene of nature.

At Fort Hayes, the headquarters of the Fifth Infantry, I found a splendid regiment composed of very intelligent, efficient officers and strong, brave soldiers. A few miles away, in a beautiful valley, was the camp of the Seventh United States Cavalry, commanded by Gen. George A. Custer. He was one of the most enterprising, fearless cavalry leaders the great war produced. General Custer left the West Point Military Academy early in the Civil War. He was most ambitious and enterprising and soon rose to the command of a regiment and brigade, and later commanded, with great success, one of the active cavalry divisions.

We were very near the same age—rivals in the military profession, but the best of friends. Mrs. Custer, a superior and accomplished young woman, who had "followed the flag" whenever it was possible, was pleasantly located in a beautiful camp, and was the constant companion of her gallant husband, as she afterward proved his devoted champion by voice and pen. Mrs. Custer and Mrs. Miles became life-long friends. We all enjoyed the splendid exercise of riding over the plains, and the General and myself frequently went on buffalo-hunts together, but at that time it was never safe to venture out of sight of the garrison or command without a good escort. The land of that country was considered of little or no value. The ground had been for ages tramped hard

by myriads of buffalo so as to be almost impervious to water. Even in heavy rains the water quickly disappeared. The streams and rivers were quickly swollen to overflowing and became like mountain torrents, their waters rushing madly toward the sea.

It was a pleasure to be relieved of the anxieties and responsibilities of civil affairs, to hear nothing of the controversies incident to race prejudice, and to be once more engaged in strictly military duties, a profession to which I was devoted. Every day's duty was a pleasure, and no company more agreeable than the company of brave men—for indeed they were brave, self-reliant men. They were fond of military life. Marching, scouting, hunting, exploring, with an occasional campaign and encounters with hostile Indians, was the best schooling for the military profession. It was in this kind of life that the best military chieftains of the great war—Grant, Thomas, Sumner, Lyon, Sedgwick, Sheridan, Hancock, Lee, Longstreet, Johnson, Stewart, and others—were schooled. When an officer marched over the Divide with a command, great or small, he was immediately thrown upon his own resources. He had to think, plan, and act for himself and for the welfare and safety of his command. These were the experiences that brought out the strong elements of character and developed the natural resources of officers. Generals Sheridan and Custer had had, the winter before, quite an extensive campaign against the Indians of the Southwest. They had had one serious engagement with Black Kettle's band and had brought up to the post of Fort Hayes a few Indian prisoners. It was

hoped that this would end Indian hostilities in the Southwest, but it did not, and that spring they commenced their depredations against the settlements in western Kansas and Colorado.

One can scarcely realize the impression we experienced in being out on the wild plains alone with nature. Knowing that there is a country to the north of you more than seven hundred miles to the Canadian boundary and thence northward to the arctic regions, unoccupied by civilized inhabitants, while to the south, an equal distance, to the Mexican frontier, this belt of country embracing a territory east of the Rocky Mountains of fully six hundred thousand square miles. This belt of country was occupied by the great tribes of Indians that had been driven there by warfare with the white race or removed by the government from the settled portions of our Eastern country, as well as by those who were natives of that vast territory. It was over that great belt of unbroken country that the Indians roamed with unmolested freedom, often making excursions north into the territory of Canada and far south of the Rio Grande into Mexico.

Before the Indians obtained firearms and horses they were comparatively harmless, dwelt in villages, and, in a rude way, cultivated the ground to some extent. In fact, the early campaigns of Miles Standish, Church, St. Clair, Mad Anthony Wayne, Harrison, Taylor, and others were made for the destruction of the Indians' villages and fields, as much as against the Indians themselves. Equipped only with bow and spear, their lives were most laborious.

To obtain food required endless toil. If they succeeded in taking the deer or other animals for food, the labor of carrying them, often long distances, to the lodge or camp was most difficult. When they obtained firearms, through the avarice of the white traders, the task of obtaining food was much easier, and when they secured horses from the Mexican and white people, about one hundred and twenty-five years ago, their mode of life was entirely changed. They became a nomadic people and roamed over a vast territory with freedom and independence. In fact, they became the most expert horsemen of the world, and their young men went on expeditions from their villages, sometimes being absent for twelve months at a time. They lived by the chase, and thereby became the most adroit, cunning, skilful hunters.

By the use of the skins of animals, the feathers of birds, grass, and leaves, they disguised themselves in the most artistic manner, so that by remaining motionless they would be unnoticed by approaching or passing game, or could stealthily get near the wildest before being discovered. In fact, it was the art of making themselves almost invisible. I have seen hunting or war parties in the summer or spring time, when the fields and trees were covered with rich verdure, with their horses and parts of their bodies painted green, and wearing green blankets, leggings, and moccasins. Later in the season, when the leaves were turning and the grass was dead, they would be mounted on dun or roan ponies and clad in covering of varied colors. In winter they would have snow-white ponies, white blankets, caps, leggings,

moccasins—everything about them as white as the driven snow. The wild deer and buffalo gave them food, shelter, and raiment. The flesh of these animals gave them abundance of wholesome food, the buffalo robes made them comfortable, and the soft, strong buckskin with their bead and porcupine work and decorations gave them a bright and picturesque appearance. Buffalo and elk hides furnished excellent lodges that were warm in winter, cool in summer, and healthful at all seasons of the year. Their wealth consisted of the herds of horses, their lodges, and the few appliances for camp-life.

Their religion was monotheistic—they worshiped the God of nature, and the Great Spirit was their omnipotent Jehovah. They were grateful for the abundance of the earth—the sunshine, air, water, all the blessings of nature—and believed that all should share them alike. For one to wish to monopolize any part of the earth was to them the manifestation of a grasping disposition. Often the men of the most influence and greatest popularity in the tribe were the poorest, or those who gave most to others.

Moving from one picturesque valley to another or from one pleasant camp to another was their agreeable occupation. They were the most democratic people of the world. Their government was dictated by council, where reason and logic held sway. The power of argument developed the best natural orators. Their illustrations were usually drawn from nature, and most impressive. Our government often sent members of the Cabinet, Senate, House of Representatives, and other prominent citizens to meet them

in council, and these were usually met by native talent of equal force and eloquence. Their songs were legends of war and sentiment, and there was the same romance in their lives—in fact, more than in the lives of people living far remote from the enjoyment of the beauties of nature. They believed that death was a long journey to the happy hunting-ground, and they placed the bodies of their departed, with their richest paraphernalia, upon high scaffolds or in the branches of trees, where, with the songs of birds and the changes of the seasons, they slowly disappeared in the atmosphere.

While the vast herds of buffalo, deer, elk, and antelope remained, they were sure of food and raiment. They were, however, soon to be deprived of their abundant riches. The wave of civilization was moving over the western horizon. Its onward march was irresistible. No human hand could stay that rolling tide of progress. The pale faces moved over every divide; they cordelled or pushed their boats up every river. They entered every valley and swarmed over every plain. They traveled in wagons and prairie-schooners, on foot or horseback. Herding their little bands and flocks of domestic stock, they built their homes on every spot of ground that could be made productive. One great cause of disaffection among the Indians was the destruction of their vast herds of buffalo, which seemed like ruthless sacrifice.

Within a few years millions of buffalo were killed for their hides, and thousands of white men, the best rifle-shots in the world, were engaged in the business. The buffalo, like the Indian, was in the pathway of

civilization. Now the same territory is occupied by innumerable numbers of domestic animals that contribute untold wealth to our entire country.

While I was stationed in the West I had ample opportunity to study the history, traditions, customs, habits, and mode of life of the native Americans. I found it a most interesting subject. What we know of the Indians and what has been written concerning them would fill many volumes. What we do not know of their origin and history would fill many more. Whence they came and how long they have remained, we know not; but if we were to judge from their general appearance—stature, features, color, language, art, music, and many of their characteristics—we would be convinced that their ancestors were of Asiatic origin. There is evidence that they acquired control of this continent by conquest rather than by peaceful means. Their displacement of the prehistoric races undoubtedly required centuries of time. Whatever may have been their history, their blood and experience produced a superior race. All the early explorers and historians speak of them as a strong, intelligent, honest, peaceful people. At first they welcomed the foreigners to their shores with cordial hospitality and were repaid by having their people kidnapped and transported to foreign countries, doomed to a life of captivity and servitude. From the days of Columbus there are many accounts of their being transported to European countries, but no record of their being returned. As early as 1513 a decree of the Spanish Council, issued by Ferdinand, "justified the slavery of the Indians, as in accord with

the laws of God and man." It was claimed that "otherwise they could not be reclaimed from idolatry and educated to Christianity." They were sold into slavery in the colonies of Massachusetts, Rhode Island, Connecticut, Virginia, the Carolinas, and other parts of our country. They were hunted with hounds kept at public expense in Connecticut, were shipped to France to serve in the galleys. In marked contrast to this was their intercourse with such men as Roger Williams and William Penn. Three hundred years of cruelty, bigotry, and cupidity of the white race, and two hundred years of warfare, had engendered an hostility and hatred that were inherent in both races. It was handed down from father to son, through the generations, and became in our day as natural as it was universal. It was more intense with the Indians, as they were the unfortunate and subjugated people. Not only was their country overrun, but the vices and diseases brought among them by the white race were more destructive than war and swept whole tribes out of existence. Still they maintained a courage and fortitude that were heroic. In vain might we search history for the record of a people who contended as valiantly against a superior race, overwhelming in numbers, and defended their country until finally driven toward the setting sun, a practically annihilated nation and race.

The art of war among the white race is called strategy, or tactics; when practised by the Indians it is called treachery. They employed the art of deceiving, misleading, decoying, and surprising the enemy with great cleverness. The celerity and

secrecy of their movements were never excelled by the warriors of any country. They had courage, skill, sagacity, endurance, fortitude, and self-sacrifice of a high order. They had rules of civility in their intercourse among themselves or with strangers and in their councils. Some of these we could copy to our advantage.

With their enemies, they believed it right to take every advantage. If one of their own tribe committed a serious offense or crime, they believed it right for the victim to administer swift retribution and the whole tribe approved. Among their own tribe and people they had a code of honor which all respected. An Indian could leave his horse, blanket, saddle, or rifle at any place by night or day and it would not be disturbed, though the whole tribe might pass near. This could not be done in any community of white people.

An amusing incident occurred several years ago when Bishop Whipple was sent by the government to hold an important council with the Sioux nation. The Bishop was a most benevolent man and a good friend of the Indians, having sympathy for and influence with them. It was in midwinter, and a great multitude of Indians had gathered in South Dakota to receive this messenger from the Great Father at Washington. Before delivering his address to the Indians the Bishop asked the principal chief if he could rest his fur overcoat in safety. The stalwart warrior, straightening himself up to his full height with dignity, said that he could leave it there with perfect safety, "as there was not a white man within a day's march of the place."

They believe that the Great Spirit has given them this beautiful country with all its natural resources, advantages, and blessings for their home. With deep emotion and profound reverence they speak of the sun as their father and the earth as their mother. Nature they worshiped, upon it they depended, with it they communed, and cherished it with deepest affection. They looked upon the white race as their inferiors, as a grasping, degraded, cruel people. They had no respect for those who lived by digging the ground, or by trading, as the traders were ever seeking to take advantage of the Indians. As for the miner who went down into a hole in the ground in the morning and remained until night, his life to them was like that of the gopher. Their life on the plains was independent and most enjoyable. In whatever direction they moved they were sure to find in a day's march beautiful camping-grounds, plenty of timber and grass, pure water, and an abundance of food. Besides the flesh of animals they also had Indian corn, wild vegetables, berries, fruits, and nuts that were easily obtainable.

As the transcontinental railroad was being constructed and the settlements advanced, the Indians' principal food supply—the buffalo, deer, and antelope—was destroyed and they could see the doom of their primitive life. They gathered large war parties, raided the settlements of Colorado, Texas, and Kansas, and attacked surveying and working parties along the line of the railway. Against these powerful marauding bands expeditions of troops were sent; one, under command of Gen. Eugene A. Carr,

Fifth United States Cavalry, made a forced march across the country and on July 12, 1869, attacked and surprised a large camp of Indians who had congregated at Summit Springs, Colorado, killing and wounding a large number of Indians and recapturing one white woman. This achievement was well planned and executed by the able and experienced commander and his gallant officers and soldiers. Another expedition the same year was under command of Col. George A. Forsyth. It was made up of fifty frontier riflemen noted for their courage and skilled marksmanship. This command, while bivouacked on the Arikaree, a small tributary of the Republican, in northern Kansas, was attacked September 17, 1869, by several hundred Indians. After a most desperate encounter, the Indians were repulsed with very severe loss, including their principal chief. The command of Colonel Forsyth lost, in killed and wounded, half its number, and was rescued by Colonel Carpenter's troops after being besieged nine days. These losses did not dishearten the Indians, but seemed to exasperate them to still stronger hatred for the white invaders of their country.

This condition of affairs continued for several seasons, until the spring of 1874, when the Indians gathered in great numbers at a place known as Medicine Lodge, Indian Territory. There was a grand council for war, similar to those held in the days of the Six Nations, that confederation of the great tribes inspired by the Prophet and led by his brother, Tecumseh, or the time of the conspiracy of Pontiac. The Indians of the Southwest, who had been accustomed

to roam at will over Texas, New Mexico, Colorado, Kansas, and Indian Territory, were gathered at this great council. Their grievances, their woes, their condition, and final destruction were portrayed with vivid native eloquence. Their savage natures were aroused to the most intense ferocity. There was but one sentiment, and that was revenge and relentless war upon the white race. The unanimous resolve of the warriors of the different tribes was the formation of a great war party to attack and destroy the buffalo-hunters who were occupying a stockade at Adobe Walls on the Canadian River in the Panhandle of Texas. This resulted in a severe fight between the resolute, self-reliant white man and the savage, similar to those in the days of Daniel Boone on the "dark and bloody ground" of Kentucky. These hunters were accustomed to go out along the Canadian River region, get on the leeward side of a herd of buffalo, and at a distance where the crack of their rifles would not be heard fire with great accuracy and deadly effect until the herd of forty, sixty, and sometimes one hundred and forty buffalo would lie dead upon the plain. Fortunately the Indian attack upon the hunters occurred on Sunday when they were all gathered together. The Indians displayed the greatest courage, some of them dashing up to the very gates of the stockade and trying to beat them down with their spears and tomahawks while their comrades kept up a sharp fire with their rifles. Their assault was repulsed with severe loss, a large number were killed and many wounded, and the troops were called upon to suppress the Indian hostilities.

VII

FIGHTING ON THE PLAINS

IN August, 1874, I was directed to organize a command at Fort Dodge, on the Arkansas River in southwestern Kansas, and move south against the hostile Indians. Other commands were ordered to move: one east from New Mexico, under Major Price; one north from Texas, under Colonel MacKenzie; one west from Indian Territory, under Colonel Davidson. My command consisted of two battalions of eight troops of cavalry, commanded by Majors Compton and Biddle; one battalion of four companies of infantry, commanded by Major Bristol; a company of friendly Indians, a detachment of artillery, and a company of civilian scouts and guides. These latter were mostly hunters and expert riflemen, familiar with the country.

I resolved upon certain principles that I regarded as essential: never, by day or night, to permit my command to be surprised; to hold it in such condition at all times, whether marching or camping, that it could be ever ready to encounter the enemy; to keep the divisions in communication and supporting distance of each other whenever possible and always ready to act on the offensive. There is an old saying that when an Indian wants food he hunts game;

when he wants sport he hunts the white man. But no man, be he white or Indian, likes to be hunted, and if the hunt is continued it will in time unnerve the stoutest-hearted. During that year the country had been scourged by a most prolonged and consuming drought, and, what was most unusual and more destructive, a visitation of myriads of locusts, which devoured almost every green thing. Nothing but a prairie fire could have left that country as barren as did this, like unto one of the Ten Plagues of Egypt.

The command moved south about one hundred miles, to Camp Supply, Indian Territory, and thence southwest, crossing the Canadian River. We then continued that course until we struck the heavy main trail of the Indians, near the headwaters of the Wichita River. The detachments of the command had already had slight encounters with the scattering bands of Indians. Some days we would not see an Indian although we knew they were in close proximity, watching us; but there is a very good rule, when one is in the Indian country, and that is, "When you see Indians about, be careful; when you do not see them, be more careful." On the 24th of August we followed the main body of the Indians south in the direction of the breaks of the Red River. Indians, when pursued, select with great care the roughest and most inaccessible districts of country, and in this case they could not have made a better selection. Concealed in the cañons and behind bluffs, they awaited the approach of the command. On the morning of August 30th they made a wild dash and a furious charge

against our advance-guard. Some two hundred and fifty came with the suddenness and fury of a whirlwind, but were met by one of the coolest and ablest officers, Lieut. Frank D. Baldwin, who had made a distinguished record during the Civil War and afterward became a general officer. His command quickly dismounted and opened a destructive fire with their rifles, which checked the onslaught of the savages. As soon as the design of the Indians was developed, the cavalry of the command, being in supporting distance, galloped into action. The artillery detachment, under Lieutenant Pope, took position on favorable ground and the entire force, immediately making a countercharge, assumed the offensive. The Indians were driven from their chosen position, fighting over sandhills, bluffs, dry arroyos, and coulées, the roughest broken country I have ever seen fought over. It was a continuous advance, the officers leading with great gallantry and every soldier a hero. The Indians were pursued for nearly twenty miles across the Red River, up the Grand Cañon of the Tule, and out on the Llano Estacado or Staked Plains. It was the first serious engagement with the main body of the Indians, and, while the loss was not serious on either side, it was a demonstration of the excellent fighting qualities of our troops, and the same fortitude and tenacity were maintained in all the subsequent encounters. I have never known men to suffer as much as they did in this engagement. The heat was intense, the ground parched by the burning sun, and not a drop of refreshing water within twenty miles of the field. The Red River, that during the rainy season

THE CAVALRY CHARGE

has water enough to float a steamboat, was at this time a bed of drifting white sand. What little water there was in the vicinity was so impregnated with alkali that it was impossible for it to be used by man or beast. One little realizes the sufferings of men under such circumstances. In some instances they opened the veins of their arms to moisten their burning lips.

The character of the country into which the command had been drawn is unlike any other section of this continent. The only country that I have ever seen like it is the steppes of Russian Siberia. It is a high plateau or tableland of some four hundred miles north and south, and in places nearly two hundred miles wide, covered with short buffalo grass and level as a billiard-table, without a tree or shrub to be seen as far as the eye can reach. We marched over it sometimes for days, and it seemed like being in mid-ocean in a dead calm. The only water to be found would be in lagoons, after or during the rainy season. It was crossed many years ago by the traders from New Orleans to traffic with the Indians of New Mexico, and certain trails were staked out which gave it its name. The cañons and broken country along the eastern border of this Llano Estacado were a refuge for the Indians when pursued, and a comparatively safe place to conceal their families and herds. The Indians undoubtedly thought they had made a fortunate escape, and drawn the command some two hundred miles from any base of supplies. To have returned with the command to our base would have left the Indians in full occupation of the

country. I therefore resolved to send for additional transportation, make my wagon-train a movable base, and remain in that country until the Indians were subdued. I then made such disposition of the troops as to make the country untenable for the Indians.

Four troops of the Eighth Cavalry under Major Price joined mine and became a part of my command. Excellent service was rendered by the troops under Colonels MacKenzie and Davidson, but their forces were greatly embarrassed by the breaking down of their transportation. Our couriers, when sent on long journeys, were obliged to travel principally by night and conceal themselves during the day. Several instances of heroic daring on the part of these men occurred. Scout William F. Schmalsle dashed out from a besieged train at night and, although pursued by Indians, escaped by riding into a herd of wild buffalo, and after that, by concealing himself during the day and traveling at night, to reach his destination. At another time a party of six, under Sergeant Woodhall, four soldiers and two scouts, were surrounded by a large body of Indians on the open plains, but by getting into a buffalo wallow and partly intrenching they repulsed the Indians, although outnumbered twenty to one. One was killed, two severely wounded, and all struck by the bullets of the enemy.

By a system of espionage at their agencies and by friendly Indians with whom they were in communication I was enabled to learn much of the condition and designs of the hostile Indians, and this valuable information enabled me to anticipate some of their

movements. Wherever the Indians could be found they were fought and pursued. This occurred in several engagements during the autumn months. On November 8th a command under Lieutenant Baldwin surprised the camp of Gray Beard on McClellan Creek, and after a spirited engagement routed the Indians and recovered two little white girls, Julia and Adelaide Germaine, aged seven and nine years, whom the Indians had held in captivity. They told us that their family was from Georgia, that they were journeying from Missouri to Colorado when they were attacked. Their father, mother, brother, and elder sister were massacred, and they, with two older sisters, were carried away by the Indians, but for several weeks they had not seen their sisters. When rescued they were the most emaciated mortals I have ever seen. Their little hands were like bird-claws. They had been obliged to travel rapidly by night and by day with the Indians in their long journeys, with but insufficient and coarse food. Their condition excited the deepest sympathy of the brave troops. When the officers and soldiers looked upon these poor unfortunates, warm tears could be seen coursing down their bronzed faces. It nerved every man to heroic endeavor to avenge the wrong and rescue those still in the hands of the savages. The weeks and months wore away, with constant marching and hunting the enemy. We had an occasional rest while awaiting supplies, and as the country was well stocked with every kind of game, buffalo, deer, antelope, prairie-chickens, quail, and wild turkey, our larder was well supplied. Occasionally, at a distance

of four or five miles, we would see small bands of wild horses, but could never get near them, as they were very watchful and would disappear as soon as discovered. They were the wildest and fleetest of all the wild animals of the plains. The approach of winter was our best ally. Timely and ample provision was made for the comfort of our troops, but the cold blasts of what is known as a Texas norther added to the discomfort and destruction of the Indians. The Indians were driven out of every place where they could be found, and finally across the Staked Plains to the valley of the Pecos River in New Mexico. Here a scarcity of food and the cold winter were most destructive and disheartening. I was convinced that the Indians were so reduced that they would surrender if an opportunity was granted them. I therefore equipped a small party of friendly Indians, or runners, as they were called, and sent a summons by it to the hostiles to surrender, making a condition of the surrender that they should bring in alive the two white Germaine girls they held in captivity, and adding that unless this was done no terms would be granted and active measures would be continued. In the mean time the two little captives that we had rescued were sent to Fort Leavenworth under charge of Dr. Powell, where the ladies of the garrison took care of them, clothed, fed, and nursed them back to health and comfort. The doctor, on returning to camp, brought me their photograph. It occurred to me to send it as a ray of hope to their unfortunate sisters if they could be found. I therefore offered one of the Indian messengers a good reward if he

would place it in their hands. On the back of the photograph I wrote the following message:

HEADQUARTERS INDIAN TERRITORY EXPEDITION,
In the field, January 20th, 1875.

TO THE MISSES GERMAINE,—Your little sisters are well and in the hands of friends. Do not be discouraged. Every effort is being made for your welfare.

(Signed) NELSON A. MILES,
Colonel and Brevet Major-General,
United States Army,
Commanding Expedition.

I placed the photograph in an envelope and especially charged the runner to place it in the hands of one of the unfortunate captives. He carried this message over the snow-covered plains and frozen rivers, across the Staked Plains, until he finally reached the camp of the hostile Indians on the Pecos River, New Mexico, a distance of some four hundred miles. The blasts of winter had destroyed a great number of their horses and ponies which the campaign had reduced to poor condition, and the state of the Indians was most destitute and desperate, so that the summons for their surrender was opportune and accepted on the imperative conditions demanded. The principal chief, Stone Calf, sent for the two white girls, placed them in a tent next to his, and treated them with marked care and consideration. The morning following the receipt of the demand for surrender the tribes commenced their difficult and laborious journey toward the agencies in the eastern part of the Indian Territory. They traveled mostly on foot, as the greater number of horses and ponies

with which they commenced the campaign eight months before had been captured or destroyed, and those that remained were scarcely sufficient to transport their limited supplies and baggage.

When a favorable opportunity occurred the messenger quietly handed the eldest girl my note on the back of her sisters' photograph and, as she told me afterward, she was overcome with joy and hope. It was the first information she had that her sisters were alive, and that any one knew of her existence or was interested in the rescue of her sister and herself.

After reaching the agencies the Indians formally surrendered their arms, horses, and captives to the military authorities. The Indian warriors were paraded in line under the guns of the troops, and the two white girls passed along in front of them, pointing out the Indians who had murdered their family and committed other cruel atrocities. Seventy-five were taken out, placed under a strong guard, and sent to Florida. The two girls were sent to Fort Leavenworth, where they joined their younger sisters. They were all provided with a good guardian and comfortable home. On my recommendation ten thousand dollars were taken out of the annuities to the Indian tribe and twenty-five hundred dollars placed to the credit of each of these unfortunate girls. In time they grew up, married, and at last accounts were in comfortable homes in Kansas, Colorado, and California.

Capt. R. H. Pratt, United States Army, took charge of the seventy-five desperadoes sent to Florida. Under his wise and judicious management the great

work of civilizing the savages was commenced. Out of his successful administration has grown the admirable system of Indian education which he established at Carlisle, Pennsylvania, and which has been adopted in many other places for the education and improvement of the Indian children of nearly all the tribes. That campaign, lasting for many months, closed after most difficult and laborious efforts on the part of the troops, with the satisfactory result that that vast southwestern country has been free from the terrifying and devastating presence of hostile Indians, and the citizens of the States of Kansas, Colorado, Oklahoma, Texas, and New Mexico have enjoyed an era of peace. Scarcely a hostile shot has been heard in that country for the last thirty-five years.

From a vast wilderness and almost worthless country, raided every year by savage Indians, Texas has become one of the most prosperous sections of our country. A network of railroads now overspreads that State. It produces one-fourth of all the cotton raised in the South, and the high tableland of the Llano Estacado, that seemed to us at that time worthless, is now regarded as the best cotton land. The chief products of Texas in addition to cotton are rice, sugar, tobacco, wheat, corn, oil, while its mineral wealth, of which it has an abundance, has scarcely been developed. Hundreds of thousands of people are going to that State every year to settle, and some idea of its area may be gleaned from the statement that if all the people now living within the borders of the United States were placed in Texas they would

not be as crowded as are people in some of our Eastern States.

After the campaign I returned to my headquarters at Fort Leavenworth, Kansas. The following autumn an outbreak, which created a general alarm, occurred in New Mexico, and troops were hurried from the different departments to suppress what appeared to be a serious Indian uprising. I was directed to proceed to that locality and to take such measures as I deemed advisable, using the troops there concentrated. I traveled by rail and stage until I reached the scene of the reported Indian disturbances at Cimarron, New Mexico. I there found that the Jicarilla Apaches and Muache Utes had assumed a hostile attitude. They had threatened the life of their agent and driven him away, abandoned the agency, and gone up into the mountains. Before commencing a campaign against them, which would undoubtedly have extended into the winter and would have been very severe upon the troops, I determined to ascertain, if possible, the Indians' side of the controversy. After learning what the agent and employees of the Indian Bureau had to say concerning the disturbance, I found an Indian runner and sent him out to the camp in the mountains, with a message to the principal chief saying that I had been sent there by the government with sufficient troops to restore order and if necessary conduct a campaign against the hostile Indians, but before moving against them I desired to learn the Indians' side of the controversy and what they had to say in justification of their action. He sent word that he would come in and

talk to me if he could be assured of protection and a safe return to his camp in the mountains. I assured him that we would take no advantage of him and should regard him as under the sanctity of a flag of truce. With that assurance he came in, and his talk related a tale of woe. He said that he had made a solemn treaty with the government to remain on a certain tract of land that was evidently of little value to either whites or Indians, and that in consideration of his people staying there, and at peace, the government was to give him certain annuities and certain support for his people, but that the provisions given them were inadequate in quantity and quality to sustain human life. This part of the statement I found to be true; the beef furnished by the contractors was from old, worn-out oxen that had been used in transporting stores across the plains, and the flour supplied under the contract was nothing but bran or the husks of the grain after the life-giving properties had been sifted out. The contractors were receiving full pay for wholesome food they should have furnished. He said that his people could not live in that way and it was only a question whether to assume hostilities or starve. He added that his people did not wish to go to war, and would prefer to remain at peace, provided they could do so and live. I assured him that I would see that the obligation of the government would be fulfilled, but that he must bring his people back from the mountains and remain at peace under the supervision of an officer whom I would place in charge of their affairs. He accepted the conditions and brought his people

back. I selected a judicious officer of the army and put him in charge of the agency. He treated the Indians justly. In a short time they were all contented and peacefully disposed, and the troops were returned to their former stations. To me it was gratifying to avoid an Indian war by acts of justice and humanity rather than to end it by the use of force. In making my report of the condition of affairs as I found them I urged, in the strongest possible terms, measures that I had previously advocated for the conduct of the Indian affairs. In this report I recommended "first, that the Indians be placed under the control of officers of known integrity; second, that one-half the annuities to be given to the wild tribes be given them in domestic stock, and that they be compelled to care for and preserve it; third, that, as far as possible, all children be gathered into schools and taught habits of industry and skilled labor. They would then be wholly under proper influences and would soon abandon many of their savage customs and the vices learned along the remote frontier settlements, and the beneficent influences of these people upon the tribes, when they were returned, would be incalculable. If the tribal organizations can be used as a germ of civil government after the tribes are finally located, they might be so far retained with advantage, but with this possible exception—the sooner the Indians are, as individuals, placed on the same footing as others as respects their responsibility and rights and admitted to such privileges as their character and capacity may entitle them to, the sooner, in my judgment, will they cease to be a bill of expense,

a source of corruption, and a disturbing element of the country."

The following spring I was sent again to Colorado and western Nebraska to investigate Indian disturbances of a different tribe and succeeded in restoring order and peace without using troops. In these journeys across the plains I had good opportunity of observing the gradual progress of the settlements as they were spreading over the western country in all directions. Denver at that time was a town of a few thousand inhabitants; now one of the most beautiful and prosperous cities of the world.

The celebration of the anniversary of our national independence in the centennial year of 1876 was more universally observed then than at any other time before or since.

To indicate the spirit that actuated us in the army at that time on the frontier I will include a brief address made at Leavenworth, Kansas, on July 4, 1876.

These are hallowed moments, when every American has reason to express his gratitude to Almighty God that it has been our good fortune to witness the light of this auspicious morn. That we are permitted to register the close of one century of our national existence and to welcome the coming century which we trust will excel the old in its record of human achievements and enlightenment.

This is indeed an occasion in which the heart of every American can feel a conscious pride in our father's valor and political wisdom. One hundred years ago to-day a few brave and noble men delivered to the world their belief in the practicability of self-government and enunciated principles that have given to the people of this country greater blessings and the world more beneficent influences than the action of any political body since the world began. The condition of this nation and people to-day is the fruit of their patriotic

work; the wonderful progress and unprecedented happiness of the past century are but the result of their purity of thought, simplicity of life, and devotion to the welfare of their fellow-men. With this centennial, time sets its enduring seal upon the purity and perpetuity of our form of government. The world has never witnessed a more magnificent, instructive, and glorious scene than the one being enacted on this continent this very day and hour. Could we but see our countrymen, far up in the pine forests of the North, or the rice and cotton fields of the South, on these rich prairies and lofty mountains of the great West, we would behold them celebrating one of the most important events in the history of the human family. In the dense metropolis or the humblest cot in the land, from the hearts and lips of forty millions of America's free men there ascends to Heaven one grand anthem of thanksgiving. Shouts of victory over prejudice, past animosities, and internal discords swell the gale, while the breezes are laden with the songs of gratitude for one hundred years of freedom, happiness, and prosperity. Fortunately, the people who accomplished this mighty work were not of one country, race, or religion; hence we can extend our influence and sympathy to all races and nationalities—to the people of all countries, who are struggling for freedom and enlightenment; and more especially do we extend our sympathy and congratulations to that grand and courteous nation whose people, one hundred years ago, gave us material encouragement and support; neither do we cherish any feelings of animosity, but rather those of friendship and reverence for the people of that mighty empire that has done so much to extend the light of civilization throughout the world. To-day we rejoice that Britannia "still rules the wave," while "Columbia leads the world" in all that tends to make mankind wiser, purer, and happier.

VIII

CAMPAIGNING AGAINST THE SIOUX

THE rejoicing of the centennial celebration was followed by a period of national gloom. On the top of the first page of the morning papers of July 5, 1876, in large black letters, was the one word, "Horrible." The journals announced that a good part of General Custer's command of the Seventh Cavalry had been annihilated on the Little Big Horn in Montana. Custer's command was very popular with the citizens of that region. The news of this massacre, as it was called, created intense excitement and sympathy. In fact, there had been no such demonstration of sorrow since the appalling tragedy of April 12, 1865. Buildings were draped in mourning. Telegrams were flying between military authorities, and a command was ordered from Fort Leavenworth to move to Montana and take part in the campaign. A part of my regiment, the Fifth United States Infantry, was ordered for this service, and I requested permission to go in command; the request was approved, and within a few days the command was equipped for war and marched away as light-hearted as ever troops proceeded to the field of arduous and hazardous service. We carried with us the confidence and sympathy of those left behind; they bade us adieu with tears and many misgivings for our future. Taking the train at

Leavenworth, we moved to Yankton, South Dakota, thence by steamer up the Missouri River. As we passed the military stations along the upper Missouri the small garrisons frequently gathered on the banks, waving their salutations, and signaling "success" to those who were going to take the places of the ones who had fallen.

The cause of the Indian War of 1876–77 in the Northwest may be briefly stated. That country originally belonged to the great Crow Tribe of friendly Indians. The Sioux Indians drifted from the region of the Great Lakes, and as they were driven west, in turn, they drove the Crows back to the mountains. The Sioux, or cutthroats, as they were called, finally took the name of the Dakota Nation, made up principally of Uncapapas, Ogalallas, Minneconjoux, Sans Arcs, and Brules. Also affiliated with them were the Cheyennes, Yanktonais, Tetons, Santees, and Assiniboins. They claimed the whole of that northwest country, what is now North and South Dakota, northern Nebraska, eastern Wyoming, and eastern Montana.

In 1869 the government, in consideration of the Indians giving up a large part of their country, granted them large reservations, known as the Spotted Tail and Red Cloud agencies, and other reservations west of the Missouri. It also allowed them a large range of country as hunting-grounds, and, in addition, agreed to give them stated annuities. It was distinctly understood that the government would keep white people from occupying or trespassing upon the lands granted to the Indians. In the main, the Indians adhered to the conditions of the treaty, but unfortunately the

government could not, or did not, comply with its part of the compact. Between the years 1869–75 the pressure of advancing civilization was very great upon all sides. The hunters, prospectors, miners, and settlers were trespassing upon the lands granted to the Indians. It was generally believed that the Black Hills country possessed rich mineral deposits, and miners were permitted to prospect for mines. Surveying parties were allowed to traverse the country for routes upon which to construct railways, and even the government sent exploring expeditions into the Black Hills country, that reported evidences of gold fields. All this created great excitement on the part of the white people and a strong desire to occupy that country. At the same time it exasperated the Indians to an intense degree, until disaffection developed into open hostilities. Spotted Tail was a strong character, a wise and really great chief. He would have been a statesman, diplomatist, or able governor if he had been a white man. Red Cloud had been a noted warrior, but at this time was conservative and diplomatic. Both of these hereditary chiefs remained friendly and counseled peace, but the war spirit prevailed. Crazy Horse was the incarnation of ferocity—a fierce, restless warrior, who had made a great reputation as a successful leader of raids and war parties, and had become, at the age of twenty-six, the recognized leader of the Ogalallas, the most warlike tribe of the Sioux Nation.

Sitting Bull, of the Uncapapas, was an older man; had made his reputation in the same way as the leader of the hostile element and by his intense hatred of the white race. He had kept aloof from the agencies,

except to trade. He visited the white settlements only to raid and plunder. He was the embodiment of everything hostile to civilization, a perfect type of the savage Indian, a natural born leader of men, cunning and courageous. He always advocated war upon the white race. Though not an hereditary chief, when any great war council was held, he was the central figure and the head of the war element. He had the power of drawing, molding, and wielding large bodies of his race and inspiring their hearts' emotions until they were prepared to act and move as one. He had runners going back and forth to all the Indian tribes in the Northwest and Canada. He became the natural and able leader of the largest, strongest, and best armed confederation of Indians ever created on this continent. In the spring of 1876 their warriors numbered several thousand. They had congregated principally in western South Dakota and eastern Wyoming and Montana. Against this body of hostile Indians three strong columns of troops were moved in the spring of 1876. The troops from the south were under the command of General Crook, those from the east under General Terry, and those from the west, also in General Terry's department, were under the command of Colonel and Brevet-Major-General John Gibbon.

The defeat of General Crook's command, June 17th, and the massacre of five troops of cavalry under General Custer, June 25th, was most disheartening to the troops in the field, and gave great encouragement to the Indians. This occasioned our going to the field of operations with reinforcements.

Our voyage up the great Missouri River by steamboat against the strong, rapid current was a slow process, especially as the channel of that river is constantly changing. Our steamer was at times in deep water, and occasionally the bow would be hard aground on a sand bar.

The days and weeks thus occupied were used by the troops in thoroughly examining their rifles and equipments and in putting everything in perfect order for an Indian campaign. A short stop at Fort Abraham Lincoln, near Bismarck, North Dakota, then the terminus of the Northern Pacific Railroad, was made for additional supplies and to give the department inspector an opportunity to inspect the command. It was found that the troops had everything that the army regulations required. After leaving the military post, they soon prepared for serious campaigning. All useless impedimenta were discarded and carefully packed in boxes, to be sent down the river when the troops should take the field. Swords, bayonets, knapsacks, cartridge boxes were regarded as obsolete. What the troops really needed were strong clothing, good food, rifles, and plenty of ammunition in cartridge belts. The experienced soldier relied upon his rifle, and knew how to use it most effectively.

As we slowly ascended the Missouri, we were frequently reminded of the laborious journey of Lewis and Clarke in 1803–05, when they started from what was then the village of St. Louis, cordelling their boats up the river for nearly two thousand miles in their journey across the continent to explore our newly acquired territory. They met eighty-five

tribes of Indians who had never before seen the face of a white man.

As we passed some of the military stations and small settlements along the Missouri we found a condition of gloom existing as the result of the news of the Custer disaster, but the spirits of our troops were in marked contrast.

Fort Buford, located at the junction of the Missouri and Yellowstone rivers, was then in what was known as the hostile Indian country. It was the favorite hunting-ground for Sitting Bull and his followers. At times he would come in to barter and trade, and be very peaceable; at other times he was a terror, attacking the post, capturing the herd and killing all the white people that he found outside of a defensive position. A favorite amusement of these Indians at such times was to seize the sawmill and beat their tom-toms on the circular saw. At one time Sitting Bull jumped over the counter at the store, took possession, assumed the position of post trader, and with savage glee and mock authority bartered the merchandise for the buffalo robes and furs of his companions. The brave trader, expecting to be scalped and possibly tortured, resorted to a strange device to save his life and property. Lighting his pipe of tobacco, he took his place near an open keg of powder, and then informed them that he would blow the whole establishment into the air and the Indians into eternity unless order was restored. This was too serious a menace for the savages, and they at once became good Indians.

We reached Fort Buford one evening, and the offi-

cers and soldiers of the small garrison came to the steamer to greet us, but the stillness of the place was appalling. No salute nor cheers, but the same condition of gloom that had marked the atmosphere of the other places we had passed on the river below. The garrison was surprised to hear our quartet singing a merry song, in which the entire command joined with mirth or music. That our troops were indifferent to the possible dangers that were before us was most gratifying to me. In fact, everything was done to inspire a feeling of defiance to any impending danger and to keep the command in the best of spirits. To me, going to meet the enemies of civilization and protect the defenseless settlements was a delightful enterprise. Experience in the Civil War and in Indian campaigning in the Southwest gave me confidence; furthermore, I had as fine a body of men as ever served any country. At that time the serious financial depression in the East and the novelty of serving on the Western frontier had brought a class of young men into the army who for physical perfection, strength, courage, and intelligence has rarely, if ever, been equaled.

At Fort Leavenworth, Kansas, in the winter of 1873–74, I established the first military gymnasium, and made calisthenics and athletic field exercises a part of the military duty. The result was that I had a body of men who were trained athletes and skilled marksmen. They had had experience in Indian campaigning and fighting, so that they knew how to take care of themselves, were ever watchful, could not be surprised, and were not afraid to meet the Indians

under any circumstances or conditions. With such a command I had no hesitation in going into any hostile country.

On leaving Fort Buford we commenced the ascent of the Yellowstone, the most beautiful river in the most picturesque valley of the great Middle West, occupied at this time by hostile Indians and vast herds of buffalo and other large game. In fact, the buffalo were in such great numbers that at times the steamers would stop to allow them to cross the river. At such times they have been lassoed and with the aid of the spars, tackle, and the bow engine, drawn up alive on deck. After weeks of tedious steamboating, we finally reached the mouth of the Rosebud, and I reported my command to General Terry.

When the reinforcements joined the troops in the field a series of long marches was made. This, however, failed to bring the troops into action with the Indians, but occupied nearly two months of time, and then the forces under Generals Terry, Crook, and Gibbon were withdrawn to winter quarters. On returning to their military stations a small command from General Crook's column was sent in advance under a very able officer, Captain afterward General Anson Mills, surprised a camp of Indians near Slim Buttes and captured a large amount of supplies. These furnished the troops of General Crook's command with much needed food. With the withdrawal of the other troops my command was directed to shelter themselves by building a cantonment, and then remain during the winter. The original order gave me my own regiment, the Fifth United States Infantry; six

companies of the Twenty-second Infantry, and the Fifth Regiment of U. S. Cavalry. The cavalry regiment never reported for duty and four companies of the Twenty-second Infantry were detained nearly one hundred miles down the Yellowstone at Glendive, Montana, guarding stores, leaving my regiment, two companies of the Twenty-second Infantry, a few pieces of artillery and a small company of scouts, interpreters, and friendly Indians as my effective force.

At times I had with my command the most noted scouts and guides in the western country. A prince among those hunters and frontier men was William F. Cody, better known as "Buffalo Bill," a sobriquet given him for superior horsemanship and rifle shooting. He was of a good family. His father, a strong patriot, was killed in what was known as the "Border War." Cody at that time was one of the handsomest men I have ever seen; very tall and straight, an abundance of golden hair falling to his shoulders, like a cavalier of old; large, brilliant brown eyes, auburn mustache and goatee, and features as perfect as if they had been chiseled out of marble. L. S. Kelly, better known as "Yellowstone Kelly," was a remarkable man of the type of Kit Carson or Daniel Boone He was well educated, very intelligent, and a native of New York, and lived on the remote frontier because he loved nature. He was fearless, made long journeys through the Indian country alone, and had several personal encounters with hostile Indians.

To mention Clarke, Chapman, Dixon, Wing, Jackson, Johnson, Brugher, and others, and to recount the

long rides they made, their daring feats and the misfortunes of some—the valuable services of all—would fill a volume.

The country was then left practically in possession of the Indians. I intended, however, to do more than hibernate. To build a cantonment or comfortable shelter for the troops and simply occupy it until spring seemed to me quite unsatisfactory. I believed that a winter campaign could be successfully made against those Northern Indians, even in that extreme cold climate. I told General Terry that if he would give me supplies and a reasonable command I would clear a zone of that country of hostiles before spring. He said that it would be impossible for troops to endure the severity of those northern winters, and that I could not contend against the elements of nature. It was well known that an attempt had been made by a command the winter before in the Department of the Platte, which resulted disastrously and placed a large number of soldiers in the hospital, but this was caused largely by the fact that the troops had been comfortably housed during a good part of the winter and then sent into the field with insufficient clothing and equipment. I was confident of success and equipped my command as if they were going to the arctic regions. They had campaigned in the Southwest in the winter with the thermometer at 28° below zero. To attempt it in a country where the temperature was known to fall to 60°, and even 66°, below zero was quite a different proposition and required the greatest care and consideration. My troops were supplied with an abundance of woolen

and fur clothing, even to masks for covering the face. They had had the advantage of being in the field all the time, so that the approach of winter was gradual and they became inured, to some extent, to that severe climate.

In order to know the position and disposition of the Indians I adopted the same system of espionage that I had found successful in the Southwest. I soon learned by this means that the Indians had separated, and I determined, if possible, to prevent their ever coming together again, and in this I was successful. I learned that Sitting Bull, with three tribes, the Uncapapas, Minneconjoux, and Sans Arcs, was moving north of the Yellowstone to the valley of the Big Dry, a tributary of the Missouri, and that Crazy Horse, with the Ogallallas and Cheyennes, was moving to the headwaters of the Tongue and Rosebud rivers. In addition to these powerful tribes, there were warriors from the disaffected elements of other tribes. The Indians intended to hunt buffalo and gather their yearly supplies of robes, and at the same time send out raiding parties for plunder. These great camps would be established when about one hundred miles apart. I determined to use my available force against them in detail. Their young warriors lost no time in opening hostilities. They commenced by attacking isolated commands, stealing stock, and harassing the troops in many ways. One night my camp was attacked by the Indians charging close to our tents in their efforts to stampede our saddle horses and train animals. They fired two shots through my tent just over my cot. Our animals had been, however, securely placed,

and the troops soon repulsed the assault. Sitting Bull, with a large number of warriors, attacked one of our supply trains and held it in check until the escort was strongly reinforced.

Having gained a knowledge of the location of the Indians, as well as their designs, I decided to move first against Sitting Bull's camp. I then took the available part of my regiment, three hundred and ninety-four riflemen of the Fifth Infantry and one piece of artillery, for that purpose, leaving a small guard at the cantonment, our temporary base. On October 17, 1876, I moved across the Yellowstone, thence northeast, for three days. I then found we were approaching the Indian camp. We had seen but little of the Indians, when, on the 21st, they suddenly appeared in very strong force, covering the plains and adjacent hills to the number of a thousand or more warriors. Every Indian was armed with a rifle and had plenty of ammunition. They were gorgeously decorated with feathers, beadwork, and war paint, were well supplied with fur robes and splendidly mounted on their fleet, hardy war ponies. As we approached their position, with our troops deployed in order for battle, they sent out a flag of truce with a message saying that Sitting Bull desired to meet the commanding officer. Their object appeared to be a desire to delay our approach and ascertain our strength, but, as I afterward learned, they had a well-laid plot to surprise and attempt massacre. As I was not quite sure of the location of their camp and desired to learn more of their condition and strength, which might be gained by the interview, I consented to meet Sitting

SITTING BULL, SIOUX INDIAN CHIEF

CHIEF JOSEPH, OF THE NEZ PERCES INDIANS

Bull, with six others, under a flag of truce, half-way between the two forces. With Lieutenant Bailey and five soldiers, I went out to meet him, the regiment and artillery occupying a commanding position in the rear. Sitting Bull spread a large robe on the ground and prepared to talk with much formality. He was a man of powerful physique, with a large, broad head, strong features, and few words, which were uttered with great deliberation; a man evidently of decision and positive convictions. I used every effort to create in him and those with him a friendly disposition. I explained to them that all Indian wars had resulted in the Indians becoming loyal to our government; that it was useless for the Indians to contend against the government or the power and numbers of the white race; that if they would discontinue their warlike attitude and depredations and go upon a reservation I could assure them of the good will of the government and my earnest efforts in their behalf. But all this was fruitless; they scorned the friendly proposition and scoffed at the idea of any power being able to subdue the Sioux warriors. Sitting Bull said that Almighty God had made him an Indian, but not an *Agency* Indian, and he did not intend to be one. He said there never was a white man who did not hate the Indian and there never was an Indian who did not hate the white man. They were at that time flushed with victory. They believed the Sioux warriors superior to any body of white troops in that country. During the conversation, through the interpreter, named Brughier, a half-breed, I told Sitting Bull that I knew when he would be on the Yellow-

stone, where he was going and the object of his movement. This surprised and at the same time enraged him to an intense degree. His whole manner and appearance instantly changed from an adroit, cunning, mild-mannered man to an enraged savage. His appearance was more like that of a wild beast than a human being. Every feature showed intense excitement and the deep emotions of his fierce nature. His strong jaws were firmly set and his eyes were like balls of fire.

While we were thus talking the officers and soldiers, with their rifles ready for action, had been anxiously watching the scene and had noticed a few warriors move down from the hills, one at a time, and take position near Sitting Bull. One was seen to place a short rifle under his buffalo robe. This was also observed by the men with me and by myself; and the Indians' object, as I afterward learned, was to encircle and destroy us, as the Modocs had massacred General Canby a few years before in the lava beds of Oregon. I informed Sitting Bull that unless those warriors returned to the main body of Indians, from whence they came, our conversation would at once terminate. Seeing our determination and also our readiness for immediate action, he complied. Looking abashed, he told the young warriors to return, which they did reluctantly. To discontinue the council without violence and without divulging our purpose, I told Sitting Bull that he could during the night consider what I had said to him, and I immediately withdrew to my command and then marched back about three miles to the nearest timber and water to camp for the night.

The next morning, October 22d, the command moved very early in the direction of what we believed to be the main camp of the Indians, and after marching about ten miles we came in sight of it. Sitting Bull again sent out a flag of truce for another talk, which was granted. I told him my command came out to bring him and his followers in, peaceably if possible, forcibly if we must. This was answered with scorn, and I finally told him that I would give him fifteen minutes, and no longer, to accept the terms of the government. With a huge grunt he turned on his heel, and without saying "Adieu," or even "Good-morning," he rushed back, shouting to his chiefs and warriors to prepare for battle. Immediately the prairie was alive with Indians dashing in every direction. They assembled or deployed, took position *en masse* on the prairie or behind mounds and hills, wild with excitement and anxious for the combat. My command was deployed in the form of a large open square. Thus we moved forward for action. The Indians commenced burning the prairie, completely surrounded the command and assumed a menacing attitude. At the end of fifteen minutes hostilities commenced. At the first shot the soldiers remarked: "That shot ends the talking; now for some fighting."

The infantry soldiers presented but a small target, and their skilled long-range marksmanship kept the Indians at a very good distance. That and the artillery fire was evidently a surprise to the Indians. The troops maintained most excellent discipline and order, and moved steadily on, driving the Indians through their camp, where they abandoned much of their

property and a few horses. Thus they were pursued for two days a distance of forty-two miles. Wherever they made a stand the troops would deploy and drive them out. They would never remain for a close, decisive battle, although they outnumbered us at least three to one. They were driven south across the Yellowstone, and finally sent in a flag of truce, October 25th, asking for terms. They agreed to go to their agencies and surrender, and placed in our hands five of their principal chiefs as hostages for the surrender of some two thousand of their people. We learned at the same time that Sitting Bull, Gall, Pretty Bear, and quite a large camp had broken away and gone north.

Returning to the cantonment, I soon equipped another command of four hundred and thirty-four riflemen and a detachment of artillery to move north in pursuit of Sitting Bull. At that time the country was entirely unknown. The steamers had passed up and down the Yellowstone and Missouri rivers, but the Indians had held the country so tenaciously that it had never been surveyed and was a blank on the official maps. At times we would find indications of Indians and strike their trail, but the blinding snowstorms of November and December obliterated all traces, and often we were obliged to march slowly by the compass. We crossed and recrossed the Missouri River with artillery and loaded trains on the solid ice, the cold being intense. Some days the soldiers were obliged to march single file, taking turns in the advance to break down the snow. Usually at night we would camp in the valleys, where dry fuel could be

obtained, but at other times, in crossing the high divides we could not obtain fuel and the soldiers were obliged to lie down at night on the snow without fires. Still, they were so well equipped that though they suffered from the extreme cold it caused no permanent injury. By dividing my command into three columns I was enabled to reconnoiter a wider zone of territory; one column, under command of Capt. F. D. Baldwin, struck Sitting Bull's camp on the Big Dry, drove him out and captured a large quantity of camp equipage and a few horses. Sitting Bull had now been driven far enough north to be practically out of the field of operation, and the command retreated to the cantonment. While these movements were being executed a command from the south, under Colonel and Brevet-Major-General MacKenzie, had surprised a camp of Northern Cheyennes and destroyed much of their property. I organized another expedition within six days after our return to the cantonment, for a campaign against the large camp of Ogalallas and Northern Cheyennes under Crazy Horse, Big Crow, Little Big Man, Hump, Two Moons, and White Bull, located about eighty miles to the southwest, near the headwaters of the Rosebud and Tongue rivers. On the last of December I moved up the valley of the Tongue River with four hundred and thirty-six riflemen of the Fifth and Twenty-second Infantry and two pieces of artillery. The artillery I concealed in my wagon train by covering the guns and gun carriages with wagon bows and canvas, intending to give the Indians a surprise. The snow was a foot deep on the level and the streams

were frozen solid. During the march we were somewhat harassed by the Indians, and at one time they surprised and killed two of our soldiers. As we approached their camp, extending for three miles along the Tongue River, they retreated. Their object in withdrawing was evidently to secure a stronger position in the more mountainous country. Frequent skirmishing occurred, and one day our advance-guard captured a small party, consisting of one warrior, four women, and three children, as they were returning to their camp. As these belonged to prominent families in the hostile camp, their capture had quite important results. An unsuccessful attempt was made that night by three hundred warriors to recapture the party. The command advanced into what is known as the Wolf Mountains; well named, as they were rugged, rough, and most unattractive. We were then three hundred miles from the nearest settlement on the west and four hundred miles from the terminus of the Northern Pacific on the east. In the impending engagement with this powerful body of Indians defeat would mean disaster and annihilation, and it would have been weeks before our fate would have been known. Every officer and soldier realized his responsibility and seemed inspired with the best of courage and fortitude.

On the evening of January 7, 1877, the command took up a strong position and camped for the night. The following morning, soon after daybreak, the Indians were reported coming in great numbers down the valley. They found the command deployed and ready for action. From a high bluff with a field glass

I watched them come out of the cañon and move down the valley, and I thought the last one would never appear. There were at least a thousand or twelve hundred well-armed and well-mounted warriors. They shouted their determination to make it another massacre. In fact, they yelled to the soldiers, "You have had your last breakfast," and the response was equally defiant. When within range the infantry opened fire and the coverings were quickly removed from what appeared to be harmless wagons, but now effective artillery.

The rapid discharge of the heavy field guns, the bursting of the shells, with the sharp fire of the riflemen, must have created consternation among the Indians in the narrow valley on that clear winter morning. They completely surrounded the command, but not an officer or soldier left his proper station.

The key of the Indians' position was a high bluff in front of the left of our line. To charge and take this strategic point was a difficult undertaking for a part of our troops, while the rest were engaged. They were, however, gallantly led by Majors Casey and Butler and Captains McDonald and Baldwin, the latter being very conspicuous as he rode in front of the line waving his hat. A prominent chief, Big Crow, who had made his followers believe his "medicine" was so strong that no white man's bullet could harm him, proved the strength of his superstition by his dauntless courage. As the troops, encumbered by their heavy clothing and impeded by the deep snow, ascended the hill, firing as they advanced, this most

noted leader dashed out in front in full view of the soldiers, whooping and yelling defiance with savage bravado. He was gorgeously arrayed in Indian war costume and bedecked with eagle feathers reaching to the ground. His strong voice could be heard up and down the valley whenever there was a lull in the firing. He was unharmed for a time, as it is not easy to hit a man when he is in quick action, but some cool-headed soldier fired more deliberately and dropped him dead, just as the troops charged up and took possession of the bluff. This caused a retreat, which soon became a panic and a rout of all the Indians in the valley. The last part of this engagement was fought during a snowstorm, which rendered the scene more weird, but, fortunately, did not obstruct a view of the field.

The most delightful sensation that can come to the heart of a soldier is when he sees the enemy's line break and fall back. It is the supreme moment of an engagement or battle, and I do not remember any scene that sent a thrill of joy through my soul more delightful than when I saw the backs of those Indians galloping up the valley, followed by the exultant cheers of our men and the salutes of our bursting shells. Victory was assured. We followed the Indians a short distance up the valley to make sure of their precipitous retreat, and then went back into camp, masters of the situation, with the great gratification that our laborious efforts had been crowned with success.

The command returned again to the cantonment. The captives before mentioned were kindly treated, well fed, and well clothed, and, after keeping them a

WINTER CAMPAIGNING

month, I sent three of the number with my interpreter, Brughier, to the hostile camp, with a message demanding its surrender. The Indians were surprised to see their relatives alive and to learn that they had been kindly treated. After the engagement of January 8th the Indians had retreated west to the base of the Big Horn Mountains, camped in the deep snow, and were suffering from intense cold, while their horses were dying from exposure, and the demand for their surrender came at an opportune time. The result was that a strong delegation of nineteen chiefs and warriors came down to the cantonment to learn fully what terms of surrender would be granted them. They were told they must surrender their arms and war ponies. The latter would be sold and the proceeds returned to them in domestic stock; that so long as they remained at peace and complied with the directions of the government they would be justly treated.

The meeting of the captives and their relatives who came in with this delegation was one that fully illustrates the Indian character. The women were hysterical with emotion; they bewailed the misfortunes and woes of their race, and at the same time they shed tears of joy at seeing again those nearest and dearest to them. The Indian warriors scorned to show any emotion of grief, joy, or fear. One was observed to take up a little child in his arms with the utmost tenderness, yet his face was as motionless as a bronze statue. One beautiful Indian girl looked in vain among the warriors for the face of her lover, and although she inquired anxiously for him she was

turned away by them with some thoughtless remark or jest, they little realizing the depth of the heart-wound they were inflicting. We were unaware of this romance until it resulted in a sad tragedy. One morning, at daybreak, after the chiefs and warriors had departed, a sharp report was heard coming from one of the tents occupied by the Indians, and it was found that the young Indian maiden had committed suicide with a small pistol which she had concealed all the time during her captivity. Her companions then reported that she was overcome with grief because her lover did not come to see her; but it was afterward learned that he knew nothing of their leaving camp; that he was away hunting at the time and did not return until several days after their departure—too late to join them.

The delegation, upon returning to camp with the conditions before mentioned, found their people willing to accept our terms, and the whole camp, more than three thousand, moved over the divide and down the valley of the Tongue River en route to the cantonment. At the mouth of Otter Creek they were met by a runner from the Spotted Tail Agency, urging them to come in there and surrender, saying they would be granted better terms and be with many of their friends. The camp halted and a delegation of over one hundred of their principal chiefs and warriors came down to see if more liberal terms would be granted. They were told that they must surrender at the agencies or to the military in the field; that the country must be cleared of hostile Indians. With all the power I possessed, I urged them to discontinue

their hostilities and accept the best terms they could obtain from the government, assuring them that if they did so I would cease to be their enemy and become their friend. At the close of my remarks absolute silence prevailed for at least five minutes. Those were five anxious moments of my life. Peace or war was then to be determined. It is a rule of the Indians to remain silent when one is speaking and to remain in thoughtful silence for a few moments at the close, giving the speaker time to add anything to what he has already said, a code of civility not practised in the British House of Lords, the Reichstag, or our Congress. Little Chief, a noted warrior and their principal orator, came forward with great dignity and deliberation, threw back the rich buffalo robe from his shoulders, like the toga of a Roman senator, letting it drop until it remained suspended from his belt. The Indian orator finally threw off everything above his waist, displaying the scars of the sun-dance on his upper arms and breast. His manner, movements, and gestures were the perfection of dignity and grace. With eloquence and deep feeling he recited the history and misfortunes of his race, their devotion to their country and their efforts to defend and retain it. Finally he said, "Your terms are cruel and harsh, but we are going to accept them." I have never heard more welcome words. They meant peace instead of war; friendship instead of hostility; prosperity instead of desolation, and safety and security in place of terror. To makë their assurance doubly sure White Bull, the head warrior of the Cheyennes, said that he would remain as a hostage for the good faith of the

Cheyennes. Hump, the leading warrior and most popular man of his tribe, said he would remain for the good faith of the Ogalallas, and others did the same, until I checked them, saying it was enough. They had manifested their willingness to pledge their lives for their tribe and race. Little Hawk, the uncle of Crazy Horse, a prominent chief, promised that within a certain number of days he would bring in Crazy Horse or have him surrender at the lower agencies, and this promise he complied with. Within the given time more than three hundred came in and surrendered. The remainder continued their journey south and surrendered at the Indian agencies, with the exception of Lame Deer's camp of about sixty lodges. These declared they would never surrender. Those that came in surrendered their arms and ponies, and ever afterward remained at peace. Sitting Bull, who had been concealing his small following, retreated farther north and took refuge in Canada.

When the relatives of the poor girl who had committed suicide came in they gathered around her lonely grave, and such demonstrations of grief I have never witnessed. The depths of sorrow were manifested in their wailing cries and lamentations. With knives they slashed their faces, arms, and breasts until they were covered with gore.

Brighter days followed those of strife and woe. The Indians were given employment as soon as the spring opened. They were encouraged to cultivate the ground and were rewarded by an abundant harvest for their industry. Their war ponies had been sold and domestic stock bought and given to them.

When the Indians had become settled and confidence restored I organized a command to go after Lame Deer's band, then on the upper Rosebud. We moved up the Tongue River, passing over the trail of the Indians when they moved from that valley to the Rosebud, and, making a day's march beyond, went into camp for the night, believing that the Indians would be watching us from the hills. After dark I took a battalion of mounted troops and made a night march directly across the country for about thirty miles, and before daylight concealed the command in a pocket of hills and bluffs, sending out three Indian scouts in different directions to look for signs of Indians. They found that Lame Deer had been camped near there only three days before, and soon discovered smoke rising above his camp, about fifteen miles distant. I crawled up behind a bluff, and, looking through my field glasses, could discern only what appeared to be mist or a light cloud against the foothill. So keen-eyed were the Indians that they said it was the smoke of a village and that they could see ponies grazing. To approach it without being discovered was an art. Our Indian guides took us up one ravine and down another in a winding course, always keeping some objects—rocks, trees, or higher ground—between the command and the hostile camp. We finally rested and waited for night. After midnight we started again, and just at the dawn of a beautiful spring morning we passed up a small tributary of the Rosebud, upon which the camp was located. The birds were singing, the wild flowers fragrant, the tall grass waving in peaceful silence. It seemed more like

going to a festival than to a tragedy of death. I detached one company of mounted men under Lieutenants Casey and Jerome, with orders to charge up the valley and stampede the herd, while with a battalion of the Second Cavalry we attacked the camp. This was successful, and four hundred and fifty horses, mules, and ponies were captured. As we dashed up to the village I had told our friendly Indians to call out to the hostiles that we would spare their lives if they surrendered. The retreat of several of the Indian warriors was cut off, and they laid down their arms. I rode up to the principal chief, Lame Deer, extending my hand, and said, "How, how, kola," meaning friend. He took my hand, and in the intense excitement, as I was trying to assure him of safety, a white scout rode up behind me, and before I could check him covered the Indian with his rifle. The Indian evidently suspected treachery. Being a powerful man and on foot, he jerked his hand from mine, grasped his rifle, stepped back a few paces, and fired. As he did this I whirled my horse to the right, and his bullet, passing my breast, killed a brave soldier near by. The chief was instantly killed by Captain Wheelan, and the fight continued until fourteen warriors were killed and many wounded. The Indians who escaped were driven into the rough mountainous country and followed until they finally surrendered at the southern agencies. Their rich camp fell into the hands of the troops. As the infantry support came up, two hundred of the war ponies were selected, and the infantry mounted, but not without a circus that would excel anything given in the "Wild West." On a grass-

covered plain two hundred infantry soldiers were trying to saddle, mount, and ride that number of war ponies. It was an exhibition of vicious beasts and courageous and persevering soldiers.

Thus ended Indian hostilities in that vast country. A very important commission sent to treat with those Indians a few years before had reported that it would take fifteen thousand soldiers and fifteen million dollars to subdue them. It took much less, but the method of warfare was somewhat changed.

The Indian is a most dangerous warrior within two hundred yards, the range within which he is accustomed to kill game. Beyond that, when he has to estimate distance, arrange the sights of his rifle, make allowances for the effect of the wind on the flight of the projectile, etc., he is vastly inferior to our trained, intelligent riflemen. The Indian is also very brave—when he is successful. War is entirely voluntary with him. If he thinks it is a good day for scalps and plunder he is very daring, but if he thinks the signs are not favorable and he and his companions are receiving serious injury he can withdraw, with no loss of caste or reputation with his fellows. There is no such thing as order, positive authority, or discipline among them. Knowing this, I found it to our advantage to hold them at a safe distance, to keep them losing and never gaining anything, and by constantly acting on the offensive I found that they could be discouraged and dispersed. It was amusement for them to raid and make war during the summer, but when constant relentless war was made upon them in

the severest of winter campaigns it became serious and most destructive.

Eight months of this aggressive, incessant warfare caused upward of seven thousand Indians to surrender to the military in the field, at the agencies in North and South Dakota and Montana, or abandon the country and take refuge in Canada. On two occasions Sitting Bull and his followers came south over the Canadian border and were whipped back and held there until they finally surrended. That great area of territory is now occupied by prosperous and rich settlements that have enjoyed the blessings of peace and security for more than thirty years, and it was gratifying to have the facts recognized at the time by the highest military authorities. Generals Sheridan and Sherman, after passing through the country, and from personal observation, made the following reports.

In the annual report of Lieutenant-General P. H. Sheridan, he stated as follows:

HEADQUARTERS MILITARY DIVISION OF THE MISSOURI,
CHICAGO, ILL., October 25, 1877.

GENERAL,—I have the honor to submit, for the information of the General of the army, the following brief report of the events occurring within the Military Division of the Missouri since the 25th of November, 1876, the date of my last annual report.

During the months of December and January the hostile Indians were constantly harassed by the troops under Col. Nelson A. Miles, Fifth Infantry, whose headquarters were at the mouth of the Tongue River, and who had two sharp engagements with them, one at Red Water and the other near Hanging Woman's Fork, inflicting heavy losses in men, supplies, and animals.

This constant pounding and ceaseless activity upon the part of our troops (Colonel Miles in particular) in midwinter began to tell, and early in February, 1877, information was communicated which led me to believe that the Indians in general were tired of the war, and that the large bodies heretofore in the field were beginning to break up. On the 25th of that month 229 lodges of Minneconjoux and Sans Arcs came and surrendered to the troops at Cheyenne Agency, Dakota. They were completely disarmed, their horses taken from them and they were put under guard. This system was also carried out with all who came in afterward to surrender within the departments of Dakota and the Platte. From the 1st of March to the 21st of the same month over 2,200 Indians, in detachments of from 30 to 900, came in and surrendered at camps Sheridan and Robinson, in the department of the Platte, and on the 22d of April 303 Cheyennes came in and surrendered to Colonel Miles at the cantonment on Tongue River, in the department of the Dakota, and more were reported on the way to give themselves up. Finally, on the 6th of May, Crazy Horse, with 889 of his people and 2,000 ponies, came into Camp Robinson and surrendered to General Crook in person.

In the mean time Colonel Miles, having had information of the whereabouts of Lame Deer's band of hostile Sioux, surprised his camp, killing 14 warriors, including Lame Deer and Iron Star, the two principal chiefs, capturing 450 ponies, and destroying 51 lodges and their contents. I may mention here that this band commenced to surrender, in small squads of from two to twenty, immediately thereafter, until at length, on the 10th of September, the last of the band, numbering 224, constantly followed and pressed by troops from the command of Colonel Miles, surrendered at Camp Sheridan.

The Sioux war was now over.

(Signed) P. H. Sheridan,
Lieutenant-General, Commanding.

General W. T. Sherman, commanding the United States Army, July 17, 1877, reported to Hon. George W. McCrary, Secretary of War, at Washington, D. C., as follows:

I now regard the Sioux Indian problem, as a war question, as solved by the operations of General Miles last winter and by the establishment of the two new posts on the Yellowstone, now assured this summer. Boats come and go now, where a year ago none would venture except with strong guards. Wood-yards are being established to facilitate navigation, and the great mass of the hostiles have been forced to go to the agencies for food and protection, or have fled across the border to the British territory.

When peace and security had been fully established one of the first steamboats to come up the river in June, 1877, brought my wife and little daughter, Cecilia, from whom I had been separated for nearly a year. With them came a sister of Mrs. Miles, Miss Elizabeth Sherman. In this wildest of our Western country these were the first white women to visit that remote region and call a soldier's camp their army home. These were followed by the families and relatives of other officers and soldiers. The novelty of that frontier life was in such marked contrast to the civilization in which they had been reared that it was most enjoyable and fascinating to them. Boating on the Yellowstone, driving or riding horseback over the wild fields or through the Indian camps, always with a good escort, was a novelty and a romance. The Indians were intensely interested in seeing the families of the officers and soldiers. They paid them great respect and even brought them presents and treated them with civility and politeness. This was reciprocated by their giving the Indians presents of food, clothing, medicines, useful utensils, and even toys, the latter greatly interesting the Indian children. Kindness to the native Indian was long remembered

with sincere gratitude. The freedom of this outdoor frontier life was a charm to those who were enjoying it for the first time.

The dark clouds of war are not without occasional rays of sunshine. When the surrendered Indians were peacefully camped along the valley of the Yellowstone there occurred one morning a great commotion in the camp of the Ogalallas. The Indians were running in every direction anxiously looking for their most popular man, the head warrior, "Hump," who could not be found. He was the finest type of the Indian that I have ever seen — fully six feet two inches in height, straight as an arrow, strong and supple as a panther, sharp-featured, an abundance of long hair, black and glossy as the raven's wing, and the sharpest and most brilliant eyes that I have ever seen in mortal face. They were as clear and piercing as the eagle's. He was only twenty-six years of age, but his great activity and superior courage had made him a most noted leader.

The Indians were wild with excitement. They feared that some harm had befallen their hero, and came up to my headquarters to learn if I could give them any information or assistance. Finally, after fruitless search, it was reported that the belle of the neighboring Cheyenne camp was also missing. The relatives and friends therefore concluded that these children of nature had resolved to become companions for life and had quietly withdrawn from all their people and disappeared most mysteriously amid the placid scenes of nature when it was adorned in its most beautiful garb of springtime. No formal an-

nouncement or license was required; no ceremony or music; no tears or cheers; the only bridal decorations were the wild flowers and foliage, the only music that of the songs of birds.

Beside the crystal waters of the Yellowstone, through the forests and fields they wandered in blissful companionship alone. After it was fully decided that it was a romance that had taken them away, their relatives immediately began to make or gather beautiful presents for them when they should return; and after some weeks they reappeared one morning before sunrise as mysteriously as they had departed. For several days they were welcome guests wherever they went; they were feasted and loaded with presents, and their lives, I believe, were happy ever afterward.

IX

THE CAPTURE OF CHIEF JOSEPH

AS a result of the military occupation of the Indian country came the first dawn of peace and a change from primitive, barbaric life to civilization and peaceful communities. A race controlled only by tradition and inherited customs was to be replaced by a people governed by a written constitution, laws, and a code of morals founded on the best experience of the ages.

I found no duty more agreeable than giving a condition of peace and protection to the scattered population as it came to settle in that wild country of the great Northwest, giving security where terror and danger had prevailed. That region, embracing more than two hundred thousand square miles of territory, over which the Indians had roamed, was made safe for the pioneers, miners, prospectors, mail-carriers, surveyors, and home-builders, and they came from all directions—first, the hunter with his rifle and blanket; then the wood-choppers along the great rivers to prepare fuel for the river steamers; then the miners, prospectors, and ranchmen, and finally the settler, with perhaps a small family and his little herd of domestic animals. These located in the most favored places along the rich valleys and near the beautiful rivers that traverse

that region. The country gave promise of a great future. The climate was well adapted to encourage the settlers; the fertility of the soil was so great that the troopers could cross the tall native grass over their saddles as they rode through some of the valleys. We could picture in our mind's eye the future of the communities and States that would soon be created and established over that great district of country.

At the same time I found the duty of conciliating the Indians, impressing them with our good will, inspiring in them a feeling of security, if not of friendship, not an easy task, but certainly a most agreeable one. They soon manifested their appreciation of kindness. Although they were under positive military control, they soon realized that such control was one of justice and humanity. They desired to make their allegiance to the government enduring. They said they had made treaties before, but those treaties had all been disregarded, and their most earnest desire then was to make terms that would be an assurance of peace for themselves and their children for all time.

I placed the Indians in charge of a most excellent officer, Capt., afterward Gen., E. P. Ewers, who encouraged them in habits of industry and the better modes of life. They, in turn, were willing to give all they possessed as an assurance of their good faith and desire for peace. They gave their best warriors to the military service. These made most excellent scouts and guides in the campaigns against Lame Deer's band, the Nez Perces, and the Bannocks. They fought bravely side by side with the soldiers.

The period of tranquillity was not long to continue. Over the Western mountains came the rumbling of a coming storm. Another Indian war, or, more strictly speaking, another cruel injustice, was to be enacted. It would require a volume to record the history of the Nez Perces Indians; their loyalty to the government; their hospitality and kindness to the Lewis and Clark Expedition of 1804; the excellent care they took of the property and animals of the expedition while the explorers went down the Columbia to the Pacific coast; their truthful boast that in nearly a hundred years of intercourse with a superior race no white man had ever been killed by a Nez Perce.

Long before 1877 the government had made a solemn treaty with the Nez Perces by which, for certain considerations, it granted them a reservation in Idaho. They prized that little section of their native land above all other earthly possessions. The dying injunction of Chief Joseph's father to him was never to give up the Wallowa Valley, where his ashes were to rest. Yet the greed and pressure of the white race were all-powerful.

A number of sharp engagements occurred between the troops under General Howard and the Indians under their principal chief, Looking Glass. The Indians retreated up Clark's Fork of the Columbia; thence through the Big Hole Basin, where they were attacked by General Gibbon's command. In the severe engagement that distinguished general was wounded, and his small but gallant force suffered such loss as to check its farther advance.

General Howard's command subsequently followed

the trail. The Indians retreated over the Rocky Mountains, through the Yellowstone Park, and down the Clark's Fork of the Yellowstone, thence north toward Canada.

While these events were occurring I received many unofficial reports and newspaper accounts of the approach of the Indians toward my district. On August 3, 1877, I sent Lieutenant Doane, with a troop of cavalry and a large force of Crow Indian allies, to the Judith Basin, near the Missouri River, a district of country through which the Indians were accustomed to pass. Later, on August 10th, I ordered Colonel and Brevet Major-General Sturgis, with six troops of his cavalry regiment, to move to the Judith Gap, where the Indians subsequently passed, and to scout the upper valley of the Yellowstone in order to intercept the Indians when they came out of the Yellowstone Park. For weeks I anxiously watched for information from the West. During the afternoon of September 17th I observed a dark object appear over the high bluff to the west and move down the trail to the bank of the Yellowstone. I then noticed his cavalry uniform. He was soon ferried across, and, riding up, dismounted and saluted. Without waiting for him to report, I asked him if they had had a fight. He replied, "No, but we have had a good chance." General Sturgis reported that by a ruse the Indians had evaded his command and turned his flank, leaving his troops hopelessly behind.

General Howard reported the same. He had, with his command, joined that of General Sturgis and assumed command of the whole. Later they fol-

lowed the trail until it scattered and was lost in the Judith Basin.

This information when received by me had been five days in transmission. From the moment I received it until the following day there was no time lost. Orders were given for the immediate equipment of six troops of cavalry, six companies of mounted infantry, two pieces of artillery, and a small body of Indian scouts. These were supplied with rations, forage, medical supplies, transportation, tentage, and ammunition, and as rapidly as possible ferried over the Yellowstone River and started on a forced march of nearly two hundred miles to the northwest to intercept the hostile Nez Perces. Couriers were despatched to Fort Peck and Fort Buford, on the Missouri, nearly one hundred miles distant, to send a steamer-load of supplies up the Missouri for my command and for those of General Sturgis and General Howard, as I knew they would require them. All night long we worked to get the command fully equipped for a serious Indian campaign across the river.

Moving over the high, rolling prairie with a well-equipped command to intercept the most adroit and skilful tribe that had made the longest and most successful march ever made by hostile Indians was an intensely interesting and at the same time difficult enterprise. I kept a small corps of brave, intelligent scouts long distances in advance. On the evening of September 23d we reached a point six miles from the Missouri, after a forced march of fifty-two miles in twenty-four hours. Being desirous of taking every chance of success, I called upon Captain Hale, com-

manding one of the battalions, to send me a young officer who would ride forward and stop any steamer passing on the river before our arrival. Lieutenant Biddle quickly responded, and in a few moments he had his horse resaddled and was galloping down the valley. He reached the bank of the Missouri just in time to hail the last steamer going down the river. Through the zeal and dash of Hale and Biddle, I found the steamer moored to the bank next morning. I little realized the unfortunate fate and sacrifice that awaited these two valuable officers in the campaign in which we were engaged. I crossed one battalion of my command over to the north side of the Missouri to scout that part of the country and prevent the Indians from crossing. From all information obtainable from the steamer and other sources, I at that time supposed the hostile Indians to be still in the Judith Basin some fifty miles south of the Missouri. This being accomplished, I allowed the steamer to resume her voyage down the river and started to move to the west with the remainder of my command. Just then three men came down the river in a row-boat, reporting that the Nez Perces had crossed the Missouri at a point known as Cow Island, forty miles to the west. I immediately remembered that that splendid soldier, Captain, afterward General, Frank D. Baldwin, was invalided from hard service and was on board the steamer going down the river. I knew that if he was within sound of cannon-shot he would return, and that this was the only means of recalling the steamer. Quickly one of the guns was wheeled into position and commenced firing shell down the

valley of the Missouri. The sound of the guns and bursting shell re-echoing between the high bluffs could be heard many miles away. Our great anxiety was soon over when we saw the black volume of smoke rising above the steamer as she rounded the bend of the river far below, and forced her way up against the strong current.

The true and loyal instincts of the soldier had brought back the best means for our crossing the turbulent waters of the great Missouri. With the least possible delay the troops, artillery, and trains were transferred to the north side of the river, and then commenced anew the march to intercept and encounter the Indians.

The range of the Little Rockies extended from the Missouri northwest about forty-five miles. This range was connected by a low ridge with the Bear Paw Mountains, still farther to the west. Our march was concealed by the command moving along the base and on the east side of the Little Rockies, our scouts being on the crest and on the west side. Knowing that the Indians would have scouts and lookouts on the watch for any military forces or for any disturbance of the wild game, we passed thousands of antelope, deer, elk, and buffalo without disturbing them. Even a huge bear that rose up within easy range of Lieutenant, afterward General, Marion P. Maus, a famous hunter and splendid soldier, did not draw the fire of his rifle, for we all knew that the crack of a rifle or the starting of wild game would attract the attention of the hostile Indians.

On the evening of September 29th I received word

from General Howard that the trail he was following had scattered, that he had given up the pursuit, turned back his cavalry, and was going to return his infantry to Idaho, leaving Colonel Sturgis's troops, as before, a part of my command. We were early on the march, September 30th, and soon one of our Indians came dashing back, reporting the discovery of the Indian camp. Without a halt our troops formed line of battle, each trooper secured his cartridge belt, and, with carbine or rifle in hand, galloped forward prepared for action. A more spirited, resolute body of men I have never seen go into battle. Every nerve and fiber seemed to be animated, and every eye sparkled with fire. The transformation of our Indian allies was spectacular and almost instantaneous. The old horses and mules they were riding were rushed into a ravine; their old hats, clothing and useless paraphernalia were cached; their strong, fresh war ponies, with a rawhide lariat around the necks and under jaws, but without saddles or bridles, were quickly mounted. In full war paint, with gorgeously feathered and beaded war bonnets, buckskin girdles about the loins, moccasins, and rifles and cartridge belts, the warriors were fully equipped for the fray, as gamy a looking body of savages as could be imagined.

As we galloped over the rolling prairies some men were joking, and one even singing, "What Shall the Harvest Be?" the melody of the tune timed to the footfalls of his charger. Captain Hale was the picture of a dashing cavalier on his white steed as he led his cavalrymen into action. Soon the slumbering camp of Indians was discovered, with their great herd of mules,

horses, and ponies grazing along the valley. Captain Tyler's battalion of cavalry was ordered to the left to sweep down the valley and stampede the herd, or "set the Indians afoot." Captain Hale's and Captain Snyder's battalions charged the camp, and after some desperate fighting drove the Indians into a narrow ravine and held them there. In the charges the cavalry led, and at first were checked by the sharp fire of the Indians. The infantry, mounted on captured Indian ponies, having galloped up close to the Indian camp, threw themselves on the ground and opened a sharp fire, their ponies standing quietly behind the line, some of them nibbling grass, undisturbed by the noise and tumult of the battle or their close presence to an Indian camp, which often terrified our Eastern horses. Several were shot in this position, to the great grief of the soldiers, who had become very fond of them. The battalion of Captain Tyler returned with eight hundred of the captured horses, ponies, and mules, and Captain Bretherton came up with the wagon train, two companies of infantry, and a piece of artillery. These took position on the line and strengthened the cordon of troops surrounding the Indians.

The siege was kept up for five days. At one time Chief Joseph came up to surrender, but Lieutenant Jerome, who had been directed to ascertain, if possible, the condition of the camp, was seized by the Indians, and Chief Joseph had to be exchanged for him. I despatched couriers to General Terry, commanding the department; also to General Howard and Brevet Major-General Sturgis, apprising them of our engage-

ment, as I was not sure but that the besiegers might soon be besieged. Unless other tribes came to their assistance, I felt confident of holding the Nez Perces until we could force their surrender without further sacrifice of life, but I was greatly exercised as to what action Sitting Bull and a large body of hostile Sioux Indians would take when the few Nez Perces who had escaped should reach their camp across the Canadian border.

One morning, as the snow was falling and the country was covered with a white mantle, one of the videttes reported the approach of a body of Indians, and a great mass of dark objects could be seen on the hills in the midst of the storm, evidently moving in our direction. This was most alarming, and I had quickly to consider what I could do to shelter our wounded, what I would do with the captured herd, and how best I could dispose my troops to meet this new and threatening danger; but fortunately the cry soon came from the outposts, "Buffalo!"—and it was discovered to be a great herd moving toward us over the rolling prairie, driven south by the intense cold and severe storm from the north. Instead of coming to the assistance of the Nez Perces, I afterward learned that the Sioux had broken camp and retreated forty miles farther north.

On the evening of October 4th General Howard came up with a small escort of twelve men, but assumed no control, as it was no part of his command. On the morning of October 5th Chief Joseph agreed to surrender, and with much dignity, formality, and solemnity he raised his hand and eyes toward heaven

and said, "From where the sun now stands, I will fight no more against the white man." With him surrendered four hundred of his people.

Our success was not without serious loss. Captain Hale and Lieutenant Biddle, with twenty soldiers, were killed; Captains Moylan and Godfrey, Lieutenant Romeyn, and Assistant Adjutant-General Baird and twenty-eight soldiers were wounded. In the charge Captain Carter had thirty-five per cent. of his company placed *hors de combat.* The Indians lost their veteran and principal chief, Looking Glass, and four other chiefs and twenty-six warriors were killed, while forty-six warriors were wounded in the combat.

Our band of thirty Indian allies, Sioux and Cheyennes, had rendered valuable service and fought bravely. "Hump" dashed into the Nez Perces line and killed two with his own hands, and was severely wounded. After the surrender I allowed each to select five captured ponies, and gave them permission to return to the cantonment on the Yellowstone. They made the journey of nearly two hundred miles, swimming the Missouri and the Yellowstone, with their wounded. We made travois for our wounded, buried the dead, and the second day following the surrender the difficult march back was begun. Our wounded suffered greatly, owing to the rough broken country passed over, and some died en route. On reaching the Missouri, I found two steamers that had come up from Fort Buford in response to my despatch of September 17th, and these furnished supplies and food, and upon them I placed all of the severely wounded soldiers and Indians, sent them down to the nearest hospital,

and with the remainder we moved across the country to the Yellowstone. The command looked like a great caravan moving over the prairie—the troops, a large herd of captured stock, prisoners, ambulances, and pack and wagon trains, all covered by an advance-guard, flankers, and rear-guard.

Our Indian allies had arrived at the cantonment four days in advance of the command and several hours in advance of the interpreter. They created consternation among the garrison and the families that were left there by shouting their victory, chanting their war songs, fully painted and bedecked in Indian costume. Their rejoicing and the captured herd gave evidence that the command had had a successful engagement with the Nez Perces, but they made signs that two officers (shoulder straps) were killed and several wounded. This greatly alarmed the officers' families. They were able to make it known that the Big Chief (Bear Coat), as they called me, was all right. This was a great relief to my family. It was not until the arrival of John Brughier, the interpreter, that they were able to tell the story of the engagement and give the names of the two bachelor officers who were killed.

Four days later the command appeared, slowly winding its way down from the high mesa to the Yellowstone. The garrison, with the military band, the families of the officers and soldiers, civilians and Indians, were gathered on the right bank of the river to greet us with their welcome. As we were ferried over the band played, "Hail to the Chief," when suddenly they stopped and played a bar of that then

familiar air, "Not for Joe, oh no, no, not for Joseph!" etc., and then resumed the former air. All were placed in comfortable camps, and it was my desire to send the Indians back to Idaho, but orders were received sending them to Fort Leavenworth and finally to the Indian Territory, where fifty per cent. of them died from low malarial fevers. They were naturally a strong, intelligent, mountain race, and peaceably disposed. Although I constantly urged it, I was unable to get them returned to their native land until 1884. Chief Joseph was the highest type of the Indian I have ever known, very handsome, kind, and brave. He was quite an orator and the idol of his tribe.

X

INDIAN LIFE AND PROBLEMS

THE troops were occasionally occupied in pursuing scattered bands going north or south, and on three occasions the large camp of Sitting Bull ventured south of the Canadian border, and important expeditions were sent against them. The troops made several captures of Indians, and by kind and just treatment succeeded in gaining their good-will. Some of these Indians were sent back to the hostile camps with a demand for their surrender. In small and large bodies they came in and surrendered, until our camp numbered over two thousand, including many of the most noted warriors—Rain-in-the-Face, Spotted Eagle, Broad Trail, Kicking Bear, and others. Finally Sitting Bull, Gall, and the remnant of the hostile camp surrendered at Forts Peck and Buford.

These wild Indians took the greatest interest in watching the industry, customs, and mode of life of the white race; seeing the soldiers at long-range rifle practice, watching them construct roads and telegraph lines, build bridges and buildings. The telegraph and telephone astonished them more than anything else. To illustrate to the Indians the advantages the white race had in the telephone I divided a body of warriors

from Sitting Bull's camp into two parties and had them talk to each other over the telephone line. When they recognized the voices of their comrades a long distance away, speaking the Dakota language, they were overwhelmed with awe and astonishment. Notwithstanding the fact that an Indian scorns to show any emotion, huge drops of perspiration coursed down their bronze faces and with trembling hands they laid the instrument down and asked to go away from what they evidently regarded as an unknown power. They gave it an appropriate name when they called it "the whispering spirit."

Thus the autumn, winter, and spring wore away, with a season of absolute tranquillity and security prevailing both with the white settlers and with the Indians. Fort Keogh was under construction. In June, 1878, I decided to make a march up the valley of the Yellowstone to examine a route for a telegraph line and visit the camp of the Crow Indians and the Custer battle-ground on the Little Big Horn. With a few staff officers and one troop of cavalry as escort, we moved up the valley of the Yellowstone. It was an interesting march. At the mouth of the Big Horn I found the large camp of Crows, some fifteen hundred in number. They had always been on friendly terms with the government and were rich in Indian property. They had splendid lodges made of buffalo and elk hides, with an abundance of Indian paraphernalia. It was estimated that the tribe had at the time twelve thousand horses or Indian ponies. The Crows were ever friends of the white race and bitter enemies of the Sioux, and knowing that the country had been cleared

of hostile Sioux, they rejoiced with exceeding joy and hailed us as conquerors of their lifelong enemies. It took them three days to "paint up"; they adorned themselves and their horses in most gorgeous array. It was a scene for an artist that can never be reproduced. I have often regretted that Frederic Remington was not with me. Their steeds were painted in most fantastic colors and decorated with spangles, colored horsehair, and hawks' feathers. They seemed as wild as their riders, racing, rearing, and plunging, yet controlled by the most expert horsemanship in the world. The warriors were painted and bedecked in every conceivable way, no two alike. Their war jackets were adorned with elk teeth, silver, mother-of-pearl, beads, and porcupine quills of the richest design and rarest workmanship. Some wore bear-claw necklaces, and human scalplocks dangled from their spears. Their eagle-feathered war bonnets waved in the air, to obtain each one of which required the choice feathers of eight eagles and years of patient and skilled hunting. They passed in review, performed several manœuvers, and finally divided into two bodies and fought the most spirited sham battle I have ever witnessed. The most interesting feature of the whole display was the mimicry of nature by the Indians in war and hunting. Some of the Indians and their ponies were painted so perfectly that it was impossible to distinguish them against a background of green grass, foliage, or sage-brush. This art of making themselves indistinguishable was highly developed among the Indians.

From the Crow encampment we journeyed up the

Little Big Horn to the Custer battle-field. On this visit, just two years after the battle occurred, I was accompanied by a body of twenty-five of the principal chiefs and head warriors of the Sioux and Cheyenne tribes, who had all been prominently engaged in the battle, and later had surrendered to me. During the time they were under my control they had become reconciled and reliable. They had proved their loyalty by valuable military service in the campaigns against hostile Indians.

What the Indians did at the Little Big Horn, or the Custer Massacre, as it was called, and how the battle was fought on their side, was perfectly familiar to them. What our government and people knew concerning the battle was very vague, for of the two hundred and sixty-two officers and soldiers who fought under Custer not one lived to tell the story. All that was known to the other troops in the field was the orders given and the actions of Custer and his men while they were with them, and the impressions and surmises made from the evidences of the field, as well as the position of the dead bodies after the battle.

Unfortunately, in that campaign the government authorities greatly underestimated the strength of the hostile Indians. They had little knowledge of the character of the country, and sent weak exterior columns, five hundred miles apart, into the field without concert of action against a superior body. The commands from the East and West united on the Yellowstone at the mouth of the Rosebud, under General Terry. He even then divided his force, sending General Custer with the Seventh Cavalry south and

west, while with the remainder he moved on the north side of the Yellowstone west and then south. Evidently his object was to inclose the Indians, but he placed at least fifty miles of rough country and an impassable river between the two columns, necessitating the giving of discretionary authority to the commander of the column thus isolated and moving into a country known to be occupied by a powerful body of Indians. General Custer has often been unjustly accused of disobedience of orders. The order referred to is in the nature of a *letter of instruction*, and not a positive order. In a general way it outlined what General Terry desired accomplished, and is as follows:

CAMP AT MOUTH OF ROSEBUD RIVER,
MONTANA TERRITORY, June 22, 1876.

LIEUTENANT-COLONEL CUSTER,
Seventh Cavalry.

COLONEL,—The Brigadier-General commanding directs that as soon as your regiment can be made ready for the march you will proceed up the Rosebud in pursuit of the Indians whose trail was discovered by Major Reno a few days since. It is of course impossible to give you any definite instructions in regard to this movement, and were it not impossible to do so, the department commander places too much confidence in your zeal, energy, and ability to wish to impose upon you precise orders, which might hamper your action when nearly in contact with the Indians. He would, however, indicate to you his views of what your action should be, and he desires that you should conform to them unless you shall see sufficient reason for departing from them. He thinks that you should proceed up the Rosebud until you ascertain definitely the direction in which the trail above spoken of leads. Should it be found (as it appears almost certain that it will be found) to turn toward the Little Horn, he thinks that you should proceed southward perhaps as far as the headwaters of the

Tongue, and then turn toward the Little Horn, feeling constantly, however, to your left, so as to preclude the possibility of the escape of the Indians to the south and southeast by passing around your left flank. The column of Colonel Gibbon is now in motion toward the mouth of the Big Horn. As soon as it reaches that point it will cross the Yellowstone and move up at least as far as the forks of the Big and Little Horns. Of course its future movements must be controlled by circumstances as they arrive, but it is hoped that the Indians, if upon the Little Horn, may be so nearly inclosed by the two columns that their escape will be impossible.

The department commander desires that on your way up the Rosebud you should thoroughly examine the upper part of Tulloch's Creek, and that you should endeavor to send a scout through to Colonel Gibbon's column with information of the result of your examination. The lower part of this creek will be examined by a detachment from Colonel Gibbon's command. The supply steamer will be pushed up the Big Horn as far as the forks, if the river is found to be navigable for that distance, and the department commander, who will accompany the column of Colonel Gibbon, desires you to report to him there not later than the expiration of the time for which your troops are rationed, unless in the mean time you receive further orders.

Very respectfully,
Your obedient servant,
E. W. Smith,
Captain Eighteenth Infantry,
Acting Assistant Adjutant-General.

It is unnecessary to emphasize the discretionary authority contained in this communication, as it shows that he (Custer) was expected to *pursue the Indians* and to *come in contact with them*, and then it reposes absolute confidence in General Custer's judgment, "zeal," "energy," and "ability." Moreover, General Terry, after giving General Custer this written letter of instruction, came to his tent and said, in the

presence of General Custer's servant, "General Custer, I do not know what to say for the last." General Custer replied, "Say what you want to say." Terry then said, "Use your own judgment and do what you think best if you strike the trail, and whatever you do, Custer, hold on to your wounded," evidencing his anxiety as well as his anticipation that there would be a serious engagement. It will be remembered that not long before that time it was charged that a command had left its wounded to the mercy of the Indians. This conversation between two distinguished military commanders was perfectly natural under the circumstances.

The first day General Custer marched twelve miles, and in four days he moved one hundred and eight miles, ten of which were to conceal his command. He frequently called his officers together and urged them to act in harmony and not become separated. He said he did not expect to fight until the 26th. He scouted the country, saw Indians in the distance, and, knowing his command would be discovered and fearing the Indians would escape, he decided to attack on the 25th. He formed his command for action in three parallel columns, within deploying and supporting distance; moving with the right column himself, Major Reno, commanding the center, following the Indian trail, and Captain Benteen on the left. He rode forward to a high bluff. Discovering the location of the camp just before going into action, he sent an order to Benteen, directing the left column, to alter its course, which would have changed the formation and brought this command into the center instead of

on the left. The order was, "Come on. Big village. Be quick. Bring packs. P. S. Bring packs." (The packs contained the reserve ammunition.) The courier who carried this order was the best guide as to where the command should have gone. Custer waved his hat to Reno's troops as they were going into action and were the first to become engaged. With trifling loss Reno abandoned a very strong position and retreated in a demoralized condition. Benteen, moving slowly in the direction of Custer, stopped to rally Reno's troops, and the two commands remained there, out of action, although for hours they heard the firing, and at one time volley-firing, a signal for help. The Indians left them to go down and fight Custer. After repeated appeals to Reno, two loyal and gallant officers, Weir and Edgerly, did move out far enough to discover a great commotion, dust, and smoke in the valley below, where the fight was going on. A reconnoitering force is not expected, after having discovered or developed the enemy, to attack, but reports facts to the main force. At one time a brave scout, Herendeen, with thirteen soldiers, marched out from the timber in the strong position first occupied by Reno's troops, walked across the plains, forded the river and rejoined Reno's command on the hill.

These two movements proved positively that there were no Indians around Reno and Benteen, while Custer was being overwhelmed. After he, with five troops, had been defeated and annihilated, the Indians, with their captured arms and ammunition, went to fight the seven troops under Reno and Benteen,

and were repulsed. It is not necessary to describe the battle, but it may be well to record the information gained at that early date from the prominent Indians who were conspicuous in the battle and knew perfectly well how it was fought. They said they were celebrating their victory over General Crook and sleeping very late that morning. When Reno's troops fired into their village the Uncapapas and Ogalallas rushed for their arms and war ponies, fought Reno, and chased his command "like buffalo" across the plains, over the river and up the bluff. Just at that time the alarm passed among the Indians that another command (Custer's) was attacking their village. The two tribes then withdrew, and, without recrossing the river, passed down along the right bank of the Little Big Horn and massed opposite to the left of Custer's troops. The Minneconjoux and Sans Arcs had crossed the river and were fighting Custer's troops back and forth. They said it was a drawn battle up to that time. The Cheyennes had moved up the valley against Reno's attack without becoming engaged, but when the alarm of Custer's attack was given they retraced their steps, moving down the left bank of the Little Big Horn, and, fording the river, took position behind a ridge near the right flank of Custer's line. The Uncapapas and Ogalallas then charged his left flank, rolling up his line from left to right. When that point was reached the soldiers killed some of their horses for defense and let loose the remainder. The Cheyennes said they secured most of these. The fight continued, and when the Indians had killed all except forty those who remained rushed in a forlorn

hope for the timber along the Little Big Horn. All were killed before they reached the river. This accounts for the line of dead bodies on that part of the field on which no dead horses were found. The Indians said that *they would have fled if Reno's troops had not retreated, for the troops could not have been dislodged.* They also said that, when they left to attack Custer, had the seven companies under Reno and Benteen *followed them down and fired into their backs they would have been between two fires and would have had to retreat.* Thus the battle was twice lost. We walked our horses over the ground from Reno's last position to the extreme right of Custer's line, and were fifty-six minutes by the watch. Had Reno's command walked half that distance it would have been in action. Moving at a smart trot or gallop, as cavalry go into action, it could have attacked the Indians in the rear easily in fifteen or twenty minutes. Custer had commanded large bodies of troops successfully in many desperate battles. How his strong heart must have felt when he saw from the ridge a part of his own regiment running from the field and when the major part of his command failed to come into action! His flag went down in disaster, but with honor. The greatest military genius could not win victories with five-twelfths of his command, when seven-twelfths remained away. Had Grouchy marched to the sound of the guns instead of Blücher the story of Waterloo would have been written differently. Custer had devoted friends and bitter enemies. His brothers and strongest friends died with him, while his enemies lived to criticize and cast odium upon his

name and fame; but it is easy to kick a dead lion. It would be simple charity to throw the mantle of silence over the words and actions of those who have been his severest assailants.

The nation lost many heroic men and an able, fearless commander. Fortunately, Custer left one earnest, noble champion, who, with gentle voice and graphic pen, has for more than thirty years been his constant defender; and his monuments in imperishable bronze evidence her sacred devotion.

In the autumn of 1878 I took occasion to explore the country of the upper Yellowstone and visit the Yellowstone National Park, combining military duty with pleasure. I selected ten officers and one hundred of the most experienced soldiers. With these and four civilians, five ladies and three children, including my family, we leisurely journeyed west through that beautiful and picturesque country. The command was abundantly supplied with camp equipage, wagon and pack trains, and saddle horses. We scarcely were ever out of sight of wild game, and the streams were alive with beautiful speckled trout. On nearing the mountains I was informed that the Bannock Indians had broken out in Idaho, committed many depredations, stolen a great many horses from the ranches, and were moving through the Yellowstone Park toward the district of the Yellowstone. As this was my command, it became incumbent upon me to defend it if possible. I therefore sent the non-combatants, with a small escort, to the nearest military post, Fort Ellis, Montana. As there were two passes by which the Bannock Indians were liable to come out

of the park, I was obliged to divide my limited force in order to intercept them at either point. I sent forty men under Lieutenant Bailey to the Boulder Pass, and with the remainder, thirty-five men, I moved toward Clark's Fork Pass a distance of one hundred and fifteen miles. In going I had to pass the agency of the friendly Crow Indians, and sent one of my scouts forward to inform them of the Bannock outbreak and depredations; that I was moving against them and that I wanted some Crow warriors to go with my command. They assured him they would join us there.

When the small company of soldiers marched through the agency they asked how soon the command would arrive. They were told that that was all; that those soldiers were "medicine men," great riflemen, and enough to whip the Bannocks. They said they would not go to war with such a squad. Every inducement was offered them—food, ammunition, and all the horses they could capture from the Bannocks, who had great numbers of them. All of this was apparently of no avail. The troops passed on. I was disappointed, but not discouraged. After marching several miles we were joined by two of the most powerful, ugly-looking savages I have ever seen, evidently desperate characters, who said they were the bravest warriors in the Crow tribe and not afraid to go to war at any time or any way; and their looks did not belie their boast. Soon others joined them by twos and in groups, the bravest first, followed by the more prudent, until we had a strong body of seventy-five well-equipped warriors riding in advance, on the

flanks, and in the rear of the soldiers. It looked more like a large Indian war party than a military expedition. We made a forced march and arrived near the Clark's Fork Pass a day in advance of the hostile Bannocks. The command was concealed in a pocket of the mountain, and only one or two officers, scouts or Indians were on the lookout behind a crag of the mountain, their heads concealed under small pines or cedars. In that way we remained until near noon of the next day, when, with a powerful field glass, the Bannocks were discovered coming over the mountain crest and winding their way down. They then moved from Clark's Fork Pass and went into camp on the opposite side of the valley from where we were concealed, about five miles distant. They unsaddled their horses and placed videttes on the lookout. Had we marched across the valley we would have been discovered, and the Indians would have escaped. We remained concealed all that day and part of the night, and then moved down to near the Indian camp. I sent forward the two Crows who had joined us first to try and get into the camp and learn the condition of the ground, as well as the position of the Indians. The night was dark and cold, and the troops suffered from a drenching rain. These Indians crawled into camp with their blankets wrapped around them, pretending they were Bannocks looking after their horses. They came back a little after midnight, saying that the Bannocks were in a strong position and that we would get whipped if we went in there among the tall sagebrush. However, we groped our way along, not knowing exactly the direction of the camp, frequently

halting and making long waits to discover any indication that would guide us. Just before daylight some Indian in the camp struck a light, and then we knew the right direction. Changing our line of march and forming a line of skirmishers, we slowly passed through their large herd of horses, which was quietly grazing in the valley, and succeeded in getting immediately on the camp before we were discovered. The first sound was the blast of a bugle and the rapid fire of the riflemen. A short, sharp fight ensued, in which some fourteen of the Bannocks were killed and the remainder captured. Captain Bennett, a veteran of the Civil War and Indian campaigns, was shot through the heart. While the troops were fighting the Bannocks the Crow warriors were rounding up the Bannock horses and running a "pony express" back to the Crow Agency. A half-hour after the firing commenced there was not a Crow Indian nor a Bannock horse to be seen in the valley. They had cleared out two hundred and fifty horses, and did not stop until they reached their own camp, back at the agency, seventy-five miles away.

The prisoners were sent to Fort Custer. Despatches were sent to the rest of our party at Fort Ellis to join us at the Mammoth Hot Springs, in the Yellowstone National Park. We then commenced our journey over the mountains, taking the trail that the Bannocks had passed over, and going over what I think is the most beautiful and picturesque route into the great national park. It skirts along the base of the Index and Pilot Peak Mountains and traverses a higher altitude than any of the other routes. It is prac-

ticable only for pack trains. Our reunited party then journeyed on, visiting Mount Washburn, the upper and lower Yellowstone Falls, the lake, the great geyser basin, the Mammoth Hot Springs, and other natural wonders, surrounded by a range of snow-capped mountains two hundred miles in extent, all in their sublime grandeur and beauty, just as nature's architect had left them. We traveled twelve days with pack trains, following game trails, and had an opportunity of seeing the national park in its primitive condition.

About this time I was requested by Mr. Allen Thorndyke Rice, managing editor of the *North American Review*, to write an article on the Indian problem, which was published March, 1879. The subject was then attracting national attention, and the article gave my views at that time, and I am glad that many of the suggestions contained therein have since been adopted.

THE INDIAN PROBLEM

Strange as it may appear, it is nevertheless a fact that after nearly four hundred years of conflict between the European and American races for supremacy on this continent, a conflict in which war and peace have alternated almost as frequently as the seasons, we still have presented the question, "What shall be done with the Indian?" Wise men differ in opinion, journalists speculate, divines preach, and statesmen pronounce it still a vexed question.

If the graves of the thousands of victims who have fallen in the terrible wars of the two races had been placed in line the philanthropist might travel from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and from the Lakes to the Gulf, and be constantly in sight of green mounds. And yet we marvel at the problem as if some new question of politics or morals had been presented. The most amusing part of the quandary, however, is that it should be regarded as something new and original. After

every generation had, in its time, contended on deadly fields with the hope of settling the question, after the home governments had enacted laws, and the colonies had framed rules, every succeeding administration of our government has been forced to meet the difficulty, every Congress has discussed the "Indian Question," and we are still face to face with the perplexing problem. The real issue in the question which is now before the American people is whether we shall ever begin again the vacillating and expensive policy that has marred our fair name as a nation and a Christian people, or devise some way of still improving the practical and judicious system by which we can govern a quarter of a million of our population, secure and maintain their loyalty, raise them from the darkness of barbarism to the light of civilization, and put an end forever to these interminable and expensive Indian wars.

In considering the subject it might be well to first examine the causes which governed so long the condition of affairs, and if in doing so the writer shall allude to some of the sins of his own race it will be only in order that an unbiased judgment may be formed on both sides of the question.

It will be remembered that one class or race is without representation and has not the advantages of the press or telegraph to bring it into communication with the intelligence of the world, and that it has seldom been heard except in the cry of alarm and conflict along the Western frontier. If we dismiss from our minds the prejudice we may have against the Indians we shall be able to more clearly understand the impulses that govern both races. Sitting Bull, the war chief of the Dakota Nation, uttered one truth when he said that "there was not one white man who loved an Indian and not an Indian but who hated a white man."

Could we but perceive the true character of the Indians, and learn what their dispositions are when not covered by the cloak of necessity, policy, and interest, we should find that they have always regarded us as a body of false and cruel invaders of their country, while we in turn are too apt to consider them as a treacherous and bloodthirsty race, who should be destroyed by any and all means. If we now fairly consider the cause of this feeling we may more readily understand its results.

The more we study the Indian's character the more we appreciate the marked distinction between the civilized being and the real savage. Yet we shall find that the latter is, after all, governed by the impulses and motives that govern all other men. The want of confidence and the bitter hatred existing between the two races have been engendered by the warfare that has lasted for centuries, and by the stories of bad faith, cruelty, and wrong handed down by tradition from father to son until they have become second nature in both. It is unfair to suppose that one party has invariably acted rightly, and that the other is responsible for every wrong that has been committed. We might recount the treachery of the red man, the atrocities of his crimes, the cruelties of his tortures, and the hideousness of many of his savage customs. We might undertake to estimate the number of his victims, and to picture the numberless valleys which he has illumined by the burning homes of hardy frontiersmen, yet at the same time the other side of the picture might appear equally black with injustice.

One hundred years before the Pilgrims landed at Plymouth, the Spanish government issued a decree authorizing the enslavement of the American Indian as in accord with the law of God and man. Later they were transported to France, to San Domingo, and other Spanish colonies, were sold into slavery in Massachusetts, Rhode Island, Pennsylvania, Virginia, the Carolinas, Georgia, and Louisiana, and were hunted with dogs in Connecticut and Florida. Practically disfranchised by our original Constitution, and deprived either by war or treaty of nearly every tract of land which to them was desirable and to the white man valuable, they were the prey to the grasping avarice of both Jew and Gentile. Step by step a powerful and enterprising race has driven them back from the Atlantic to the West until at last there is scarcely a spot of ground upon which the Indians have any certainty of maintaining a permanent abode.

It may be well in this connection to remember the fact that in the main the Europeans were kindly treated by the natives when the former first landed on American shores, and when they came to make a permanent settlement were supplied with food, particularly the Plymouth and Portsmouth

colonists, which enabled them to endure the severity of the long and cheerless winters. For a time during the early settlement of this country peace and good-will prevailed, only to be followed later by violent and relentless warfare.

Our relations with the Indians have been governed chiefly by treaties and trade, or war and subjugation. By the first we have invariably overreached the Indians, and we find the record of broken promises all the way from the Atlantic to the Pacific, while many of the fortunes of New York, Chicago, St. Louis, and San Francisco can be traced directly to Indian tradership. By war the natives have been steadily driven toward the setting sun—a subjugated, a doomed race. In council the race has produced men of character and intellect, and orators and diplomats of decided ability, while in war they have displayed courage and sagacity of a high order. Education, science, and the resources of the world have enabled us to overcome the savages, and they are now at the mercy of their conquerors. In our treaty relations most extravagant and yet sacred promises have been given by the highest authorities, and these have been frequently disregarded. The intrusions of the white race and the noncompliance with treaty obligations have been followed by atrocities that could alone satisfy a savage and revengeful spirit. Facts that have been already referred to make it almost impossible for the two conflicting elements to harmonize. No administration could stop the tidal wave of immigration that swept over the land; no political party could restrain or control the enterprise of our people, and no reasonable man could desire to check the march of civilization.

Our progress knew no bounds. The thirst for gold and the restless desire to push beyond the western horizon have carried our people over every obstacle. We have reclaimed the wilderness and made the barren desert glisten with golden harvest; settlements now cover the hunting-ground of the savages; their country has been cut and divided in every conceivable form by the railroads and telegraph lines and routes of communication and commerce, and the Indians, standing in the pathway of progress and the development of the wonderful resources of this country, have become the common enemy and have been driven to the remote places of our territory.

During the time that this wonderful change was being wrought it may be asked if the Indians as a body have made any progress toward civilization, and in the light of past history we would be prompted to reply, "Why should they have abandoned the modes of life which nature had given them to adopt the customs of their enemies?"

In seeking the evidences of enlightenment the results are not satisfactory. It is presumed that there is not a race of wild men on the face of the globe which worships the Great Spirit more in accordance with that religion taught in the days of the patriarchs than the natives of this country, and yet after many years of contact with the civilized people the footprints of evil were as plentiful and as common as the evidences of Christianity. Again, in early days the Indians were, to a considerable extent, tillers of the soil, but by constant warfare, in which their fields were devastated and their crops destroyed, they have become a mere remnant of their former strength, or were pushed out on the vast plains of the West, where they subsisted upon wild fruits and the flesh of animals. Could we obtain accurate statistics we would undoubtedly find that there were more acres of ground cultivated by the Indians one hundred years ago than at the present time. The white race had finally obtained such complete control of every quarter of the country, and the means of communication with every section became so ample, that the problem resolved itself into one or the other of two modes of solution—*viz.*, to entirely destroy the race by banishment and extermination, or to adopt some humane and practicable method of improving the condition of the Indians, and in the end make them part and parcel of our great population. The first proposition, though it was found to have thousands of advocates in different sections of the country, was and is too abhorrent to every sense of humanity to be considered. The other method was regarded as practicable, but its adoption was considered doubtful.

Looking at the purpose of our government toward the Indians, we find that after subjugating them it has been our policy to collect the different tribes on reservations and support them at the expense of our people. The Indians have, in the main, abandoned the hope of driving back the invaders of their territory, yet there are still some who cherish the

thought, and, strange as it may seem, it is a fact that the most noted leader among the Indians advanced such a proposition to the writer within the last few years. They had long stood, and mostly still stand, in the position of unruly children to indulgent parents for whom they have little respect, at times wrongly indulged and again unmercifully punished.

Coming down to our direct or immediate relations with them, we find that our policy has been to make them wards of the nation, to be held under close military surveillance, or else to make them pensioners under no other restraint than the influence of one or two individuals. Living under the government, yet without any legitimate government, without any law and without any physical power to control them, what better subjects or more propitious fields could be found for vice and crime?

We have committed our Indian matters to the custody of an Indian bureau which for many years was a part of the military establishment of the government; but for political reasons and to promote party interests, this bureau was transferred to the Department of the Interior. Whether or not our system of Indian management has been a success during the past ten, fifty, or hundred years is almost answered in the asking. The Indians, the frontiersmen, the army stationed in the West, and the readers of the daily news in all parts of our country can answer that question. There is another question that is frequently asked: Why has our management of Indian affairs been less successful than that of our neighbors across the northern boundary?—and it can be answered in a few words. Their system is permanent, decided, and just. The tide of immigration in Canada has not been as great as along our frontier. They have been able to allow the Indians to live as Indians, which we have not, and do not attempt to force upon them the customs which are distasteful to them. In our own management it has all the time been the opinion of a very large number of our people that a change for the better would be desirable. We have the singular and remarkable phenomenon presented of the traders, the contractors, the interested officials of the West, and many of the best people of the East, advocating one scheme, while a great majority of frontier settlers, the

officers of the army of long experience on the plains, and many competent judges in the East, advocate another. The question has at the same time been one of too great importance to admit interests of a personal or partisan nature. It is one of credit or discredit to our government, and of vital importance to our people. In order that peace may be permanently secured, the Indians benefited, and protection assured to the extensive settlements scattered over a greater area than the whole of the Atlantic States, it is believed that a plan could be devised which would enlist the hearty approval and support of men of all parties. The object is surely worthy of the effort. No body of people whose language, religion, and customs are so entirely different from ours can be expected to cheerfully and suddenly adopt our own. The change must be gradual, continuous, and in accordance with nature's laws. The history of nearly every race that has advanced from barbarism to civilization has been through the stages of the hunter, the herdsman, the agriculturist—and has finally reached those of commerce, mechanics, and the higher arts.

It is held, first, that we, as a generous people and liberal government, are bound to give to the Indians the same rights that all other men enjoy, and if we deprive them of their ancient privileges we must then give them the best government possible. Without any legitimate government and in a section of country where the lawless are under very little restraint, it is useless to suppose that thousands of wild savages, thoroughly armed and mounted, can be controlled by moral suasion. Even if they were in the midst of comfortable and agreeable surroundings, yet when dissatisfaction is increased by partial imprisonment and quickened by the pangs of hunger—a feeling that is not realized by one man in a thousand in civilized life—it requires more patience and forbearance than savage natures are likely to possess to prevent serious outbreaks.

The experiment of making a police force composed entirely of Indians is a dangerous one unless they are under the shadow and control of a superior body of white troops, and, if carried to any great extent, will result in re-arming the Indians and work disastrously to the frontier settlements. There would be something absurd in a government out on

the remote frontier composed of a strictly non-combatant as chief, with a posse comitatus of red warriors, undertaking to control several thousand wild savages.

The advantage of placing the Indians under some government strong enough to control them and just enough to command their respect is too apparent to admit of argument. The results to be obtained would be:

First—They would be beyond the possibility of doing harm and the frontier settlements would be freed from their terrifying and devastating presence.

Second—They would be under officials having a knowledge of the Indian country and the Indian character.

Third—Their supplies and annuities would be disbursed through an efficient system of regulations.

Fourth—Besides being amenable to the civil laws, these officers would be under strict military law, subject to trial and punishment for an act that would be "unbecoming a gentleman or prejudicial to good order."

It is therefore suggested and earnestly recommended that a system which has heretofore proved to be eminently practicable should receive at least a fair trial. As the government has in its employ men who by long and faithful service have established reputations for integrity, character, and ability which cannot be disputed; men who have commanded armies, reconstructed States, controlled hundreds of millions of public property, and who during years of experience on the frontier have opened the way for civilization and Christianity, it is believed that the services of these officials, in efforts to prevent war and elevate the Indian race, would be quite as judicious as their employment when inexperience and mismanagement have culminated in hostilities. Allowing the civilized and semi-civilized Indians to remain under the same supervision as at present, the President of the United States should have power to place at any time the wild and nomadic tribes under the control of the War Department. Officers of known character, integrity, and experience who would govern them and be interested in improving their condition should be placed in charge of the different tribes. One difficulty has been that they have been managed by officials too far away and who knew nothing of the men they were dealing with. The Indians,

as far as possible, should be, as they now mostly are, localized on the public domain, in sections of our country to which they are by nature adapted.

The forcing of strong, hardy mountain Indians from the extreme North to the warmer malarial districts of the South was cruel, and the experiment should never be repeated.

Every effort should be made to locate the Indians by families, for the ties of relationship among them are much stronger than is generally supposed. By this means the Indians will become independent of their tribal relations, and will not be found congregated in the large and unsightly camps that are now usually met with about their agencies.

All supplies, annuities, and disbursements of money should be made under the same system of accountability that now regulates army disbursements. The officers in charge should have sufficient force to preserve order, patrol reservations, prevent intrusions, recover stolen property, arrest the lawless and those who take refuge in Indian camps to shield themselves from punishment for crime or with the object of enabling them to live without labor, and to keep the Indians upon their reservations and within the limits of their treaties. The officer in charge would be enabled to control or prevent the sale of ammunition as well as to suppress the sale of intoxicating liquors among the Indians. Many thousands of the Indian ponies, useful only for war or the chase, should be sold and the proceeds used in the purchase of domestic stock. A large percentage of the annual appropriations should be employed in the purchase of cattle and other domestic animals; the Indians desire them, and even now their reservations support many thousands of them. They have already replaced the buffalo, and must finally replace the elk, the deer, and the antelope. From a nomadic pastoral people the Indians should be induced to become agriculturists and taught the use of machinery as a means of obtaining food. The step from the first grade to the second grade would be easily accomplished, provided the Indians were directed by a firm hand. As they accumulate property and learn industry there have already been shown strong incentives to their remaining at peace—namely, occupation, the fear of confiscation of property, and the loss of the comforts of life.

Two more important measures of improvement are also needed and should be authorized by Congress.

In all communities there will be found disturbing elements, and to meet this difficulty courts of justice should be instituted. Frequently outbreaks and depredations are prompted by a few mischievous characters, which could easily be checked by a proper government. This is one secret of success with the Canadian system; where disturbances occur, the guilty suffer and not the whole tribe, including innocent women and children.

As a remark from Sitting Bull has been quoted, we will now repeat the words of Chief Joseph, who said that "the greatest want of the Indian is a system of law by which controversies between Indians and white men can be settled without appealing to physical force." He says, also, that "the want of law is the great source of disorder among Indians. They understand the operation of laws, and if there were any statutes the Indians would be perfectly content to place themselves in the hands of a proper tribunal and would not take the righting of their wrongs in their own hands, or retaliate, as they do now, without the law."

Do we need a savage to inform us of the necessity that has existed for a century? As these people become a part of our population they should have some tribunal where they could obtain protection in their rights of person and property. A dispute as to the rights of property between an Indian and a white man before a white jury might not be decided in exact accordance with justice in some localities. Fortunately our Constitution provides that the "judicial power of the United States shall be vested in one Supreme Court, and such inferior courts as Congress may from time to time ordain and establish"; and it is believed that Congress has power, at least in the territories, to give such jurisdiction either to the military courts or the territorial courts, or both, as will secure justice to the Indians in all disputes arising between the Indians and the white men.

That warriors may be made to care for their flocks and herds has been demonstrated, and the industry of the Indians that is now wasted may be still further diverted to peaceful and useful pursuits; yet the great work of reformation must be mainly through the youth of the different

tribes. The hope of every race is in the rising generation. This important work seems now to have enlisted the sympathy and support of all philanthropic and Christian people. As we are under obligation to support the tribes until they become self-sustaining, it is undoubtedly advisable to support as many as possible of the children of the Indians at places where they would be the least expensive to the government, and where they would be under the best influence. The children must not be exposed to the degrading influence of camp life, and the constant moving of the tribes destroys the best efforts of instructors. The children that are taught the English language, habits of industry, the benefits of civilization, the power of the white race, after a few years return to their people with some education, with more intelligence, and with their ideas of life entirely changed for the better. They naturally in turn become the educators of their own people, and their influence for good cannot be estimated. Finally, the Indians, as they become civilized and educated, and as they acquire property and pay taxes toward the support of the government, should have the same rights of citizenship that all other men enjoy.

The President of the United States should have power to transfer from the War Department to the Interior Department any tribe that shall become so far civilized and peaceable in its disposition as to render it unnecessary to keep its members longer under the control of the military power.

Whenever an emergency arises which has not been foreseen and provided for by Congress, such as failure or destruction of their crops, the President should have power, on the recommendation of the officer in charge or the Governors of the different territories in which the Indians are living, to order the necessary supplies, as has been done in several instances to white people, in order to prevent great suffering or a serious disturbance of the peace, such supplies to be limited to the smallest necessity and only until such time as Congress should take action on the matter.

A race of savages cannot by any human ingenuity be civilized and Christianized within a few years of time; neither will two hundred and fifty thousand people with their descendants be entirely exterminated in the next fifty years. The white man and the Indian should be taught to

live side by side, each respecting the rights of the other, and both living under wholesome laws, enforced by ample authority and with exact justice. Such a government would be most gratifying and beneficial to the Indians, while those men who have invested their capital and with wonderful enterprise are developing the unparalleled and inexhaustible wealth that for ages has lain dormant in the Western mountains; those people who have left the overcrowded centers of the East and whose humble homes are now dotting the plains and valleys of the far West, as well as those men who are annually called on to endure greater exposure and suffering than is required by the troops of any other nation on the globe, would hail with great satisfaction any system that would secure a substantial and lasting peace.

In November, 1880, I was ordered to Washington, D. C., to receive my promotion to the rank of brigadier-general, of the United States Army. I had been colonel fourteen years, eleven of which I was in command of the Fifth United States Infantry, one of the oldest and best regiments in the army. I parted with them with great regret, and issued the following order:

FORT KEOGH, MONTANA,
November 20, 1880.

GENERAL ORDERS.

In relinquishing command of the Fifth United States Infantry the regimental commander desires to manifest his gratitude to the officers and soldiers for the zeal and loyalty with which every duty has been performed, however difficult and hazardous. He desires, also, to express his appreciation and acknowledgments of the most valuable services of this command and the gallantry displayed in moments of great danger.

For twenty-five years the Fifth Infantry has served continually west of the Mississippi River and rendered most important service in the campaigns against the Utes and Apaches of Utah and Wyoming, the Navajos of New Mexico, the Comanches, Kiowas, and Cheyennes of Texas, Indian

Territory, Colorado, and Kansas, and the Sioux, Nez Perces, and Bannocks of the Northwest.

During the past eleven years the undersigned has been in command of this regiment, and in that time, by long and intimate association, there has been engendered a feeling of the strongest attachment and highest regard.

For the success that has attended our efforts, the commanding officer desires to render to the officers and soldiers their full share of credit.

In taking leave of a command in which he has always felt a just pride it occasions deep regret that, in the exigencies of the service and the various changes incident thereto, we are separated in distant fields of duty.

(Signed) NELSON A. MILES,
Colonel and Brevet Major-General.

XI

FROM ALASKA TO ARIZONA

MY promotion in 1880 to the grade of brigadier-general in the army necessitated my going to new and distant fields of duty. It took me away from my regiment and from comrades and associates I held in the highest esteem. It also took me away from the plains country, or the great Middle West, with which I had been identified for eleven years, and where for most of the last six I had been engaged in active campaigns against hostile Indians, chiefly Comanches, Kiowas, Cheyennes, Arapahoes, Sioux, Nez Perces, and Bannocks.

In 1874 that vast country stretching from the Canadian boundary to the Mexican border, and averaging more than four hundred miles in width from east to west, was roamed over and occupied by powerful tribes of Indians. Within six years the Indians had been brought under control and the country was rendered safe for white settlers. The Indian race as a people, with all their intense devotion to their country, have disappeared forever, and the wild, adventurous life that followed them has been replaced by a more refined civilization. Some idea may be formed of the extent of that country when we realize that its area was equal to a zone

embracing New England, New York, Pennsylvania, Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, and Iowa, or all of the Atlantic Coast and Gulf States, with the one exception of Texas. The transformation was from insecurity and terrorism to tranquillity and prosperity. Between the home-builders and the home-destroyers our little army had been placed, and by its constant watchfulness and splendid services peace and security had been established. This had not been accomplished without serious loss to our army. In the various campaigns such noble men as Bennett, Hale, Biddle, Lewis, the Custers, Keogh, Yates, Calhoun, Crittenden, McKenney, Thornburgh, Casey, Wallace, and hundreds of other officers and soldiers had gone to their untimely graves. Together with their companions, they had faced the wily savages in the cañons, on the plains and mountains, during the intense parching heat of summer and the frigid blasts and blizzards of the northern winters. I trust that the millions of people who will occupy communities and States there established may, in gratitude and happiness, give a passing thought to the heroic army which opened the way for civilization to that vast region of country.

I was assigned to command the Department of the Columbia, embracing the military forces in Oregon, Idaho, Washington, and Alaska. In going there with my family and staff officers I passed over the only transcontinental railway built at that time. At San Francisco we took an ocean steamer and passed out of the Golden Gate and up the Pacific coast to the Columbia River, the Hudson of the West, coursing

its way through the most picturesque region of our country.

I shall never forget my first impression as we entered the mouth of the Columbia. From the deck of the steamer we had our first view of Mount Hood, as majestic and symmetrical, and nearly the same in height, as the sacred mountain of Japan, Fujiyama. Its snow-capped peak appeared more like the point of a white cloud in the skies above us than the crest of a mountain.

As we ascended the Columbia, Mounts Adams, Jefferson, St. Helens, and Rainier, of the Cascade Range, soon came into view, forming a picture of nature superior to anything in this country or Europe, and, as we viewed them from the sea-level, they appeared to better advantage than do the Alps. To the south is Mount Shasta, rising to a height of 14,440 feet. The scenery in that department excels that of any other part of our country, when we include the great cañon of the Yukon, the glaciers of Alaska, and Mounts St. Elias, 19,000 feet, and McKinley, 21,000 feet, with those of the Cascades; yet the most interesting of all is the Crater Lake. This, ages ago, must have been the giant mountain of that range; once an active volcano, it is now an exploded mountain. It is located in southeast Oregon, some ninety miles from the Oregon and California Railroad, in a country difficult of access. As you approach it you pass over the great lava beds of Oregon. You ascend the base of the mountain to a height of 8,000 feet, when you suddenly come to the brink of a precipice, or the crater, which is five miles broad and six miles long,

with perpendicular walls 2,000 feet above the lake. The water therein is 2,000 feet deep. There are but few places where it is possible to descend to the surface of the lake. The scene is appalling, and the evidences of some great convulsion in nature are apparent. The sides of the mountain must have been blown out, carrying with them the great volume of lava that has covered that country for hundreds of miles; while the cone evidently settled, and is now near the center of the lake, forming an island partially covered with large trees, the whole forming the most interesting and wonderful feature of nature I have ever seen.

My experience in command of the Department of the Columbia was most interesting. The territory was sparsely settled by a very intelligent and enterprising class of people. They were developing the great natural resources of that country—agriculture, mining, stock-raising, lumber, and fisheries. Out of these communities have appeared many eminent patriots, jurists, and statesmen, who have rendered great service to the nation—such men as Whitman, Lovejoy, Baker, Nesmeth, Williams, Corbett, Dolph, Deady, and many others. The Indians were peaceably disposed for a time, but the different tribes became disaffected, owing to the encroachment of the white race, and at one time a general Indian war was threatened. I was, however, able to avoid war by considering the complaints and appeals of the Indians for justice, and the recognition of their rights.

I sent for the principal chiefs of the disaffected tribes, Chief Moses, Tonasket, Sarsopkin, and others, and after investigating their woes placed them under

a most judicious officer, Major Frank D. Baldwin, and sent them to Washington, with a strong recommendation that they be given a good reservation and certain annuities, with buildings, mills, schools, domestic stock, and the necessary appliances to make them self-supporting, in return for the valuable lands they were giving up for white settlers. This permanent treaty of peace has resulted to the advantage of the white people. It has also contributed largely to the comfort and happiness of the Indians, for under it they have been prosperous and made marked progress toward civilization.

While in command of that department I took much interest in the exploration of what was at that time the unknown regions of Alaska. Lieut. Frederick Schwatka, the arctic explorer, was serving on my staff as aide-de-camp. He was a very accomplished and enterprising officer. I sent him with a small party of five to explore the eastern part of Alaska and the valley of the Yukon. They left Portland, Oregon, May 22, 1883, arriving at Pyramid Harbor, in Chilcat Inlet, early in June; thence by way of the Chilcat trail across the mountains to the upper waters of the Yukon, in British Columbia. There they constructed a strong raft and floated down the Yukon for more than 2,000 miles to its mouth, making the perilous journey through the great cañon en route. Later I sent Lieut. W. F. Abercrombie to explore the valley of the Copper River. That region had never been penetrated by civilized men. Many years before, the Russians had attempted an exploration of that region; two boat-loads of their men were killed by the natives

and they abandoned the enterprise. Lieutenant Abercrombie, however, succeeded in establishing amicable relations with the natives, and they allowed him to proceed up the river with his exploring party.

Lieutenant Abercrombie succeeded in making a very important exploration of that interesting and, up to that time, unknown region. In fact, it was this expedition and those that have followed it that have unfolded the great mineral wealth of that district of the country. During the following winter Lieut. Henry T. Allen continued the exploration by employing the natives to drag his sledges over the snow and ice to the source of the Copper River, and during the following spring crossed the Alaskan mountains. Building a raft at the headwaters of the Tanana, one of the great tributaries of the Yukon, they floated down it fifteen hundred miles, to its junction with the Yukon. They then explored the Koyukuk, another tributary of the Yukon, for some distance, after which they made their way down to St. Michael's, reaching that point August 29, 1885. Many privations and hardships were encountered in these expeditions. They met many Indians who had never seen the face of a white man before, and obtained very valuable information concerning that remote and unknown district of our country, a region that is now known to possess rich mineral resources that will not be exhausted in a thousand years.

At that time the military also rendered assistance to the surveying and constructing forces that were engaged in establishing various lines of railway through the Northwest country, principally the Northern

Pacific, the Oregon and California Coast Line, and the Oregon Short Line from Puget Sound to its junction with the Union Pacific in Utah. Thus the few years from 1880 to 1884 were most agreeably occupied. During that time I had a good opportunity of seeing and contributing to the change in the condition of the soldier's life in the army. Before that time the post sutler's store and saloon had been the bane of the army after every pay-day. It was the source of the principal demoralization and breaches of discipline in the service. There was a vacancy of post-trader at the large military garrison of Vancouver Barracks, Washington Territory, and Colonel Morrow, of the Twenty-first United States Infantry, and the officers and ladies of that garrison, resolved to find a healthful substitute for the drinking establishment. They then started what is known as the soldiers' canteen. It included library, recreation, and amusement rooms, and furnished refreshments, reading material, games, music, and gymnasium, *but no liquors*. Soon it became popular and contributed largely to the soldiers' comfort and contentment. It was a decided step forward in the improvement of the military service, and has since, I am glad to say, been established at all of the military posts in the United States.

In July, 1885, I was assigned by the President to the command of the Department of the Missouri, with headquarters at Fort Leavenworth, Kansas; but before reaching that point I was directed to report to Lieutenant-General Sheridan, commanding the military division at Chicago, Illinois, and accompanied him to the Indian Territory, where a serious Indian

war was threatened. The Indian lands in that territory, which had been granted to and were occupied by several tribes there located, had been leased to white men owning large herds of cattle, presumably for the benefit of the Indians. The system afforded the Indians a very small revenue, but the disadvantage to them was far in excess of any benefit they derived. Large herds of cattle, with the usual number of herdsmen and attendants, were scattered over almost their entire country. These were constantly moving back and forth over the ranges. The system also afforded an opportunity for lawless white men to roam at will over the Indian lands, and the Indian camps were fast becoming a refuge and asylum for outlaws from the different States and territories.

While Lieutenant-General Sheridan investigated the complaints of the Indians, the causes of the disturbances and the reasons that had aroused the Indians to the very verge of hostility, I devoted my attention to the military forces which had been concentrated in that department with which to commence a campaign should it be found necessary. One-fourth of the army had been gathered and placed at my command for that purpose. Fortunately, General Sheridan knew many of the principal Indians, from his experience with them in the campaign of 1869, chiefly of the Kiowa, Arapahoe, Comanche, and Cheyenne tribes; and nearly all were well known to me, as I had met them during and subsequent to the campaign of 1874–75. Quite a number had surrendered to me after the Indian war in the Northwest, and had been moved down to the Indian Territory.

After days of earnest effort we succeeded in avoiding an Indian war. The Indians were pacified by our assurance that their rights would be respected, their property protected, and their country would not be ruthlessly overrun. General Sheridan recommended that the cattle leases be discontinued and the vast herds removed from the territory. This was approved and so ordered by President Cleveland. The Indians were placed under the control of Captain, afterward General, Jesse M. Lee, one of the ablest and best officers that ever served in our army. He soon restored confidence among the Indians and won their gratitude and respect by the integrity and wisdom of his administration. The troops which had been gathered for an Indian campaign were returned to their former stations.

The original plan of setting apart the Indian Territory and congregating therein Indians from Florida, Georgia, Kentucky, Tennessee, Ohio, Iowa, Kansas, and other States, was wise and judicious at the time our government inaugurated such a policy. At that time the Indian Territory was supposed to be so remote that the Indians there located would never be molested or disturbed by the white race, and to be so far removed that they would not be a disturbing element. Yet statesmen like Webster, Calhoun, and Clay could not anticipate the tide of western emigration or the effect of railway transportation. In 1885 the Indian Territory had become surrounded by States and settled communities, and was in the very heart of the American continent, without civil government. A change was imperatively demanded, for the good of

the Indians as well as for the people of our country. I therefore in my annual report of 1885 as department commander recommended the following:

"That Congress should authorize the President to appoint a commission of three experienced, competent men, empowered to treat with the different tribes; to consider all legal or just claims to titles; to grant to the Indian occupants of the Territory such tracts of land in severalty as might be required for their support, but not transferable for twenty years; that their title to the remainder be so far extinguished as that it might be held in trust or sold by the government, and that a sufficient amount of the proceeds should be granted them to indemnify them for any interest they might possess in the lands; that enough of said proceeds be provided to enable the Indians in the Territory to become self-sustaining; the land not required for Indian occupation to be thrown open for settlement under the same laws and rules as had been applied to the public domain." This was the same course that I had recommended before in the Northwest, and while in command of the Department of the Columbia. Its success had been demonstrated by actual experience, and I knew that the plan was practicable, just, and humane. I also favored the employment of a number of Indians in the army as scouts, guides, and trailers, knowing from personal observation that they were endowed with many of the qualities which would make them useful. I had commanded Indians for years, and, besides having found them of great value in numerous ways, I never knew one to be unfaithful to a trust.

It is gratifying to know that the recommendations made at that time have since been carried into execution. A commission to treat with the Indians was authorized by Congress, and provisions made for opening the remainder of the Territory not allotted to Indians to white settlements. Public notice was given that the Territory would be opened at a certain time, and more than two hundred thousand people rushed over the line in a single day, illustrating their great desire for the beautiful rolling prairie and rich valleys of that territory. It is now the prosperous State of Oklahoma, with a population of 1,600,000.

I did not long remain in that most agreeable department. The Indian wars in Arizona and New Mexico had been for years attracting public attention. The history of the conflict between the Indians and the white race in that remote country would carry us back through the centuries to the first occupation of that region by the Spaniards, fifty years before the Pilgrims landed at Plymouth Rock. The Apaches believed themselves to be the first and superior race. In some respects they were superior. They excelled in activity, cunning, endurance, and cruelty. The stories of the feats of men running a hundred miles in a day come down to us from the days of Coronado and from the old officers of the army who were formerly stationed in that country. Their lung power enabled them to start at the base of a mountain and run to the summit without stopping. An account of their atrocities and raids would fill a volume. Once numerous and powerful, by almost constant warfare they have become greatly reduced in numbers.

They had an abundance of arms and ammunition, for they not only raided and plundered stores, ranches, and freight trains, but they could completely conceal themselves with grass, brush, and feathers, and lie in ambush in ravines near the trail, so that the prospector, miner, ranchman, or traveler would never observe them until he felt the deadly bullet from their rifles. In this way they kept themselves well supplied with whatever they required. Their endurance was most extraordinary. When hard pushed and driven to the higher peaks of the mountains they could subsist on field-mice and the juice of the giant cactus. They would go to their reservations and agencies for a time to replenish their wants and recruit their members; then return to the warpath. Their docility and meekness while peaceable was only excelled by their ferocity and cruelty when at war.

For a few weeks or months they would be "horny-handed sons of toil," and then for an equal time they would be red-handed assassins and marauders. They were at times composed of the Yumas, Mojaves, White Mountains, and Chiricahuas, the last named being the dominant and most warlike tribe. They inhabited the most rugged and inaccessible regions of the Rocky and Sierra Madre mountains. When pursued they would steal horses in one valley, ride until they exhausted them, and then destroy or abandon them, travel on foot over the mountains, descend and raid another valley, and continue this course until they felt themselves free from their pursuers. They recognized no authority or force superior to their own will.

Led by Mangus-Colorado, Cochise, Victorio, and later by Geronimo, Natchez, Chatto, and Mangus, they kept the whole country in a state of terror. Gen. George Crook for years had been trying to subjugate them and bring them under control, and finally, on April 1, 1886, he asked to be relieved from command of that department. On April 2d I was assigned by President Cleveland to the command. It seemed a very undesirable duty and a most difficult undertaking. Under a military rule that at that time had just been adopted, I was deprived of my personal staff officers and was obliged to proceed to Arizona alone. I took with me, at my own expense, Mr. J. Frank Brown, who was afterward employed as clerk and secretary. I knew but few of the officers or troops serving in that department, and less of the topography of the country. I had, however, followed the history of those Indian hostilities, and traced the movements of the Indians on the military maps.

On arriving at Fort Bowie, Arizona, I assumed command of the department and immediately went on a tour of inspection to the different military garrisons and camps in the field. I divided the country up into districts of observation, and made the post commanders responsible for keeping their districts clear of hostile Indians, and issued the following general order:

HEADQUARTERS, DEPARTMENT OF ARIZONA,
In the field, FORT BOWIE, A. T.,
April 20, 1886.

GENERAL FIELD ORDERS, No. 7.

The following instructions are issued for the information and guidance of troops serving in the southern portions of Arizona and New Mexico.

The chief object of the troops will be to capture or destroy any band of hostile Apache Indians found in this section of country; and to this end the most vigorous and persistent efforts will be required of all officers and soldiers until the object is accomplished.

To better facilitate this duty and afford as far as practicable protection to the scattered settlements, the territory is subdivided into districts of observation as shown upon maps furnished by the department engineer officer, and these will be placed under commanding officers to be hereafter designated.

Each command will have a sufficient number of troops and the necessary transportation to thoroughly examine the district of country to which it is assigned, and will be expected to keep such section clear of hostile Indians.

The signal detachments will be placed upon the highest peaks and prominent lookouts to discover any movements of Indians and to transmit messages between the different camps.

The infantry will be used in hunting through the groups and ranges of mountains the resorts of the Indians, occupying the important passes in the mountains, guarding supplies, etc.

A sufficient number of reliable Indians will be used as auxiliaries to discover any signs of hostile Indians, and as trailers.

The cavalry will be used in light scouting parties, with a sufficient force held in readiness at all times to make the most persistent and effective pursuit.

To avoid any advantage the Indians may have by a relay of horses, where a troop or squadron commander is near the hostile Indians he will be justified in dismounting one-half of his command and selecting the lightest and best riders to make pursuit by the most vigorous forced marches until the strength of all the animals of his command shall have been exhausted.

In this way a command should, under a judicious leader, capture a band of Indians or drive them from one hundred and fifty to two hundred miles in forty-eight hours through a country favorable for cavalry movements; and the horses of the troops will be trained for this purpose.

All the commanding officers will make themselves thoroughly familiar with the sections of country under their charge and will use every means to give timely information regarding the movements of hostile Indians to their superiors or others acting in concert with them, in order that fresh troops may intercept the hostiles or take up the pursuit.

Commanding officers are expected to continue a pursuit until capture or until they are assured a fresh command is on the trail.

All camps and movements of troops will be concealed as far as possible, and every effort will be made at all times by the troops to discover hostile Indians before being seen by them.

To avoid ammunition getting into the hands of hostile Indians every cartridge will be rigidly accounted for, and when they are used in the field the empty shells will be effectually destroyed.

Friendly relations will be encouraged between the troops and citizens of the country, and all facilities rendered for the prompt interchange of reliable information regarding the movements of hostile Indians.

Field reports will be made on the tenth, twentieth, and thirtieth of each month, giving the exact location of troops and the strength and condition of commands.

By command of Brigadier-General Miles.

William A. Thompson, *Captain Fourth Cavalry, A.A.A.G.*

I detailed Capt. W. A. Thompson, Lieutenants Dapray, Stanton, Gatewood, and Clay, who rendered most excellent service as staff officers. The field of operation of the hostile Indians was very extensive. They roamed over the country from the northern part of Arizona for two hundred miles south of the Mexican border, and east and west from the border of Texas to near the border of California. I established a system of heliostatic communication by intrenching small detachments of troops upon mountain peaks and high points of observation, overlooking the valleys. By the

use of the heliostat they could communicate rapidly over a good part of Arizona and New Mexico. The system was of great importance to the military forces.

Having completed these arrangements, I looked for a suitable command to take up the pursuit of the Indians south of the Mexican border.

At Fort Huachuca I found the commander for such a force, Capt. H. W. Lawton, of the Fourth Cavalry, who, as a young officer, had rendered distinguished services in the Civil War and most excellent services in Indian campaigns on the frontier in Texas, Arizona, and New Mexico—a resolute, brave officer, active and ambitious. He was a giant in stature, and a man of great energy and endurance. He was afterwards most distinguished in Cuba and the Philippines, where he was killed, as a major-general. At that time he was the ideal leader of a body of active, brave men. I detailed Lieutenants Johnston, Finley, Benson, Brown, Walsh, and Smith, all young, efficient officers, to report to Lawton. I also selected for his command one hundred of the strongest and best soldiers that could be found, all excellent riflemen, and a small number of scouts, guides, and friendly Indian trailers. I also detailed for this force Assistant Surgeon Leonard Wood, a young athlete fresh from Harvard Medical College, and directed him to accompany the troop and in addition to his professional duties ascertain if the best athletes in our service could not equal in activity and endurance the Apache warriors.

The commands so organized and equipped awaited

the developments of the Indians, as it was not known at that time in what district they were located. I did not expect to overcome or capture them in a single encounter, but adopted the same methods used to capture bands of wild horses years ago on the plains of Texas—by constantly pursuing, putting in fresh relays and finally wearing them down. This method, though it took five months to accomplish, proved successful. The Indians soon disclosed their position by making a raid from Mexico into the southwest corner of Arizona. They were then pursued by troops under Captain Lebo, Lieuts. Powhatan H. Clarke, H. C. Benson, Capt. C. A. P. Hatfield, and Lieutenants Brown, Walsh, and Brett; the latter made one march of twenty-four hours without camping and eighteen hours without water.

In the encounters with the troops the Indians were always defeated, but made good their escape. They could not, however, throw the commands off their trail, but were constantly pursued in New Mexico, Arizona, and northern Mexico. Captain Lawton's command finally took up the trail and followed them down into Old Mexico, to the Yaqui River country, some two hundred miles south of the boundary. By perseverance and tenacity Lawton's command followed the Apaches for three months over the roughest mountain country on the continent, the Indians trying by every possible device to throw the command off their trail. They frequently abandoned their horses, crossed the rugged mountains, jumping from rock to rock; yet the sharp-eyed Indian scouts with Lawton would pick up their trail where it was impossible for

the white men to discover any trace of their movements.

Being constantly pursued by the different detachments and commands for five months, they were worn down and in condition to surrender. After the fight with the troops under Captain Hatfield I found one of their wounded warriors who had made his way back to the Apache Agency. He reported the hostiles in an exhausted condition. When he was sufficiently recovered, I sent him, under charge of Lieutenant Gatewood, to the hostile camp with a demand for its surrender. In the mean time Captain Lawton had also opened communication with them through the efforts of Lieutenants Wilder and Finley. Geronimo sent word to Lawton that he would surrender to the highest authority. This was communicated to me, and I answered that if he sent an assurance that he was acting in good faith I would go down to meet him near the Mexican border. He sent his brother to Fort Bowie, Arizona, as an earnest of his honest intentions, and for eleven days his camp marched north near the troops of Captain Lawton. I went down to Skeleton Cañon, near the Mexican line, and there met Lawton's command, with the Indians camped a short distance away. Geronimo came to me to ask what disposition would be made of him in case he surrendered. He said that if they were all to be killed he might as well die fighting *at once*. He prayed only that we would spare his life and those of his people.

He was told that he must surrender as a prisoner of war and accept whatever disposition the government deemed best to make of him and his followers; that

the United States military authorities were not accustomed to kill their prisoners, and that their future would depend upon the orders and decision of the President at Washington. He was informed that I had directed General Wade to move all the Indians at the Apache Agency in northern Arizona out of the Territory, and that he and his people would be removed; that Indian depredations and atrocities had been endured long enough and must end forever in that country. He was in no position to dictate terms. I explained to him the folly of contending against the military, with all its advantages of communication and transportation. While watching a corporal use the heliostat and flash a message in a few seconds by the sun's rays a day's journey for his horse, he was struck with awe and amazement. He sent an Indian runner to Natchez, who remained out in the mountains, to tell him that he was in the presence of a power he could not understand, and told Natchez to come in and come quick. He afterward stated that he had seen these flashes high up on the mountain peaks, but thought they were spirits and not men.

They then formally surrendered, and placed themselves entirely under our control. Soon after the council a violent thunderstorm swept over the country. As friend and foe were crowded under the very sparse shelter, I explained to Geronimo and Natchez that I hoped it was a good omen, that there was evidently a silver lining to that war cloud, and that the sunshine of peace would bless that land after the turmoil of relentless war.

The day following I took Geronimo and Natchez,

and four other of the principal men, with the escort of a troop of cavalry, and made a march of sixty-five miles to Fort Bowie; Captain Lawton following three days later with the balance of the Indians.

There was quite a demand at the time for the immediate trial and execution of the principal Indians, but it would have been impossible to have obtained an unprejudiced jury and difficult to obtain the evidence of actual participation of individual Indians in the atrocities. So intense was the feeling against the Indians in that Territory that it was even suggested that the braces of the railroad bridges be destroyed in order to wreck the train conveying them to Florida. Under all the circumstances, I deemed it best to have all of the Apaches removed to a distant part of the country, not only those who had actually been in the field, but those at the agency, who had given aid and support and furnished supplies, ammunition, and recruits with which to continue hostilities.

As they moved out under the escort of the Fourth Cavalry from Fort Bowie the military band played "Auld Lang Syne," an appropriate finale to their departure from the country they had terrified for years. A small band, under Mangus, that remained out, was pursued for weeks by Lieut. C. E. Johnston and finally captured by troops under Capt. Chas. L. Cooper. Thus the country was cleared of the devastating and terrifying presence of the Apaches.

There has seldom appeared a more ruthless marauder than Geronimo. He had the most determined face and sharp, piercing eye that I have ever seen. Natchez was the hereditary chief of the Apaches, a tall, slender

GERONIMO, CHIEF OF THE APACHES

young warrior, whose dignity and grace of movement would become any prince.

The capture and removal of all the Apaches from that country, and the establishment of permanent peace occasioned universal rejoicing with the people of those Territories. Mines that had been closed and practically abandoned were then reopened, and the owners, who had not dared to travel except by night or with a strong escort, were free to go anywhere unmolested. The value of horse and cattle ranches increased fifty per cent.

I received very cordial and valuable assistance from Governor Ross, of New Mexico, formerly United States Senator from Kansas, and Governors Zulick and Hughes, of Arizona; also most courteous assistance and friendly co-operation from Gov. Louis E. Torres, of Sonora, Mexico.

The people of Arizona and New Mexico, with marked kindness and generosity, presented me with a very handsome sword made by Tiffany. The Damascus blade, grip, and large India star sapphire are the only parts of the sword and scabbard not solid gold. Its beauty of design and most artistic workmanship render it a treasure as well as a valuable work of art. The presentation ceremony was the occasion of a celebration, reception, and banquet at Tucson, Arizona, in 1887.

In addressing the Society of Pioneers at the banquet I took occasion to call attention to the all-important subject of irrigation. This was two years before our government took its first action toward promoting that important measure. Very soon afterward I

wrote an article for the *North American Review*, which was published in March, 1890, under the title "Our Unwatered Empire." This was embodied in the arguments advocating our national system of irrigation. Hon. Francis G. Newlands, now Senator from Nevada, chairman of a committee of Congress, while urging the enactment of his bill to establish the system, made use of the article in the following language, May 14, 1902:

I shall also add as an appendix to my remarks an article[1] written by General Miles over twelve years ago and published in the *North American Review* of March, 1890, upon the subject of "Our Unwatered Empire." This article, broad, comprehensive, and statesmanlike, covers all the phases of the irrigation question and presents every consideration that should appeal to enlightened legislation. No speech in the Senate or in the House could present the question in a more intelligent, thorough, and attractive way, and I shall republish this, not only because it presents the views of a man of distinction, who, not content with prominence in the art of war, has also trained himself in the arts of peace and in those great constructive policies which mean the upbuilding of a nation, but also because this article, printed in 1890, indicates that the question was thoroughly understood twelve years ago; that as nothing can now be added to the argument then presented, so nothing can be added twelve or twenty years hence. . . .

While the eastern journals made light of and in some cases scoffed the idea, the press of the western country universally indorsed the article. The *Arizona Star* of September 26, 1902, said:

General Miles, in a speech before the Arizona pioneers in Tucson, gave the substance of this able article, which made a strong impression upon our people. . . . The declamation

[1] See Appendix A.

of General Miles now seems prophetic when we contemplate what has come to pass. . . . The first contribution to the magazines of the country on the question of irrigation and the reclamation of arid America was from the pen of General Miles. . . . The message was the birth of the irrigation movement that found its fruitage in the National Irrigation Law, which is now on our statute books.

Since that time our government has appropriated more than $60,000,000 for water storage and the improvement of our arid lands. The government is now receiving a revenue of from 7 to 10 per cent. interest, and the benefit to the citizens and the country is inestimable.

Arizona and New Mexico had many features of interest for me—healthful climate, productive soil, and rich mineral deposits. It has three attractions worth a journey from the Atlantic to see. The petrified forests, the Grand Cañon of Colorado, and the beauty and grandeur of the sunrise and sunset in that clear, rarefied atmosphere are something unequaled elsewhere.

In changing my military headquarters, in 1887, to southern California I enjoyed a tour of duty in that veritable "garden of America." Its scenery and climate are unequaled in Florida, Europe, or Japan.

In the ordinary promotion of the army, I was assigned, in 1888, to the command of the military division of the Pacific, with headquarters at San Francisco, and completed my ten years of service on the Pacific coast amid most enjoyable surroundings. The people of that part of our country are very little understood. There we find the true American enterprise and independence. The pioneers who first went to that remote region were a most resolute and strong

body of men and noble women, and the succeeding generation has grown up there well educated, intelligent, and patriotic. They will compare favorably with the citizens of any part of our country, and have the advantage of being more familiar with the entire country than those reared in eastern communities.

XII

THE LAST INDIAN WAR

MY transfer from the Division of the Pacific, with headquarters at San Francisco, to the Division of the Missouri, with headquarters at Chicago, in the autumn of 1889, was, in many respects, agreeable, but made with some regrets. I was intensely interested in the Pacific coast country. I loved the freedom, enterprise, and manly qualities of the splendid type of American citizenship found there. It is the same adventurous, resolute fortitude that settled our eastern country, and the spirit has moved westward with the course of civilization, until it has embraced a vast continent and transformed it into the most productive and prosperous region of the globe. I was glad to mingle again with the people of the middle and eastern sections of our country; to see the changes that had been wrought in a few decades, the evidences of great prosperity and accumulated wealth.

I found my station at Chicago most agreeable. Of all our great commercial centers, there is not one that surpasses it in business enterprise, in public spirit, or in universal interest in everything that pertains to the welfare of that great metropolis, and whose people have more confidence in the future of their city. Water communications have built up great marts of com-

merce in other parts of the world, but Chicago has the advantage of the Great Lakes and a system of railways that have become the great avenues of commerce, reaching to every section of our country. The hospitality of its people is in marked contrast to the rigor and severity of its climate.

In my assignment to that division I had hoped that I had heard the last of Indian depredations and war, yet I had scarcely assumed command when I began to hear rumors of disaffection and unrest and a threatened uprising of the different tribes scattered over the western half of our country.

The Indian orators were haranguing large groups wherever they could be assembled in the camps. The exhorters, the so-called prophets, as well as the intriguing leaders, were influencing the Indians in a religious belief and inspiring a hope in the hearts of a doomed race that some divine interposition was about to rescue them from their impending fate. They were being taught certain ceremonies, to chant improvised sacred songs, and the ghost-dance was introduced as a sacred observance. They indulged in this mysterious worship, chanting, crying, or singing weird and solemn music, using various incantations expressing joy or supplication, until they were wrought up, in many cases, to a wild frenzy.

Indian hostilities have originated from a great variety of causes—from gross frauds, injustice, and a total disregard of obligations of treaties on the part of our people; from the aggressive tide of immigration; from acts of violence, and from vague theories of their prophets and dreamers, "medicine men," who under-

took to fathom the mystery of the future by their limited knowledge of the past. This last hope and belief of an unfortunate race was founded on the philosophy of the Christian religion. They had been told of the second coming of Christ, that the Messiah would return to his own people—the meek and lowly, the down-trodden and oppressed race, and not to the haughty and cruel. They had also been taught that the generations that had gone before would be restored to life; and, strange as it might seem, an unknown and insignificant man living in the far distant country of Nevada assumed the character of the Redeemer, first proclaiming secretly to a few that he was the Messiah returned to earth to bless his chosen people. The impostor sent one or two trusted emissaries to the far-distant tribes east of the Rocky Mountains to tell some of the disaffected Indians in each tribe of the presence of the Messiah near Walker Lake, in the sparsely settled State of Nevada. One remarkable Indian characteristic is their capacity for keeping their secrets, concealing their woes and the spirit of revenge until a time when they plan to surprise their enemies and break forth into open hostilities. This secret was kept for more than two years. The year before there was any open manifestation of an Indian war three men left the large tribes located in northern and southern Dakota, and so secretly did they leave and move that their absence was not known to the agent or any of the government employees for one year. These men were named Kicking Bear, Short Bull, and Porcupine. The first was a tall, stalwart savage, a fierce fighting man, a

natural leader and ideal warrior; the second, a small, sharp-featured dreamer, who, if he had been a white man, would have been an agitator and exhorter rather than a leader. The third was a keen, wiry, active Indian, hostile to the white race and devotedly interested in the welfare of the Indians. These men, who could neither read nor speak the English language, journeyed three hundred miles to the Crow camp in the Northwest, thence west to the Shoshones, and still farther west to the tribes living in Utah and Nevada. They traveled on horseback, on foot, and by rail, finally reaching the camp of the so-called Messiah, who received them with cordiality, but with severe formality. He proclaimed to them that the prophecy made nearly two thousand years ago had been fulfilled; that their own land was to be transformed into the Happy Hunting Ground, and that all the departed Indians were to be restored to life. He told them that he was about to move eastward, when there would be driven before him vast herds of wild horses, buffalo, elk, deer, antelope—everything the Indians prized most, and, as he moved east, the dead Indians would rise from the dust and join the innumerable throng. It was an ideal Indian heaven, such as had been the hope and prayer of those living as well as of the generations that had gone before.

He taught them this religious theory as well as mystic ceremonies and modes of worship before unknown to them. They, in turn, were to go on before and proclaim this dispensation to the various tribes who were ready to receive it from the Messiah. The

missionaries returned as they went, visiting the various tribes and telling them secretly of this new revelation. Retracing the original journey back to their own camps, some twelve hundred miles distant, it was several months after their return before it was even known to the government officials that they had been absent. This new dispensation was received with warm hearts, especially as it came at a time when the Indians were depressed by the mal-administration of their affairs. Their treaties had not been fulfilled, their supplies were overdue, and they were suffering for food. The hostile element received the information with great joy, and when it was communicated to Sitting Bull it aroused the turbulent nature of that great war chief, and awakened his ambition and hope to free his country from the presence of the white race, whom he had long hated with all the ferocity of his savage nature. He said that they should not await the coming of the Messiah, but should arise in one great body and go forth to meet and greet him. He immediately sent runners to every tribe of which he had any knowledge in the great Northwest—the Minneconjoux, Sans Arcs, Ogallallas, Cheyennes, Brulés, Gros Ventres, Yanktonais, and even the friendly Piegans, Mandans, and others. He also sent runners into Canada to Inkpaduta's band and other tribes which had been on friendly terms with the white race, appealing to them to rise and leave their reservations in a body, congregate near the base of the Rocky Mountains, and journey westward until they should meet the Messiah, welcome and escort him in his triumphant march toward the

rising sun. They knew that in their various campaigns against the white race they had made long expeditions south, even to the territory of Old Mexico and north to the Dominion of Canada, living upon wild game then in great abundance. Now, the buffalo having disappeared, the plains and valleys were dotted with domestic animals, which would furnish an ample supply of food and horses for remounts. Nothing could be more fascinating to the savage nature than such a dream or superstition. It consumed the heart and soul of the entire Indian race. With the more hostile savages, it rekindled the flames of hostility and revenge which had been smoldering for years. They believed their prayers would be answered, their woes righted, and their wrongs atoned for. They believed that their subjugation would be followed by liberty, and that the limited power of their race was to be increased by the unnumbered host that was to appear. It was a threatened uprising of colossal proportions, extending over a far greater territory than did the confederation inaugurated by the Prophet and led by Tecumseh, or the conspiracy of Pontiac, and only the prompt action of the military prevented its execution. I concluded that if the so-called Messiah was to appear in that country, Sitting Bull had better be out of it, and I considered it of the first importance to secure his arrest and removal from that country.

My first effort in that direction proved a failure, owing to adverse influence that was used to defeat my purpose. However, I sent a positive order,

directed to the commanding officer of the nearest military station, to secure the person of Sitting Bull without delay. This order was sent to the commanding officer at Fort Yates, North Dakota, who detailed a troop of cavalry and a few trusted friendly Indian police, under the command of Maj. E. G. Fechet, an experienced, judicious officer, who executed the order with great celerity; but even his prompt action came very near being too late. A few hours' delay would have been fatal, as Sitting Bull, with some two hundred trusted warriors, had made preparation to leave that morning and join the great hostile camp which was then assembled in the Bad Lands of South Dakota, preparatory to their movement west. Major Fechet moved his command at night some thirty miles to the close proximity of Sitting Bull's camp, and sent his Indian police forward to arrest the great war chief. They proceeded to Sitting Bull's lodge and, entering it, informed him that he was a prisoner, and that he must go with them. He protested, but to no avail. They had proceeded but a few steps when he raised the war-cry which aroused his followers, who rushed to his rescue. Then occurred a short, desperate Indian combat, in which Sitting Bull and quite a number of his immediate followers were killed, as well as five of the principal friendly Indian police who had made the arrest. The remainder, however, held their position until the prompt arrival of the troops, who dispersed the hostile Indians in every direction. It is a little singular that the last real encounter of this greatest of Indian chieftains should have been a tragedy in

which he was to fall by the hands of men of his own race. He was the strongest type of the hostile Indian that this country has produced. His reputation had been made by courage, energy, and intense hostility to the white race in his early days. He had gradually risen to leadership until he became the great organizing or controlling spirit of the hostile element. None of the other Indians possessed such power to draw and mold the hearts of his people to one purpose, and his fall appeared to be the death-knell of the Indian supremacy in that western country.

While this was going on great numbers of the Indians left their agencies; abandoning their little homes and unharvested fields, and, in some cases, destroying their property as they left, they had moved to the very broken country known as the Bad Lands of South Dakota. It would be impossible to describe that country. It appears to have been the result of volcanic action. It was a mass of barren hills, narrow valleys, ravines, cañons, mounds, and buttes, almost devoid of trees and with very little verdure. By following circuitous trails one could ride on horseback over portions of it, but it was wholly impracticable for wagons, and so extensive that it afforded an excellent rendezvous or refuge for hostile Indians. As the Indian supplies were exhausted they could send out in almost any direction and find some game—deer, elk, or domestic cattle—to supply them with food. They were abundantly supplied with horses and well equipped with arms and ammunition.

Here the doctrine of the impostor was openly and earnestly proclaimed, leaders haranguing the camps

night and day, rehearsing the woes of the Indians and the promise of the Messiah. Everything was done to arouse the dormant animosity and spirit of revenge. Runners were sent to the different agencies, calling upon them to join this great gathering. When the Indians assumed this threatening attitude the military authorities of the government were obliged to take prompt and decided action. A large part of the available troops of the army was assembled in that Division, prepared for a campaign. Troops were sent from as far west as the Pacific coast. Fortunately a branch of the Burlington Railroad, which penetrated that country, could be utilized in the disposition of the troops. The principal Indian camp was located near the center of the angle formed by the main line and the branch of the Burlington road; and by distributing troops at available points on the two lines, we were enabled to partly envelop them, and at the same time place a barrier to the west of them, thereby preventing their contemplated movement in that direction.

As soon as a sufficient force was assembled and placed the troops were gradually moved toward the Indian position, pressing them back toward their agency. In the mean time the camp under Big Foot, a noted Indian chief, left its agency on the Missouri River with the intention of joining the hostile camp assembled in the Bad Lands. A strong force of cavalry was sent to intercept them, and so far succeeded as to come in close proximity with them, causing them to halt. A parley occurred, but the commanding officer, instead of insisting upon their

disarmament and return to their agency, took a promise that they would do so and returned the troops to camp, whereupon the Indians, as soon as night came on, escaped and continued their journey toward the Bad Lands.

Another force was ordered to intercept them, which was done before they reached the main camp of the hostiles, and a demand made for their surrender. This they agreed to do, and camped near the troops that night. The next morning a formal demand was made for their arms, whereupon the Indian warriors came out into the open field and laid their arms on the ground. While they were being searched, and a party that had been sent into camp was searching for arms, a controversy or misunderstanding of some kind occurred, and the Indians getting the impression that they were going to be killed, commenced what was known as a ghost-dance, one of its ceremonies being to take up dust and throw it over the warriors, under the superstitious belief that they could be made invulnerable to the bullets of the troops. This was continued for a brief time when hostilities commenced, the Indians making a rush for their camps, the troops being unfortunately so placed that some of them were in the line of fire. Many of the shots directed at the warriors went straight into the camp of women and children. A general mêlée and massacre occurred, in which a large number of men, women, and children were killed and wounded; so much so that the commanding officer reported that the camp or village had been destroyed.

The Indians fled in all directions, pursued by the

troops, and the bodies of the dead and wounded were found on the prairies, some of them at quite long distances from the place where the disturbance occurred. I have never felt that the action was judicious or justifiable, and have always believed that it could have been avoided. It was a fatality, however, that Indian hostilities, uprisings, and wars should finally close in a deplorable tragedy. Regrettable as it was, there is one satisfaction in the fact that for twenty years it has not been repeated, and I hope and trust never will occur again. This tragedy, but a short distance from the great hostile camp, caused additional excitement, and for a time it was feared that nothing could prevent a serious outbreak and devastating war.

Yet the troops continued their slow pressure, moving more and more closely to the main Indian camp, so as to overawe it by force, and at the same time every measure was taken to draw them back to a peaceful condition by sending messages to the principal chiefs. Fortunately I had met many of the leaders on former occasions. Many of them had surrendered to me before—in the campaigns of the Northwest—Broad Trail, Spotted Eagle, and others—and I was enabled to appeal to their sense of reason and better judgment, and to convince them of the impossibility of the theories upon which they were acting. I also assured them, in case they should return to their camp, of strict compliance with the terms of their treaty; that a representation of their condition would be made at Washington, and that I would be their friend if they would surrender and follow my advice.

This, although it required many days and a great effort, finally prevailed, and I succeeded in drawing that large camp back to their agency, where they agreed to abandon their hostile measures and follow my directions. This was one of the most gratifying events of my life, as it saved the country from a devastating war and possibly saved the lives of thousands. It was effected without the Indians breaking into the settlements, and without the loss of a single life outside of those engaged in the military service and the Indians above mentioned.

The bringing about of this desirable result consumed many anxious weeks occasioned by the necessary delay in getting the troops into position and moving them judiciously to where their presence would have the best effect; and, at the same time, long delays had to be made before the Indians would accept the terms of the government rather than risk the hazard of war. The delays incident thereto, not being understood by those distant from the scene of action, excited adverse criticism, unfavorable comments charging inefficiency, etc. I received many insulting communications denouncing what the writers supposed to be procrastination or timidity on the part of the military, and from others anxious to have hostilities precipitated in order that the vultures might prey upon the spoils of war.

These last active operations occurred during the severity of the winter. The ground was covered at times with sleet, and frequently with deep snows; but the troops were well equipped for winter campaigning and very little suffering occurred among them.

When the Indians moved back to their agencies they were advised to give a guarantee of their good faith that such threatening of hostilities or actual war would not occur again in the near future; and, as an earnest of this, they were told that they should send a body of representative men to the East as hostages and as a pledge that in the future they would keep the peace. This they consented to do, and a party of some thirty of the principal warriors was gathered together and sent to the nearest railway station, and thence by rail to the headquarters of the Division at Chicago. This body included two of the Messiah missionaries, Kicking Bear and Short Bull, who had made the journey across the mountains the year before to meet the Messiah in Nevada. I placed Captain, afterward General, Jesse M. Lee in charge of the agency, who, by his rigid integrity and able administration, soon won the confidence and gratitude of the Indians.

A small delegation composed of the representative men of the two tribes was also selected and sent to Washington with a few judicious officers to represent the condition of their people, the non-fulfilment of the treaty stipulations, and the want of provisions and their suffering in consequence. This body included such prominent chiefs as American Horse, Red Cloud, Broad Trail, and others.

After peace was fully restored the troops were reviewed preparatory to their being returned to their former military stations; and this review was one of the most interesting in my experience, as it occurred in midwinter and during a gentle snow-

storm. The vast prairie, with its rolling undulations, was covered with the white mantle of winter. That cheerless, frigid atmosphere, with its sleet, ice, and snow, covered all the apparent life of nature. That scene was possibly the closing one that was to bury in oblivion, decay, and death that once powerful, strong, defiant, and resolute race. It was doomed to disappear, leaving behind it no evidence of its former life and power; and as the warm breezes of spring should remove the robe of winter a new life, verdure, and duty would appear. Those prairies would see a new civilization, happy homes, prosperous communities, and great States; and the sound of the merry bells of industrial activity and the music of progress were to take the place of the war-cry and the echoes of alarm and danger.

The scene was weird and in some respects desolate, yet it was fascinating to me—possibly on account of the jubilant spirit occasioned by the reflection that one more Indian war had been closed, and closed in the most satisfactory way, without the desolation and devastation in the settlements, as others had closed in former times. I did not even then realize that we had probably reached the close of Indian wars in our country.

The march of troops, fully equipped in their winter apparel, the long wagon and pack trains, the ambulance corps, were a novel and a most fitting spectacle for the closing scene of the drama. As this formidable force moved to stirring music and with sharp cadence over the snow-clad fields, it could not but have made a strong impression upon the thousands

of Indians who witnessed it. They had a fair opportunity of appreciating the terrible power which they had fortunately avoided, as well as an indication to them of the advisability of remaining at peace in the future. At its close the troops moved to their various destinations, not to be reassembled again against the Indians for at least a score of years, and possibly never.

It has been more than twenty years since that time, and not a single hostile shot has been fired between the government forces and the Indians. Nearly all the great warriors have passed on to the Happy Hunting Ground, and the young men of to-day have ceased to know even the skill and experience of the hunter. They are not familiar with the use of fire-arms. Their attention has been called to the peaceful pursuits. They have been taught a better way of life than that of the hunter and warrior. They have come up through the schools instead of the war-path. They have had the benefits of a life of civilization rather than the camp of Indian hostilities.

XIII

COMMANDING MIDDLE DIVISION

IN 1892, with my family, I visited Mexico. It was interesting to note the great contrast between two adjacent countries, occupied by people of different races. During the last thirty years they have made great progress in all ways that concern a people. The country has experienced violent political changes. According to Prescott the native population were a peaceful race, governed by a strange superstition, yet in other respects they possessed qualities of a commendable order. They received the foreigner with cordial hospitality and were requited with spoliation and cruelty. The oppression of their conquerors and destruction of the records and works of art that would have given us a better knowledge of the history of that ancient semi-civilization, were alike despicable.

Passing over that arid, sparsely settled country, we could appreciate the magnitude of the undertaking of Gen. Zachary Taylor's with his small army penetrating a difficult foreign country, and winning victories against vastly superior numbers. It illustrates the sturdy qualities of that General and the fortitude of his troops, who remembered San Jacinto and the Alamo, as well as the confidence of the American people behind them. The conquest of the country by

the Americans under Scott from Vera Cruz to the capital City of Mexico was one of the most brilliant of our history. In 1847 the American flag was for the first time raised in triumph over a foreign capital and lowered with honor. There is no dishonor in lowering the stars and stripes over that which does not rightfully belong to us. Mexico, besides being thrice invaded by foreign armies, has had a series of political convulsions, but out of all turmoil and tribulation it has risen, Phœnix-like, from its ashes to renewed life and prosperity. The blood of the native race—the Aztec and the Indian—finally asserted itself in such men as Hidalgo, the Washington of Mexico; Juarez, Diaz, Romero, and others. The native American had great disadvantages, yet he possessed qualities both strong and great. The Western Hemisphere has produced numbers of men who have exhibited great abilities, yet if it had produced but one such man as Juarez, it would have demonstrated to the world that the native American had elements of intellectual strength, deep thought, broad comprehension, and large-hearted, noble impulses. Juarez was an educated Indian, a soldier, an orator, a man learned in the philosophy of jurisprudence and civil government, a wise and able president of the republic during a great crisis. His mausoleum is the Mecca of the Mexican people once a year, and his memory is held in sacred regard by the people of that country.

I was received with great cordiality by President Diaz and the officials of the Mexican government; was given a review of all the troops stationed in and about the City of Mexico, and found their army in

excellent condition, well equipped and supplied, and commanded by educated officers. We found their National Museum a place of great interest, not only showing the products and resources of a very rich country, but also evidences of an ancient civilization. The Mexicans are a polite people, extremely fond of good music, and their works of art are of much interest. The Grand Boulevard leading from the city of Mexico to the castle of Chapultepec, where is located their military academy, is lined with statues by noted sculptors, at the head of which is the statue of Charles IV., the largest single molding on the continent. That and the Aztec god are notable; and its bronze bas-reliefs depict the heroism of the Aztecs during the tortures of the ruthless invaders. My visit to that country will long be remembered with great pleasure.

Returning to Chicago, I found active preparations being made for the exposition to be held in that city, which was to be a revelation to the people of the world and a matter of pride and pleasure to the American people. Up to that time the West was little known to the people living east of the Alleghanies. The exposition was well planned and liberally endowed by the government. It was laid out with great ingenuity on the broadest and most artistic scale. There have been many expositions in our country, but none could compare with the great exposition at Chicago. It gave our own people and visitors from every other part of the world an idea of the great resources and possibilities of our country; the industries, ingenuity, and enterprise of our peo-

ple, the arts, sciences, and educational institutions and methods—in fact, they found here a demonstration and illustration of progressive America. The buildings were of colossal proportions; the artificial lakes and lagoons were decorated in the most artistic manner and supplied with beautiful boats and launches. At night electricity made its greatest demonstration, and the whole scene was enlivened with excellent music. A distinguished orator, in describing his impressions while floating through the Court of Honor, declared it was hard to realize "where earth ends and heaven begins."

Chicago is a place of extremes, a place of great progress and enlightenment. It includes many of the broadest minds in our country in business, art, science, and literature. At the same time it has a population composed of all nationalities. It is essentially a cosmopolitan city, where at least fifty different languages are spoken; a law-abiding community, yet containing many violent elements. For some years there had been disturbing influences between the two strata of society, a friction between those possessing wealth and those engaged in labor. The labor question has probably been more discussed there than in any other part of our country. At times it has excited intense feeling and been the one absorbing subject that interested all the people. We probably have not yet reached the true solution of that problem.

In a small community in the suburbs of Chicago there was an industrial plant, one of the largest and most prosperous in the country. Its principal industry was the manufacture of railroad material, es-

pecially Pullman cars. The village was known as Pullman, now a part of the great metropolis. The enterprise employed thousands of skilled mechanics at high wages. Its promoters had accumulated great wealth and national prominence; its skilled workmen were so prosperous that many had purchased their homes, and for years it was regarded as an ideal, harmonious, co-operative community. Yet this peaceful and prosperous place became the very storm-center of an industrial convulsion which nearly involved the whole country in chaotic disturbances. Some unimportant question arose, a strike was ordered in the Pullman works, with the result that several thousand men left their occupations. At the same time the great company refused to yield to the demands of their workmen. This situation prevailed for several weeks without any settlement, and in the course of time the railroad employees, chiefly engineers and firemen, were called upon to stop work in sympathy with the Pullman strikers, and their organization was under such discipline that their leaders could control members of the union in other parts of the country.

This resulted in almost the entire paralysis of the freight and passenger trains in the western half of our country. Passenger trains were sidetracked and remained so for days in distant parts of the country, regardless of the condition of the passengers. The entire business of the country was paralyzed in consequence. It was estimated that over two billion dollars' worth of transportation property was thus forced to remain idle. In a few cases where the

trains were run regardless of the orders of the leaders and in defiance of the threats of the mob, they did so at imminent peril. The last few trains that entered Chicago in this way were stoned by an angry populace. What few passengers were in them sought shelter as best they could, and in one instance the engineer was taken from the locomotive and stoned to death in the presence of a crowd of people.

I happened to be in the East at the time on important duty, and when the excitement was at its worst I was telegraphed to repair immediately to Washington. En route I received several despatches saying that on arrival at Washington I would report immediately to the Secretary of War. On my arrival I reported to Secretary Lamont, and accompanied him at once to the White House, where a consultation was called, including the President, Secretary of State Gresham, Attorney-General Olney, Secretary of War Lamont, General Schofield, and myself. During the day despatches had been received by the government in Washington from prominent men in the East, urging that some measure be taken to check the threatened revolution in Chicago and the West, otherwise it was liable to spread in a few days over the Eastern States.

At this council there was a difference of opinion as to the magnitude of the impending danger; some were of the opinion that if two hundred regular soldiers were to march down Michigan Avenue the disturbance would be over and the trouble ended. I took quite a different view and expressed the opinion that the trouble was very much more deeply rooted, more

threatening and far reaching than anything that had occurred before; that it was not generally understood, and that there was danger of the overthrow, or at least the paralysis, of the civil government and authority. I explained that the United States Court had jurisdiction in Chicago and was entitled to protection; that in the same building was located the Sub-Treasury, with over twenty millions of government money which belonged to the people of the United States; that Chicago was a great distributing center for the Northwest, and through its Post-Office Department was moving the mails of the people of the country, containing the most important and valuable documents and communications, which could not be disturbed without direct violation of the laws of Congress. It was then that President Cleveland demonstrated to me his great ability as a strong, judicious executive. He took the ground that the government had strong constitutional rights which must be maintained, and authority that could not be ignored. When the President understood that it was the purpose of the agitators to do as they pleased regardless of all principles of law and order, he stated in the most positive terms that this would not be permitted so long as he exercised executive authority; and he directed me to return immediately to Chicago and take such measures as would insure the maintenance of law and order, and especially the authority of the United States, and gave me the assurance that whatever assistance and force I might require would be furnished.

It then took twenty-four hours to go from Washing-

ton to Chicago, and while I was on my way troops were being assembled from military stations near the Lakes as far east as Buffalo, and from the West as far as Kansas and Nebraska. Forty-eight hours later there were nearly three thousand troops—infantry, artillery, and cavalry—assembled in Chicago, and placed in the most strategic positions in anticipation of any serious disturbance.

Fortunately timely action was taken in moving the troops to Chicago, but even then in some cases the troops themselves were obliged to take possession of the trains and run them in order to reach the city. Then commenced the process of opening the mail communications; first, by putting guards on the roads to protect the mail routes, then in dispersing the mobs which had gathered to molest them. An effort was made at that time to start a sympathetic strike, embracing all the men employed in the various industries in that great city. A meeting was held on the evening of July 8th, which was attended by some two hundred and forty members of the different organizations, representing more than a hundred thousand men, and efforts were made to induce them to order a strike of all the different organizations. On that occasion their principal leader addressed the meeting twice, and in the course of his remarks proclaimed that this was no longer a strike but a rebellion. Then he qualified it by saying an "industrial rebellion." But it made very little difference what adjective he used in describing a revolt against the civil government as a "rebellion." He and his associates were assuming to disregard

and overawe the civil government of the country.

They did not succeed in calling out from their various occupations the men engaged in all the industries of that city, but the strikers and rioters did have the full sympathy of many of the people. A mob assembled near the slaughter-houses composed of nearly ten thousand men. It moved along the line of the Rock Island Railroad, overturning and looting cars, burning a station, and committing various acts of violence. The cry was raised "to —— with the government." They were dragging a rope and shouting the names of the prominent men they were going to hang when they reached the center of the city, and discussing the banks and Sub-Treasury vaults they were going to loot when they should get to that part of the city where these moneyed institutions were located. The police stood idly by and witnessed the unlawful acts, making no effective efforts to check them, and if it had not been for the prompt movement of a body of troops to 12th Street, taking position across the line of march, most serious disturbances would have occurred on that day. It was learned that all of the gun-stores, including the great wholesale and retail establishments of the city, had been sold out.

In an interview with the Mayor of the city he stated to me that the leaders, who had given him a very large vote in the former election, had informed him that they might have to have a civil war in order to obtain their rights. He was asked what rights they claimed that were not protected by the general

government, the State of Illinois, and the government of that municipality. At the same time he was informed that the government authorities were not there to interfere with the administration of his office, but that it was the duty of the United States government to protect the Sub-Treasury, the United States Court, the United States mail routes, and that if the people desired a revolution or rebellion they could make the city a Sumpter whenever they liked, and we would produce another Appomattox within a week; that if there were not sufficient troops in that vicinity to assert the authority of the United States, fifty thousand men, if that number were necessary, would be immediately assembled from different parts of the country, and especially from the South, where they had excellent militia and were not troubled with disturbances of that kind. I knew this from the conversation with President Cleveland. I, in fact, suggested it, if such a measure became necessary to maintain law and order. The Mayor said the police could not control the mobs. Then he was informed that there would be no mobs if the police were ordered to prevent their assembling; that every street and alley was under police control; and under the laws of Illinois he had authority to call upon the State troops in the city and in the State for sufficient force to maintain law and order; and he was also informed that if the police again permitted another mob to assemble and move in a menacing attitude toward the Sub-Treasury, where millions of money belonging to the people of the United States was held, it would be the duty of the military to protect the government

treasure, even if it had to use infantry, artillery, and cavalry in the most effective manner.

That night orders were given to the police to prevent the assembling of lawless mobs, and none have since appeared in the streets of Chicago.

Whatever changes are made in the status of labor or of the different strata of society, as between those of wealth, those in moderate circumstances, and those in the humblest condition, these must be brought about by moral influence, by fair and honorable discussion, by civic reformation and by the modification of laws governing society, rather than by acts of violence and lawlessness.

A condition of quiet was maintained for several weeks, which resulted in the restoration of harmony, and the return of men to their various occupations. The troops were then moved to a good encampment some ten or fifteen miles from the city, on the lake shore, where autumn manœuvers were held, which were very beneficial to, and much enjoyed by the large number of troops brought together on that occasion, after which they were returned to their stations in different parts of the country.

XIV

COMMANDING THE ARMY

IN October, 1894, I was transferred from the Department of the Lakes to the Department of the East, with headquarters at Governors Island, New York. This is the most delightful station in the United States, and is located at what was formerly the seat of government of Colonial Manhattan. It has among its many advantages that of being in close proximity to all that is most desirable in a great metropolis, and yet, by reason of its position in the harbor, capable of preserving an isolation like that belonging to a country estate.

The command embraced all the troops in the Atlantic States as well as some stationed on the Gulf Coast.

The year in New York was one of the pleasantest in my military life. One advantage of that command was that it brought me into contact or communication with many of the leading men of our country at New York, the Mecca of our land, where all our people go for business, pleasure, or for political interests. It is also the great gateway of our country through which our people go and return from all parts of the world. I met many interesting foreigners. It was also my duty to call officially upon all the

prominent officials of the armies and navies of the world who visited the port in an official capacity. It possessed a healthful climate at all seasons of the year, and I presume one thing that made that station enjoyable was the prospect of going from there, after a year's service, to the command of the United States army, to which I was assigned by the President in the following order:

GENERAL ORDERS, No. 53. WAR DEPARTMENT, WASHINGTON, D.C., October 2, 1895.

By direction of the President, Major-General Nelson A. Miles is assigned to the command of the Army of the United States.

DANIEL S. LAMONT,
Secretary of War.

On going to Washington I issued the following order:

GENERAL ORDERS, No. 54. HEADQUARTERS OF THE ARMY, WASHINGTON, October 5, 1895.

By direction of the President, the undersigned hereby assumes command of the Army of the United States.

(Signed) NELSON A. MILES,
Major-General.

The army then numbered 25,000 men. That number had become crystallized to such an extent that the politicians and people thought there must be some significance in it, and that the army of the United States should not be more nor less than 25,000. Years before it had varied in the scale of numbers from 1,000 to nearly 60,000; but for almost a quarter of a century it had remained as I found it. It was

defectively organized, and the system of promotion most discouraging, so much so that many good officers left the service. At one time I had on my staff an excellent officer, Lieutenant Davis, who had been a lieutenant thirty years. My efforts to improve the conditions of the army will be found in official reports and recommendations. At the time of my being assigned to the command of the army the entire fortification system was passing through a transition period. The armament of our coast defenses, which had been effective during the great Civil War against wooden ships, had in 1895 become obsolete. Even the great stone and brick fortifications that had cost many millions of dollars were worthless against modern guns and projectiles. A fort that could stand the fire of guns used in 1860 would be more dangerous to the men inside than to those outside, because the power of the modern gun is such that it is capable of throwing a projectile weighing more than a thousand pounds entirely through the walls of such a fort and then have force enough left to pass through another of the same dimensions. It was difficult to make Congress understand the great change that had been wrought in ordnance during the last few decades. Still it is gratifying to know that our coast defenses for all the ports of the Atlantic, Pacific, and Gulf coasts are now in a practically strong and safe condition, although the cost of putting them in that condition has been near two hundred million dollars, and more will be required to fully supply them with suitable ammunition. This change of defenses necessitated an increase in the personnel, especially of the

artillery, and gave an opportunity for its better organization.

During the spring of 1897 a war occurred between Turkey and Greece, and I was ordered to Europe to observe the military operations of that war. I accordingly left Washington May 4th. This duty, together with the duty enjoined by an order to represent the War Department at the Queen's Jubilee on the sixtieth anniversary of the accession of Victoria, and an additional order to attend the autumn manœuvers of the Russian, German, and French armies, gave me an opportunity of seeing all the principal armies of Europe.

The Turkish army, which we hear less about than any other, is a well-organized, disciplined army, numbering at that time seven hundred thousand effective men. It is trained to look upon the Sultan as the spiritual head of their religion on earth. This has the effect on the mind of the Turk of inspiring the belief that in serving his Sultan he is serving his God. There is certainly one advantage in their religion, in that it maintains absolute sobriety. The use of liquor is abhorrent to the Mohammedan, and results in their army being an absolutely temperate organization. The personnel of their army is made up of strong men, and their military establishment is conducted with great economy. They take pride in having maintained their position against the European governments who moved against them either jointly or separately. I had an audience with the Sultan, and was cordially received by the high officials of the Turkish army. The manner of his assuming sovereign power, the fact

of his keeping his elder brother a prisoner in a palace just above Constantinople on the Bosphorus for over twenty years, had prejudiced me somewhat before meeting him. On seeing him I found a man of small stature, keen, sharp face, cold, black, cruel eyes, black hair, and full beard. In conversation I found him thoroughly familiar with military affairs and deeply interested in the condition of his army. Great reverses occur in political as well as in all other walks of life, and it is somewhat remarkable that, after thirty years, the man then occupying such an autocratic position is now a prisoner practically in the same condition as his brother was at the time, and his brother enjoys the liberty and authority which he had been deprived of for so many years.

On leaving Constantinople the journey down the Bosphorus, the Sea of Marmora, and the Hellespont was most agreeable, and gave me an opportunity of seeing the heavy fortifications guarding the Dardanelles. On arriving at Athens I reported to the Secretary of War, who gave me every facility for visiting the army then occupied against the Turks in the north of Greece. I found it bivouacked very near the Pass of Thermopylæ. This gave me an opportunity of not only seeing the two armies in battle arrayed, but also of riding over the historic ground where the Spartans fought and fell twenty-four hundred years before in their battle with the Persians. Greece was to me the most interesting country I visited in Europe. The ruins of its colossal monuments and temples are still an evidence of that marvelous, intellectual, ancient civilization that existed when a

good part of the rest of the world was in the gloom of barbarism.

I had a very good opportunity of seeing the Italian and Austrian armies, which were in splendid condition, and fortunately for those countries have not been required to engage in serious campaigning for many years. The French soldier, individually, in uniform and equipment, appears the least attractive; yet when seen in large bodies the army appears to be thoroughly organized and well disciplined, their field manœuvers quite as good as anything I saw in Europe. Germany is one vast military camp, where all the male population is required to be thoroughly drilled and disciplined. The German armament, equipment, and uniforms are most effective and attractive. Still the expense of maintaining such a strong military force is a heavy burden to the country. One evidence of this is seen in the fact that a large part of the labor of the country is performed by the women.

Second after Greece, Russia was the most interesting country to me, as it was so unlike our own country or any other part of Europe. Quite different in race, language, and religion, it has grown during a thousand years from a wild tribe to a mighty empire, extending its power over the continents of both Europe and Asia. There are not more than five per cent. of its people able to read, yet it is making progress toward enlightened civilization. The people are a strong, hardy race, and the army well officered and disciplined.

I was granted an audience by the Emperor, whom

I found a most courtly, dignified gentleman. Not only was he well informed on all military matters, but he seemed to be interested chiefly in the development of his country, especially that vast wilderness of Siberia, whose condition is very much like that of our western country a few years ago. He had been over the zone of the Trans-Siberian Railway before he became Emperor, and was at the time president of the company. I found him quite familiar with the history of the development of our western country and the advantage derived from railway communications, and that he hoped to follow our example by dividing the unoccupied land into small sections to be given to actual settlers, and thereby producing a nation of patriotic home-builders similar to our own.

The celebration of the sixtieth anniversary of the accession of Victoria was to me the most interesting event of my visit to Europe.

The reign of Victoria, Queen of England and Empress of India, was in many respects the most remarkable in history. Ascending the throne at the age of eighteen, a devoted wife and mother, a kind-hearted, noble woman, she blessed those nearest and dearest to her. She possessed a heart of such benevolence that she could forgive those who, on five different occasions, sought to take her life. Her mind was richly stored with valuable information; she was governed by generous impulses, strong convictions, and noble purpose. During the long vista of years of her sovereignty other nations had gone into decay; but Great Britain steadily developed into a mighty empire, embracing more than one-quarter of

the human race and extending over more than eleven million square miles of territory.

In celebrating the sixtieth anniversary of the accession of this gracious sovereign there was manifested a love and devotion such as had never before been witnessed. It frequently brought tears of joy to her eyes. She was regarded by her people from every quarter of the globe as the most womanly queen and the most queenly woman that ever graced a home and a throne. It was a manifestation of gratitude to the wise and benevolent sovereign who had done so much to promote the strength, progress, and welfare of that mighty empire. The representatives of the civil government were a body of strong, intellectual men, and the military and naval power was of the highest order. The army, commanded by Lord Wolseley, was in excellent condition. Its appearance in uniform, equipment, and efficiency was equal to that of any of the armies of Europe. The British navy, consisting of 467 war vessels, was manned by 100,000 men. Out of this were gathered, under Admiral Sir Nowell Salmon, at Portsmouth, England, a fleet of 168 battleships and cruisers, manned by 38,000 men. Such a display of sea power had never before been witnessed.

My observation of the affairs of Europe was made under the most favorable circumstances. How long war will continue to excite the ambition, the passions, avarice, and applause of the human race it is impossible to determine. How long great armies and navies have been gathered for the gratification of rulers to acquire, protect, or desolate countries, re-

sent petty insults between sovereigns, or decide great international controversies, no one can tell. The present standing armies of Europe approximate in strength four million men, imposing a colossal burden upon the people. I could not but rejoice that our Republic is located between two great oceans, with no menacing and threatening neighbors, requiring the maintenance of a great standing army similar to those maintained by other countries. Still, I realized the danger of going to the other extreme, and by overconfidence, apathy, or indifference reach a degree of weakness that would tempt the ambitions or avarice of foreign powers. I therefore resolved that as far as possible, during the time that I should hold the important position I then occupied, I would use all the influence I could control to have adopted a system which I had recommended for years, this system having a fixed standard for the physical force of the nation that would be commensurate with our necessities and development. I have therefore urged that the government decide upon what percentage of the physical strength of the nation should be instructed, trained, and prepared for war purposes; and if our government could be persuaded to adopt such a standard, the numbers to be increased every decade in accordance with the growth of the nation, it would be the safest and wisest policy, and in time we could commend it to the favorable consideration of other nations.

It is gratifying to know that our government did shortly afterward adopt, and has since maintained, such a policy, and I consider the system advisable and judicious.

XV

THE WAR WITH SPAIN

AFTER the great war, when the nation disbanded the best fire-tried army on earth, many of our ablest statesmen and soldiers believed the Republic should maintain a well-equipped army of 100,000. Congress authorized 54,000, then cut it down to 25,000, where it remained for twenty-four years. To inspire the army with new life after years of discouragement was most difficult.

The threatened war with Spain turned the attention of our people to our military necessities and the need of a stronger physical force for the nation. As to the necessity of the war with Spain, it is believed that arbitration could have settled the international controversy. We know from the statement of our own Minister at Madrid, General Stewart L. Woodford, that the Spanish Ministry and the Queen Regent tried loyally and in good faith to grant and enforce such autonomy as they thought would secure peace and order in Cuba. I had a good opportunity of knowing the disposition of many of the prominent men of our country, especially President McKinley and his Cabinet, and I know that only one of the latter was in favor of war. I know that the Secretary of State, John Sherman, one of the few pre-eminent statesmen

of our country, was decidedly opposed to it, and deemed it absolutely unnecessary; whereas, on the other hand, I heard a conversation between one member of the Cabinet and an assistant secretary, which was as follows: The assistant secretary said to the member of the Cabinet, "What are you doing toward getting up a war with Spain?" The member of the Cabinet replied, "I am practically alone in the administration, but I am doing all I can to bring it about." The assistant secretary, with great gusto, replied, "Thank God! thank God!" Such was the sentiment of the administration and many of those who were best informed as to the condition of affairs, but the advocacy of certain of the press journals as well as the clamor of a portion of our people continued until the war frenzy predominated. The sending of the battleship *Maine* to Spanish waters was most unfortunate at that time. Her destruction in the harbor of Havana precipitated the war with Spain. I have never believed that the disaster was caused by the Spanish government nor its officials or agents. They certainly had no motive for such a crime, and every reason to avoid it. Terrible explosions have occurred since at the Naval Proving Grounds, at Indian Head, Maryland; at the Dupont Powder Works, Delaware; at the California Powder Works, and at the Marc Island Powder Arsenal, California, as well as in other places. I believe that the disaster resulted from internal rather than external causes.

The unanimity of the war spirit at that time was more general than in any of our previous wars. Con-

gress appropriated $50,000,000 for war purposes, to be disbursed at the discretion of the President. This was used in equipping our coast defenses and the purchase of ships, arms, and munitions of war of every description.

The regular army, though small, was the best conditioned of any military body in the world. In the Civil War and Indian wars our officers had had more experience in desperate battles and severe campaigns than the officers of any other army. The men were a body of trained athletes, well disciplined and excellent marksmen.

When the call for volunteers was made the enthusiasm was intense, and recruiting stations were crowded; applications by thousands were made to the President and the Governors of States to raise companies, battalions and regiments, and all kinds of political pressure was used to obtain commissions.

As commanding general of the Army it was my duty to recommend what force I deemed requisite, and yet upward of 100,000 more men were accepted than could possibly be required or equipped. Our condition was similar to that of Wellington in Spain, when he wrote, "An army well equipped, disciplined, officered, and instructed is far more effective than a larger one without these essential conditions."

When orders were received to mobilize the troops of the regular army, they were not only ready and prepared, but actually moved as soon as the railroads could furnish transportation, some within twenty-four hours, and all within five days. As soon as Con-

gress authorized a declaration of war, a proclamation was issued by the President April 25, 1898, and our available military forces mobilized at New Orleans, Mobile, and Tampa, with a large reserve force at Chickamauga.

Our Asiatic fleet, which had been disciplined and thoroughly drilled to the highest degree of efficiency by Admiral McNair, was taken from Hong-Kong, China, to Manila Bay by Admiral Dewey, and on May 1st sunk or captured the Spanish fleet. This splendid victory destroyed the Spanish sea-power on the Pacific. On May 3d, before we had received official information of the naval engagement, I recommended that troops be sent there under General Anderson, and designated the regiments and batteries, together with high-power guns, mortars, and ammunition, to fortify and hold certain strategic positions in the archipelago, believing that our government would always hold strong naval stations in the Orient; but I did not suppose we would ever assume to acquire territory against the will of the people thereof. The troops were sent under Generals Anderson and Merritt, but the fortifications are still in process of construction.

A strong corps of 15,000 men were sent to the Philippine Islands and landed near Manila on June 30th. They found the Filipino troops with a line of battle fourteen miles long, numbering more than 12,000 men, occupying strong positions encircling the Spanish troops holding the city of Manila. The Filipino troops had been actively engaged against the Spanish forces in the archipelago, had captured the garrisons outside the city of Manila, and made

prisoners of 4,000 officers and soldiers. As a result of the combined action of the United States naval and military forces, together with those of the Filipino troops under Aguinaldo, the city of Manila formally surrendered on August 14, 1898, thus closing hostilities between American and Spanish forces in the Orient.

It is sometimes easy for the thoughtless and inexperienced to involve a country in war, but disastrous when they attempt to direct its military forces. In the East the cry was "On to Havana!" as it had been "On to Berlin!" and "On to Richmond!" This became so intense that even the conservative administration was over-persuaded.

On May 8th I was directed to take an army of 70,000 men and capture Havana, and in compliance therewith immediately sent orders in detail directing the movement.

I appreciated in the highest degree the command of an army to invade a foreign country in a just cause, yet, my sense of duty, not only to my country, but to the brave men who composed that army, prompted me to sacrifice every personal consideration and explain to the President the real military conditions, as he had evidently been misinformed. I told him that there were within a short distance of Havana 125,000 Spanish troops with over 100 field guns, besides the 125 heavy guns in strong, fortified positions; that the Spanish troops had approximately 1,000 rounds of ammunition per man; that while I was very anxious to go, and while the morale of the army was most excellent, the most serious difficulty was that there

was not enough ammunition in the country, outside of the amount then being sent to the Philippine Islands, and a small amount required for coast defense, available for an army of 70,000 men to fight one battle, and that our cartridge factories could not manufacture an adequate amount in eight weeks' time; that placing an army in such condition on a foreign island in midsummer, with the possibility of the enemy controlling the seas behind it, would be extremely hazardous; that the policy of storming heavily fortified positions had long since become obsolete, and that strategy was far more advisable than the useless sacrifice of life. Upon this information the President suspended the order, and thereby saved many thousands of lives, and possibly a national disaster, by adopting more judicious measures.

The war was strictly a naval problem at first. Should the Spanish navy prove superior to ours it would sweep the seas, thus rendering it impossible for us to move either to the islands in the Orient or the Caribbean Sea. On the other hand, should our navy prove superior the withdrawal of the Spanish forces from those islands would have been impossible.

The island of Cuba, from 30 to 120 miles wide, and nearly 800 miles long, was occupied by Spanish troops, variously reported from 80,000 to 200,000 strong, contending against Cuban forces under Gomez and Garcia. Porto Rico is an island 3,606 square miles in area, having a population of nearly 1,000,000 people, and was occupied by 17,000 troops, regulars and volunteers, under the Spanish flag. Under these conditions the best policy was following the well-

known principle of cutting the enemy's force in two and overpowering the weaker wing first. Porto Rico and the eastern half of the island of Cuba were the objective points, in my judgment, for the active operations of our army. While I was advocating this I received a cablegram from Europe, signed by Mr. Andrew Carnegie, saying that the Spanish officials were anxious that we should attack Havana, knowing it to be heavily fortified and defensible. In the same despatch that patriotic philanthropist advised the taking of Porto Rico first, for its effect in Europe. I laid this before President McKinley and his Cabinet.

Until the supremacy of the naval forces on the Atlantic was determined, and while our great force of volunteers was being organized and equipped, it was deemed advisable to reinforce the Cuban revolutionists in every way possible, and thousands of rifles and great quantities of ammunition, with military stores, were sent to them by different expeditions, commanded by Lieutenant Crofton, Captain O'Connell, and Lieutenant-Colonel Dorst. In order to promote the *esprit de corps* of the army, I issued the following order May 30, 1898:

HEADQUARTERS OF THE ARMY,
WASHINGTON, D.C., May 30, 1898.

After a prolonged period of peace our army is once more called upon to engage in war in the cause of justice and humanity. To bring the military forces to the highest state of efficiency and most speedily accomplish what is expected should be the earnest effort and call forth the best energy of all its members of whatsoever station.

The laws and regulations which govern military bodies in civilized countries have been developed to their present perfection through the experience of hundreds of years, and

the faithful observance of those laws and regulations is essential to the honor and efficiency of the army.

All authority should be exercised with firmness, equity, and decorum on the part of superiors, and should be respected by implicit obedience and loyal support from subordinates.

Every officer of whatever grade will, so far as may be in his power, guard and preserve the health and welfare of those under his charge. He must labor diligently and zealously to perfect himself and his subordinates in military drill, instruction, and discipline; and above all he must constantly endeavor by precept and example to maintain the highest character, to foster and stimulate that true soldierly spirit and patriotic devotion to duty which must characterize an effective army. The Major-General Commanding confidently trusts that every officer and soldier in the service of the Republic, each in his proper sphere, will contribute his most zealous efforts to the end that the honor and character of the army may be preserved untarnished and its best efforts crowned with success.

This order is given upon a day sacred to the memory of the heroic dead whose services and sacrifices afford us example and inspiration, and it is expected that all will be fully impressed with the sacred duty imposed upon the army by the government of our beloved country.

(Signed) NELSON A. MILES,
Major-General, Commanding.

The reports of conditions of affairs at Tampa, Florida, became such that I determined to take the field in person.

On arriving at Tampa, I found great confusion and the place crowded with an indiscriminate accumulation of supplies and war materials. The confusion was occasioned partly by the want of rail facilities and partly by the system of loading and invoicing war material. The sidetracks of the railroads from the port of Tampa to Columbia, South Carolina, were

blocked with cars and trains, and this caused great difficulty in properly equipping an expedition for effective war service.

Definite information having been received that Cervera's fleet had been inclosed in the harbor of Santiago de Cuba by our navy, and an appeal made by the Navy Department for assistance from the military, the importance of sending an expedition to assist in the capture of Cervera's fleet was appreciated, and every effort made to expedite its embarkation, though the transportation furnished was limited and totally inadequate. Finding that General Shafter was seriously affected by the intense heat, and knowing the importance of the enterprise, I telegraphed for authority to go with the expedition, but the request was unanswered, and the corps under General Shafter was embarked and sailed June 14th. The next day I received the following order, dated, "Washington, D.C., June 15, 1898":

MAJOR-GENERAL MILES, Tampa, Fla.

Important business requires your presence here. Return at once. Answer.

(Signed) R. A. ALGER,
Secretary of War.

A few weeks before two brave young officers, Lieut. A. S. Rowan and Lieut. H. H. Whitney, left Washington to learn the condition of the Spanish military forces in Cuba and Porto Rico. They returned to the army headquarters the last of June, bringing important information. Lieutenant Rowan had reached General Garcia in the eastern

part of Cuba, and on his return was accompanied by two officers of General Garcia's staff, Brig.-Gen. Enrique Collaza and Lieut.-Col. Carlos Hernandez. From them I obtained information concerning the active measures of that very able Cuban general, and after remaining for a short time they were sent back with the following letter, containing five requests that became important orders:

HEADQUARTERS OF THE ARMY,
In the Field, TAMPA, FLA., June 2, 1898.

DEAR GENERAL:—I am very glad to have received your officers, Brig.-Gen. Enrique Collaza and Lieut.-Col. Carlos Hernandez, the latter of whom returns to-night with our best wishes for your success. It would be a very great assistance if you could have as large a force as possible in the vicinity of the harbor of Santiago de Cuba and communicate any information by signals which Colonel Hernandez will explain to you, either to our navy or to our army on its arrival, which we hope will be before many days.

It would also assist us very much if you could drive in and harass any Spanish troops near or in Santiago de Cuba, threatening or attacking them at all points and preventing by every possible means any reinforcements coming to that garrison. While this is being done, and before the arrival of our army, if you can seize and hold any commanding position to the east or west of Santiago de Cuba, or both, that would be advantageous for the use of our artillery, it will be exceedingly gratifying to us.

With great respect and best wishes, I remain,

Very respectfully,
(Signed) NELSON A. MILES,
Major-General, Commanding United States Army.

LIEUTENANT-GENERAL GARCIA,
Cuban Army.

This letter was sent in anticipation of the movement of the command under General Shafter, which

sailed twelve days later. Colonel Hernandez left Key West with it June 2d; General Garcia received it June 6th, and I received his reply by cable June 9th, of which the following is a copy:

Mole St. Nicholas (via Washington),
June 9, 1898.

General Miles,

Commanding United States Army:

Garcia's reply on June 6th to your letter of June 2d:

"Will take measures at once to carry out your recommendation, but concentration of force will require some time. Roads bad and Cubans scattered. Will march without delay. Santiago de Cuba well fortified with advanced intrenchments, but believe good artillery position can be taken. Spanish force approximates 12,000 between Santiago de Cuba and Guantanamo, 3,000 militia. Will maintain a Cuban force near Holguin to prevent sending reinforcements to Santiago."

The above given to me by Admiral Sampson to forward to you.

(Signed) Allen.

Also, the following extract from a cablegram from Admiral Sampson to the Secretary of the Navy, which was repeated to me at Tampa June 12th for my information:

Mole St. Nicholas, Haiti.

General Miles's letter received through Colonel Hernandez on June 6th. Garcia regards his wishes and suggestions as orders, and immediately will take measures to concentrate forces at the points indicated, but he is unable to do so as early as desired on account of his expedition to Banes Port, Cuba, but he will march without delay. All of his subordinates are ordered to assist to disembark the United States troops and to place themselves under orders. Santiago de Cuba well fortified, with advanced intrenchments, but he believes position for artillery can be taken as Miles desires. Approximate twelve thousand (12,000) regular and three thousand (3,000) militia between Santiago and Guantanamo.

EASTERN CUBA
Nuevitas
Jibara
Holguin
12000 Sp.
3000 Cu
Sagua de Tanamo
Baracoa
Manzanillo
3000 Sp.
Bayamo
1000 Cu.
Palma Soriano
Guantanamo
6000 Sp.
2000 Cu.
El Caney
Santiago de Cuba
Siboney
Daiquiri
Cape Cruz
SPANISH TROOPS
CUBAN TROOPS
U S TROOPS

He has sent force in order to prevent aid going to Santiago from Holguin. Repeats every assurance of good will and desires to second plans. SAMPSON.

It will be observed that General Garcia regarded my requests *as his orders* and promptly took steps to execute the plan of operation. He sent 3,000 men to check any movement of the 12,000 Spaniards stationed at Holguin. A portion of this latter force started to the relief of the garrison at Santiago, but was successfully checked and turned back by the Cuban forces under General Feria. General Garcia also sent 2,000 men under Perez to oppose the 6,000 Spaniards at Guantanamo, and they were successful in their object. He also sent 1,000 men under General Rios against the 6,000 men at Manzanillo. Of this garrison, 3,500 men started to reinforce the garrison at Santiago, and were engaged in no less than thirty combats with the Cubans on their way before reaching Santiago, and would have been stopped had General Garcia's request of June 27th, for permission to attack them, been granted. With an additional force of 5,000 men, General Garcia besieged the garrison of Santiago, taking up a strong position on the west side and in close proximity to the harbor, and he afterward received General Shafter and Admiral Sampson at his camp near that place. He had troops in the rear as well as on both sides of the garrison at Santiago before the arrival of our troops. It will thus be seen that the Cuban troops took an active and most important part in that campaign, and are entitled to credit accordingly.

The expedition against Santiago, commanded by

Major-General Shafter, landed at Daiquiri and Siboney June 22d, 23d, and 24th. The true history of the subsequent movements and engagements of the expedition against the garrison of Santiago will be noted in the following communications and reports of commanding officers there engaged.

On July 2d the following despatch was received:

SIBONEY (via Playa del Este),
July 1, 1898.

ADJUTANT-GENERAL'S OFFICE, UNITED STATES ARMY,
Washington, D. C.

Had a very heavy engagement to-day, which lasted from 8 A. M. to sundown. We have carried their outer works and are now in possession of them. There is now about three-quarters of a mile of open country between our lines and the city. By morning troops will be intrenched and considerable augmentation of force will be there. General Lawton's division and General Bates's brigade, which have been engaged all day in carrying El Caney, which was accomplished at 4 P. M., will be in line and in front of Santiago during the night. I regret to say that our casualties will be about 400. Of these not many are killed.

W. H. SHAFTER,
Major-General.

On the next day the following despatch was received:

PLAYA DEL ESTE,
July 3, 1898.

SECRETARY OF WAR,
Washington, D.C.

We have the town well invested on the north and east but with a very thin line. Upon approaching this we find it of such a character and the defenses so strong it will be impossible to carry it by storm with my present force, and I am seriously considering withdrawing about five miles and taking up a new position on the high ground between the Santiago River and Siboney, with our left at Sardinero,

so as to get our supplies, to a large extent, by means of the railroad, which we can use, having engines and cars at Siboney. Our losses up to date will aggregate 1,000, but list has not yet been made; but little sickness outside of exhaustion from intense heat and exertion of the battle of the day before yesterday, and the almost constant fire which is kept up on the trenches. Wagon road to the rear is kept up with some difficulty on account of rains, but I will be able to use it for the present. General Wheeler is seriously ill and will probably have to go to the rear to-day. General Young also very ill, confined to his bed. General Hawkins slightly wounded in foot. During sortie enemy made last night, which was handsomely repulsed, the behavior of the regular troops was magnificent. I am urging Admiral Samson to attempt to force the entrance to the harbor and will have a consultation with him this morning. He is coming to the front to see me. I have been unable to be out during the heat of the day for four days, but am retaining the command. General Garcia reported he holds the railroad from Santiago to San Luis and has burned a bridge and removed some rails; also that General Pando has arrived at Palma and that the French Consul, with about 400 French citizens, came into his lines yesterday from Santiago. Have directed him to treat them with every courtesy possible.

SHAFTER,
Major-General.

On receipt of the above cablegram, President McKinley directed me to go to Santiago and give such orders as might be required for the welfare and success of the army. I cabled the following answer to give encouragement and prevent a retrograde movement:

HEADQUARTERS OF THE ARMY,
WASHINGTON, D.C., July 3, 1898.

GENERAL SHAFTER,
Playa del Este, Cuba.

Accept my hearty congratulations on the record made of magnificent fortitude, gallantry, and sacrifice displayed in the desperate fighting of the troops before Santiago. I real-

ize the hardships, difficulties, and sufferings, and am proud that amid those terrible scenes the troops illustrated such fearless and patriotic devotion to the welfare of our country and flag. Whatever the results to follow their unsurpassed deeds of valor, the past is already a gratifying chapter of history. I expect to be with you within one week with strong reinforcements.

MILES,
Major-General, Commanding.

The following replies were received:

HEADQUARTERS FIFTH ARMY CORPS,
Near Santiago, Playa del Este,
July 4, 1898.

MAJOR-GENERAL NELSON A. MILES,
Commanding the Army of the United States,
Washington, D.C.

I thank you in the name of the gallant men I have the honor to command for splendid tribute of praise which you have accorded them. They bore themselves as American soldiers always have. Your telegram will be published at the head of the regiments in the morning. I feel that I am master of the situation and can hold the enemy for any length of time. I am delighted to know that you are coming that you may see for yourself the obstacles which this army had to overcome. My only regret is the great number of gallant souls who have given their lives for our country's cause.

SHAFTER,
Major-General.

July 4, 1898.

ADJUTANT-GENERAL,
Washington.

If Sampson will force an entrance with all his fleet to the upper Bay of Santiago we can take the place within a few hours. Under these conditions I believe the town will surrender. If the army is to take the place I want 15,000 troops speedily, and it is not certain that they can be landed, as it is getting stormy. Sure and speedy way is through the bay. Am now in position to do my part.

SHAFTER,
Major-General.

The action of the troops and our fleet had rendered the harbor of Santiago untenable for the Spanish fleet. Without adding to the bitter controversy concerning that naval engagement, it is but just to say that Admiral Sampson was entitled to credit for the admirable disposition of the warships. He was also responsible for sending the battleship *Massachusetts* to, and taking his flagship, the *New York*, away from the fleet, and would have been responsible had the absence of those battleships been disastrous to our fleet when the enemy moved out, 9:35 A. M., July 3d. Unfortunately for him, he was absent at Siboney on official duty, and although he endeavored, could not return in time to take important part in the engagement. The remainder of our fleet, however, under the senior officer present, Admiral Schley, with great skill and valor met, fought, pursued, and destroyed the Spanish fleet.

XVI

CAMPAIGNING IN CUBA

BEFORE leaving Washington, it was my purpose to land sufficient force on the west side of the harbor of Santiago and enfilade the enemy's line and take their position in reverse. I left Washington July 7th, reached Columbia, South Carolina, on the 8th, there took a special train to Charleston, arriving in time to board the fast steamer *Yale*, already loaded with 1,500 troops, and, with the steamer *Columbia* accompanying, arrived opposite the entrance of Santiago harbor on the morning of July 11th. The fleet, under command of Admiral Sampson, was then bombarding the Spanish position. Before reaching Santiago, I prepared the following note to Admiral Sampson and forwarded it to him by Captain Wise, commander of the *Yale*, immediately upon our arrival:

HEADQUARTERS OF THE ARMY,
On Board the U.S.S. *Yale*, off Siboney, Cuba,
July 11, 1898.

ADMIRAL SAMPSON,
Commanding United States Fleet.

SIR:—I desire to land troops from the *Yale*, *Columbia*, and *Duchesse* to the west of the Bay of Santiago Harbor and follow it up with additional troops, moving east against the Spanish troops defending Santiago on the west. I will be glad if you can designate the most available point for dis-

embarking the troops and render all the assistance practicable to the troops as they move east.

Very respectfully,

(Signed) NELSON A. MILES,
Major-General, Commanding.

Admiral Sampson immediately came on board the *Yale*. I explained to him the purpose of my presence and told him that I desired the co-operation of the navy in the plan above stated. He cordially acquiesced in the plan and offered every assistance of his fleet to cover the debarkation of the troops, and also to enfilade the Spanish position with the guns of the ships. When this arrangement had been concluded I went on shore and opened communication with General Shafter. I asked him if he had sufficient troops on the east side of the harbor of Santiago to maintain his position, and he replied that he had. I then gave directions to General Garretson to disembark all the troops on the transports whenever he should receive orders. Having made all arrangements for assault, I determined to give the Spanish general an opportunity to surrender and avoid, if possible, the useless sacrifice of life.

On the following morning I rode from Siboney to the headquarters of General Shafter. After consulting with him, he sent, by my direction, a communication to General Toral, saying that the commanding general of the American army had arrived in his camp with reinforcements, and that we desired to meet him between the lines at any time agreeable to him. He replied that he would see us at twelve o'clock the following day. That evening I became

THE MEETING OF THE GENERALS TO ARRANGE THE SURRENDER AT SANTIAGO DE CUBA

apprised of the fact that negotiations regarding a surrender had been pending between the commanding general and the Spanish commander, but no definite conclusions had been reached. Before leaving Washington I was aware of the fact that yellow fever had developed among our troops, and by this time learned that it had spread so rapidly that there were over a hundred cases, and the medical officers were undecided as to the extent to which it might cripple the command. This was the most serious feature of the situation, and impressed me with the importance of prompt action, and I so informed the authorities by cable, suggesting that it was a case where discretionary authority should be granted.

At the appointed time, accompanied by Brig.-Gen. J. C. Gilmore and Lieut.-Col. Marion P. Maus, of my staff; Maj.-Gen. Shafter, two of his staff officers, and Major-General Wheeler and Lieutenant Wheeler, I met the Spanish General Toral with two of his staff officers and an interpreter. After some conversation between General Toral and General Shafter, I informed General Toral distinctly that I had left Washington six days before; that it was then the determination of our government that this portion of the Spanish army must either be destroyed or captured; that I was there with sufficient force to accomplish that object; and that if this was not the case any number of troops would be brought there as fast as steamers could carry them, if it took 50,000 men. I told him that we offered him liberal terms—namely, to return his troops to Spain. He said that under the Spanish law he was not permitted to surrender as long as he

had ammunition and food, and that he must maintain the honor of the Spanish arms. My reply was that he had already accomplished that; that he must now surrender or take the consequences, and that I would give him until daylight the following morning to decide. He appealed for a longer time, saying that it was impossible for him to communicate with his superiors, and upon his request I granted him until twelve o'clock noon.

After thoroughly examining the entire position and riding along the trenches from right to left, I returned to General Shafter's headquarters. Before reaching that point I received the following cablegram from Washington in reply to mine of the evening before:

WASHINGTON, D.C. (Received at 2:45 P. M.),
July 13, 1898.

MAJOR-GENERAL MILES:

You may accept surrender by granting parole to officers and men, the officers retaining their side-arms. The officers and men after parole to return to Spain, the United States assisting. If not accepted, then assault, unless in your judgment an assault would fail. Consult with Sampson and pursue such course as to the assault as you jointly agree upon. Matter should be settled promptly.

R. A. ALGER,
Secretary of War.

This left the matter entirely at my discretion—to accept surrender, order an assault, or withhold the same. I sent the following telegram to Admiral Sampson, again requesting him to be ready to cover landing of the troops in accordance with our previous arrangement, and fixing the time at twelve o'clock the following day:

HEADQUARTERS FIFTH ARMY CORPS,
Camp near Santiago de Cuba,
July 13, 1898.

ADMIRAL W. T. SAMPSON,
Commanding the United States Naval Forces,
North Atlantic Squadron.

SIR:—Please have General Henry's command now on *Yale*, *Columbia*, and *Duchesse* ready to disembark at noon to-morrow at Cabanas. Telegraph notification will be sent you at flag station; also at Siboney when to commence the debarkation.

Very respectfully,
NELSON A. MILES,
Major-General, Commanding the United States Army.

I also sent the following cablegram to General Henry, who had reported for duty and was the senior in command of all the infantry and artillery then on board the transports:

HEADQUARTERS OF THE ARMY,
Camp near Santiago,
July 13, 1898.

GENERAL HENRY,
Commanding Division.

Have asked Admiral Sampson to be prepared to cover your debarkation at Cabanas to-morrow after twelve noon, in case Spaniards do not surrender. Notification will be sent to him by telegraph and signals when our troops should go ashore. Make the best use of your troops against the Spanish troops. Avoid surprise and exposing your troops to artillery fire.

MILES, *Commanding.*

On the morning of July 14th, Admiral Sampson's fleet was in position to cover the landing of the troops from the transports, which were in the rear and in close proximity to the small harbor of Cabanas, about two and a half miles west from the entrance of the

harbor of Santiago. The ground between the harbor of Cabanas and the right flank of General Shafter's command on the north side of the Bay of Santiago, a distance of between six and seven miles, had been occupied by a small force of Cuban troops, and it was my purpose to occupy this ground with a strong body of infantry and with some twenty-four pieces of artillery, where the latter could easily reach Morro Castle, as well as enfilade the Spanish lines in front of General Lawton's division. The Spanish commander was well aware of our designs, as the position and movements of the fleet had been in full view of the officers commanding his troops, and they reported to him having seen fifty-seven vessels, some of them loaded with troops, menacing that part of his position.

Before the time, 12 o'clock on July 14th, I received the following letter from General Toral:

SANTIAGO DE CUBA,
July 14, 1898.

HONORED SIR:—His Excellency the General-in-Chief of the Army of the Island of Cuba telegraphed from Havana yesterday at 7 P.M. the following:

"Believing the business of such importance as the capitulation of that place should be known and decided by the government of His Majesty, I give you notice that I have sent the conditions of your telegram, asking an immediate answer and enabling you also to show this to the General of the American Army to see if he will agree to await the answer of the Government, which cannot be as soon as the time which he has decided, as communications by way of Bermuda are more slow than by Key West. In the mean time Your Honor and the General of the American Army may agree upon capitulation on the basis of repatriation (returning to Spain)."

I have the honor to transmit this to you, in case you may consider the foregoing satisfactory, that we may designate persons in representation of yourself, who, with those in my name, agree to clauses of the capitulation upon the basis of the return to Spain, accepted already in the beginning by the General-in-Chief of this army.

Awaiting a reply, I am

Very respectfully, your servant,

José Toral, etc.

General-in-Chief of the
American Forces.

On meeting General Toral by appointment at 12 o'clock that day, under a flag of truce at the same place as before, he stated that he was prepared to surrender his command, and that such action was approved by Captain-General Blanco, who had authorized him to appoint commissioners to agree upon the clauses of capitulation, which he was prepared to do, but that before final action it was proper that the government at Madrid should know and approve what was done. He said, however, that he was sure that the government would not fail to endorse his action. His manner was so sincere and the language of General Blanco so positive that I felt no hesitation in accepting it in good faith and stated that we would accept the surrender, under the condition that the Spanish troops should be repatriated by the United States. General Toral stated that he would surrender all the troops in the Department of Santiago de Cuba, many of them from seventy to one hundred miles distant. This, to me, was a pleasant surprise. I regarded the surrender as an accomplished fact, and sent the following telegram:

HEADQUARTERS CAVALRY DIVISION,
Before Santiago de Cuba,
July 14, 1898, 12:55 P. M.

THE SECRETARY OF WAR,
Washington, D.C.

General Toral formally surrendered the troops of his army corps and division of Santiago on the terms and understanding that his troops would be returned to Spain. General Shafter will appoint commissioners to draw up conditions of arrangement for carrying out the terms of surrender. This is very gratifying, and General Shafter and the officers and men of his command are entitled to great credit for their tenacity, fortitude, and in overcoming almost insurmountable obstacles which they have encountered. A portion of the army has been infected with yellow fever, and efforts will be made to separate those who are infected and those who are free from it, and to keep those which are still on board ship separated from those on shore. Arrangements will be made immediately for carrying out the further instructions of the President and yourself.

MILES,
Major-General, Commanding the Army.

and informed General Shafter that the commissioners could be appointed in his name. I directed him to name Generals Lawton and Wheeler, and informed him that he could also be one of the number, but he appointed his staff officer instead, Lieutenant Miley, a very able and gallant officer.

After learning the real condition of our troops and their urgent necessities, I gave the following instructions:

HEADQUARTERS CAVALRY DIVISION,
Before Santiago, Cuba,
July 14, 1898.

GENERAL SHAFTER.

SIR:—The Spanish army having surrendered, the terms of capitulation will be carried into effect with as little delay as

practicable, on the understanding that these troops be returned to Spain at the expense of the United States. You will, with as little delay as practicable, place such troops as are not infected with yellow fever in separate camps, and as soon as practicable report the number that will be available for service with another expedition. These organizations which have been infected with yellow fever will have every effort made to improve their sanitary condition and to check the spread of the disease by placing them in as healthy camps as possible. Respectfully,

NELSON A. MILES,
Major-General, Commanding the Army.

The actual surrender occurred on the 14th, but the formal and more spectacular surrender did not occur until the 17th.

I returned without delay to Siboney. While en route I became fully apprised of the condition of the troops in the fever hospitals, and realized the great importance of immediate action to avoid the danger threatening the whole command. I had already, on the 11th of July, directed the destruction of the infected habitations at Siboney and other places, and now ordered the Twenty-fourth Regiment of the United States Infantry to the yellow fever hospitals to police the grounds, nurse the sick, and bury the dead, that entire regiment of colored troops having *volunteered* to serve in the infected hospitals. I moved all the troops then on board the transports to Guantanamo.

There was some delay in the final arrangement for the removal of the Spanish troops, owing to the non-agreement at first between the two commissions as to the disposition of the small arms; but it was finally settled by leaving it to the decision of our govern-

ment, upon the recommendation of our commissioners, that they should be sent to Spain with the troops.

My chief desire, after being sure of the surrender of the garrison at Santiago, was to relieve our troops as speedily as possible by getting them away from the trenches and malarial grounds upon which they were encamped, and orders were sent accordingly. In reply to one the following was received:

SIBONEY, July 17, 1898, 8:48 P. M.
(Received July 18, 1898.)

GENERAL MILES,
On Board *Yale:*

Letters and orders in reference to movement of camp received and will be carried out. None is more anxious than myself to get away from here. It seems, from your orders given me, that you regard my force as a part of your command. Nothing would give me greater pleasure than serving under you, General, and I shall comply with all your requests and directions, but I was told by the Secretary that you were not to supersede me in command here. I will furnish the information called for as to the condition of the command to Gilmore, Adjutant General, Army Headquarters. SHAFTER, *Major-General.*

No such order about superseding was ever given to me. The following answer was sent:

HEADQUARTERS OF THE ARMY,
Playa del Este, July 18, 1898.

GENERAL SHAFTER:

Telegram received. Have no desire and have carefully avoided any appearance of superseding you. Your command is a part of the United States Army, which I have had the honor to command, having been duly assigned thereto, and directed by the President to go wherever I thought my presence required and give such general directions as I thought best concerning military matters, and especially

directed to go to Santiago for a specific purpose. You will also notice that the order of the Secretary of War of July 13th left the matter to my discretion. I should regret that any event would cause either yourself or any of your command to cease to be a part of mine.

Very truly yours,

NELSON A. MILES,

Major-General, Commanding the United States Army.

XVII

THE CAPTURE OF PORTO RICO

I WAS anxious to proceed as quickly as possible to the island of Porto Rico, and so cabled the authorities at Washington. After some delay authority was granted, and I started from Guantanamo on July 21st, with 3,415 infantry and artillery, together with two companies of engineers and one company of the Signal Corps, on nine transports, convoyed by Captain Higginson's fleet, consisting of the battleship *Massachusetts* (flagship) and two smaller vessels. The *Yale* and *Columbia* were armed ships, but, being loaded with troops, they were practically only available as transports. The above number included the men who were sick, of which there were nearly 100, which reduced our effective force to about 3,300 men, and with that number I moved to the island of Porto Rico, at that time occupied by 8,233 Spanish regulars and 9,107 volunteers.

I had discretionary authority, and as Point Fajardo was suggested by the naval officers as a suitable place for landing, I at first intended to disembark there, and so reported to the government.

For several days I had been anxiously looking for the arrival of tugs, launches, and lighters that had been ordered from Santiago, Washington, and Tampa,

but none arrived prior to our departure, although I still hoped to meet them as we moved east through the Windward Passage, but none appeared. As all cablegrams concerning our landing-place had passed through foreign cables, and as it was important to deceive the enemy (who, I afterward learned, was then marching to and entrenching the ground we had expected to occupy at Point Fajardo), the question of successfully disembarking the command became a serious one. I finally determined to find a safe harbor and capture from the enemy the necessary appliances for disembarking. So much publicity had been given the enterprise that I decided to do what the enemy least expected, and instead of going to or making a demonstration at Point Fajardo, I decided to go direct to Guanica.

We arrived off that point near daylight on July 25th, and the harbor was entered without opposition. The guns of the *Gloucester*, Commander Wainwright commanding, fired several shots at some Spanish troops on shore. The landing of the marines, sailors, and our troops immediately commenced, and after a short skirmish the Spanish troops were driven from the place. The flag of the United States was raised on the island by my staff officers, General Gilmore and Colonels Maus, Gaskill, Black, and Whitney, making a base of cartridge boxes, and while the officers were distributing cartridges to the brave soldiers the Stars and Stripes were waving the sovereignty of our great Republic.

In this movement, as in subsequent ones, I was ably and cordially assisted by the Navy, which ren-

dered valuable aid in disembarking the troops and supplies from the transports, using their steam launches to tow the captured lighters loaded with men and animals from the transports to the shore. Ten lighters were captured at Guanica and seventy at Ponce.

In the subsequent military operations in the interior I found Lieutenant Whitney's knowledge of the country and the information gained by him in his perilous journey through Porto Rico to be in every respect accurate and valuable.

At daylight on the 26th of July, with six companies of the 6th Massachusetts and one of the 6th Illinois Infantry, under command of Brigadier-General Garretson, an attack was made upon a strong force of Spaniards near Yauco, and after a spirited and decisive engagement the enemy was defeated and driven back, giving us possession of the railroads and the highways to the city of Ponce, and leaving them open for the march of General Henry's command to that place.

On the 27th of July Maj.-Gen. James H. Wilson arrived in the harbor of Guanica with General Ernst's brigade. The same day Commander Davis, of the *Dixie*, entered the port of Ponce and found that it was neither fortified nor mined. The next morning the fleet and transports with General Wilson's command was moved to the harbor of Ponce a distance of twenty miles, and we took formal possession of the city and adjacent country, the Spanish troops withdrawing on the military road to San Juan, and our troops being pushed well forward in that direction. In the mean time General Henry's command had been directed to move to Ponce, where he arrived shortly

afterward, joining General Wilson's command. The cable line was soon opened by Colonel Allen and the telegraph system quickly re-established by Major Reber.

Before landing I was aware of the fact that there existed considerable disaffection among the people in the southern portion of the island, and as our force was so much inferior to the Spanish I deemed it advisable, if possible, to encourage this feeling, and also to impress the people of the island with the good intentions of the American forces.

The day following the spirited engagements at Guanica and Yauco the villagers who had fled during the affairs came back. Among the number who crowded about our horses as we sat watching the movements of the troops and the return of the excited villagers, was a tall, slender, black-eyed, venerable looking Porto Rican, whom I observed coming close up to my horse. Looking me full in the face with the most intense earnestness, he attracted my attention. I spoke to him kindly and asked him what he wanted. He said, in good English, "Is this General Miles?" and he repeated the question after being answered in the affirmative. I reassured him of the fact, when he took, and handed to me, a letter which had been sewed inside of his shirt, written on fine French note-paper in the Spanish language, the translation of which is as follows:

To the Chief of Operations of the Invading Army of the American Union

Citizen:

Not knowing exactly how I ought to guide myself in entering into a direct communication with your camp, I direct this to the Chief of Operations to express to you my

duty in these historical moments, and trust in the power of a strong conscience and in the valor of arms as they pertain to the great issues of liberty and of patriotism in this island. An absolute military censorship shuts out from the city the means of obtaining the news, and I wish that you and your companions may know the true feeling of our municipality. Here we wait with impatience American occupation that comes to break the chain that has been forged constantly during four centuries of infamous spoliation, of torpid despotism and shameful moral slavery. When the prows of the American ships entered the waters of the coast of Guanica to bear to this country political revolution, great confidence was born again; again was awakened the ideal of sleeping patriotism in our consciences, and the lullaby of perfidious promises which have never been fulfilled. An entire city, with the exception of those who live under the shadow of pretense and official immunity, is prepared to solemnize the glorious triumph of civilization and offers its blood as a holocaust to such a grand proposition. Let this message bear to you notice that our municipal conscience does not sleep and wait. Here you can count on the great masses who are prepared to second your gigantic strength. All the districts of this jurisdiction are prepared for combat. The districts of the city are also prepared. Men of intrepid heart surround me, ready for the struggle. The only thing that prevents the manifestation of unity is the absolute need of the elements of war. On the other hand, we have already driven from the town the eternal enemies of the rights of Porto Ricans. I do not wish to impose upon my ideas of patriotism the grave responsibility of directing my men upon the enemy without capacity to maintain the struggle. In this moment of activity may this communication serve to dispose you to embrace an opportunity to utilize the services that I offer. Before closing I wish to warn you that at the entrance of this city, on the roads of Adjuntas and Canas, the Spanish government is actively engaged in constructing several trenches to foolishly obstruct the march of the army of liberty, and they are concealing themselves in the small neighboring hills and difficult passes in the cañons in order to carry out this resistance.

With many wishes for your health and much appreciation of the great triumph of America, I am

Your humble servant,

(Signed) FELIX MATO BERNIER.

July 26, 1898. (Ponce, P. R.)

The above illustrates the sentiment of the people of Porto Rico, as well as the splendid patriotism and courage that would prompt a man to write such a letter and send it through the Spanish lines, knowing that death, if not torture, awaited him and the messenger that conveyed it in case of discovery. In fact, the atrocities that had been perpetrated upon men holding such sentiments would better have become the tyrants of the dark ages than of the nineteenth century. To such a people it was my pleasure to issue the following proclamation:

HEADQUARTERS OF THE ARMY OF THE UNITED STATES,
PONCE, PORTO RICO, July 28, 1898.

TO THE INHABITANTS OF PORTO RICO:

In the prosecution of the war against the Kingdom of Spain by the people of the United States, in the cause of liberty, justice, and humanity, its military forces have come to occupy the Island of Porto Rico. They come bearing the banner of Freedom, inspired by a noble purpose to seek the enemies of our country and yours, and to destroy or capture all who are in armed resistance. They bring you the fostering arm of a nation of free people, whose greatest power is in its justice and humanity to all those living within its folds. Hence the first effect of this occupation will be the immediate release from your former political relations, and it is hoped a cheerful acceptance of the government of the United States.

The chief object of the American military forces will be to overthrow the armed authority of Spain and to give to the people of your beautiful island the largest measure of liberty consistent with this military occupation. We have

not come to make war upon the people of a country that for centuries has been oppressed, but, on the contrary, to bring protection, not only to yourselves but to your property, to promote your prosperity and bestow upon you the immunities and blessings of the liberal institutions of our government. It is not our purpose to interfere with any existing laws and customs that are wholesome and beneficial to your people, so long as they conform to the rules of military administration of law and justice.

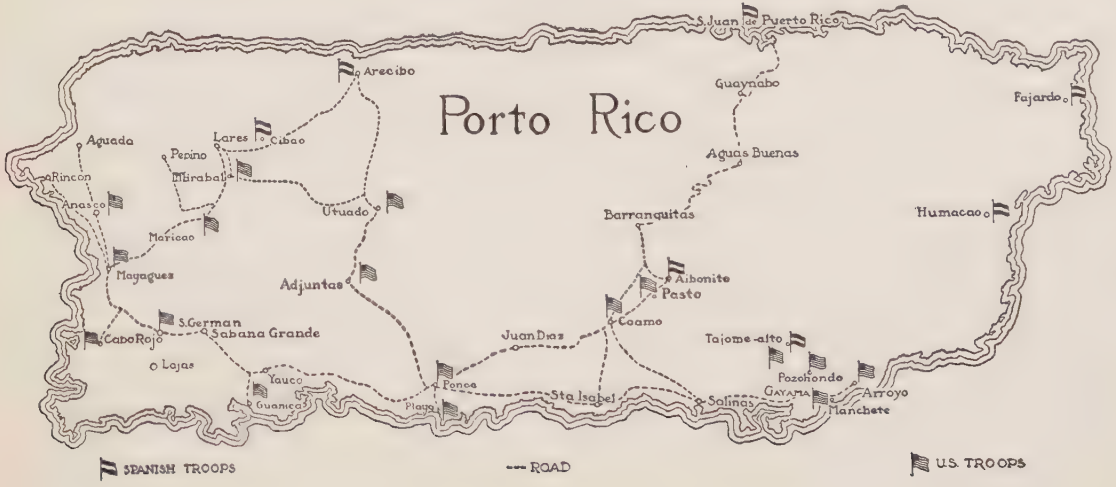
This is not a war of devastation, but one to give to all within the control of its military and naval forces the advantages and blessings of enlightened civilization.

(Signed) NELSON A. MILES,
Major-General, Commanding United States Army.

Reinforcements arrived under command of Generals Brooke, Haines, and Schwan. The latter with his command made a very spirited and successful campaign against the scattered Spanish forces on the western portion of the island, while the troops under General Wilson captured or routed the Spanish troops in the central portion of the island. In this the Pennsylvania regiment of Colonel Hulings was conspicuous at Coamo, while the troops under Generals Brooke, Ernst, and Haines were actively engaged with or pursuing the enemy at the time the protocol was signed and orders received to suspend military operations.

The Spanish troops had been defeated or captured in six different engagements, and driven from every position they had occupied up to that time. Only 6,343 of our troops had been actually engaged, but they had inflicted a loss upon the enemy, in killed, wounded, and captured, of ten times their own losses, and success was the result of the strategy and skil-

SPANIARDS SURPRISED AND CAPTURED BY COLONEL HULING'S REGIMENT NEAR COAMO,


Porto Rico
S. Juan de Puerto Rico
Arecibo
Guaynabo
Fajardo
Aguada
Lares
Cibao
Aguas Buenas
Rincon
Mirabal
Anasco
Utuado
Barranquitas
Humacao
Moricao
Mayaguez
Adjuntas
Aibonito
Pasto
S. German
Cabo Rojo
Sabana Grande
Juan Diaz
Coamo
Tajome-alto
Lajas
Yauco
Ponce
Pozohondo
Guanica
Sta Isabel
Salinas
Gayama
Arroyo
Playa
Manchete
SPANISH TROOPS
--- ROAD
U.S. TROOPS

ful tactics of the generals and the splendid discipline and valor of the troops.

At the time the protocol was signed our troops were engaged in actual fighting in Porto Rico and the Philippine Islands, 12,500 miles apart, under similar conditions. At the same time preparations were in an advanced stage of progress for a demonstration on the Spanish coast and the islands of Spain in the Mediterranean as well as in the Atlantic, and hostilities would have been soon opened there had not the terms of peace been agreed upon.

The achievements of our army, notwithstanding the embarrassments of its limited equipment and transportation and the scandal of its corrupt food supply, were successful to a marked and unprecedented degree. In one hundred days it had added a chapter of glory to our history. The sons of the North, South, East, and West in one common cause for humanity had exhibited patriotism, heroism, and fortitude of the highest degree.

The Spanish War was unique in many respects. The campaign had been aggressive from start to finish. Not a single reverse or disaster occurred. Not a single soldier, gun, color, nor an inch of ground was captured by the enemy, which is unusual in the history of wars. Twelve millions of people had been liberated from despotism in the sunlight of liberty and independence.

After the capture of Porto Rico I returned to my headquarters at Washington, as important military duties seemed to require my presence there. The government had nearly three hundred thousand men

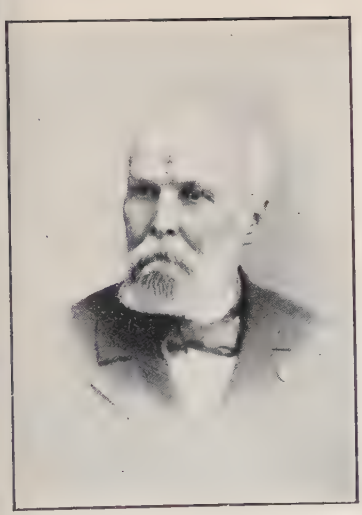
in service, and no enemy to oppose. I regarded it as of the first importance that this large force should be disbanded and the great expense to the government discontinued with the least possible delay. I believed that the retention of a large military force was inadvisable, certainly after the protocol was signed and the treaty of peace confirmed between the two countries. I shall always regret that I did not go immediately to the Philippine Islands, as I have always believed that from my experience in other campaigns, and with other people under similar conditions I could have prevented any serious controversy and certainly hostilities between the military forces of the United States and the millions of people of the archipelago. The people of the Philippine Islands had suffered the oppression of foreign rule for three hundred years, and were entitled to the sympathy of the world. With heroic efforts they had contended against their oppressors; they had produced statesmen and patriots of the highest order. Such men as José Rizal and Mabine will ever render the history of their race immortal. They had formed a government and framed a constitution copied after our own. They had treated the thousands of prisoners they had captured so humanely that the Spanish government rewarded Aguinaldo with high honors.

XVIII

THE CLOSE OF ACTIVE SERVICE

IN June, 1900, we were enabled to send a division of troops to Tientsin and Peking, during what was known as the Boxer trouble, in concert with other governments, to re-establish order and to protect our officials and American interests. It is gratifying to know that this division, in point of efficiency and transportation equipment, was far superior to the best European troops engaged in that campaign.

In 1902 I visited officially the Pacific Coast, thoroughly examining and inspecting all the coast fortifications, and sailed from the Golden Gate on November 1st, arriving at Honolulu, where I inspected the troops and the military conditions. From there I went to the island of Guam and made an inspection of that place. There I found Mabine, formerly Secretary of State of the Philippine Republic, under a double guard of sentinels. He was brought out from his prison room in a man's arms and placed in a chair—emaciated, crippled, paralyzed below the waist, yet mentally a giant. He spoke with great feeling of the misfortune of his country and the oppression of his race. He said that he "did not know why he was kept a prisoner on a remote island; that he could do the United States no harm, and that



GEN. IÑIGUEZ CALIXTÓ GARCIA

FELIX MATO BERNIER

EMILIO AQUINALDO

APOLINARIO MABINI

CUBAN, PORTO RICAN, AND PHILIPINO PATRIOTS

the tomb was not afar." He had a benevolent face and an intellectual head, not unlike Abraham Lincoln's. I urged his release, but was not able to effect it until my return to Washington. Senator Hoar, in speaking of this man, said that his writings and public documents would compare favorably with those of Thomas Jefferson.

In the Philippine Islands I found the condition of the troops excellent, as far as discipline and equipment was concerned, but the intense heat was very severe upon all in the military service. I visited all the military stations of the archipelago. I received a number of complaints of unauthorized and unwarranted acts of the military toward prisoners in their hands in order to obtain information concerning arms, numbers, and disposition of the Filipino troops, and I issued rigid orders prohibiting such unjustifiable acts. I would rather that any official act of my life might be erased than to have omitted discharging a duty that was prompted by a sense of justice and humanity, to preserve the good name of our army.

The Filipinos are a quiet, industrious, polite people. Many of the better class are college bred; and as for their qualifications for self-government, they have furnished men in great numbers to exercise the duties of civil government in all the various positions from Secretary of State, judges, governors of the principalities, presidents of the municipal governments, down to the more subordinate positions, both before and since our occupation, and in my judgment the sooner we allow them to establish a government that would be for their benefit as well as ours, both in

close diplomatic and commercial interests, the sooner we will have the glory of having established the first republic in the Orient.

From the Philippine Islands I went to Hong-Kong and Canton, China, and thence to Japan. From Nagasaki I went to Port Arthur, where I was received by Admiral Alexeieff, commanding the Russian military and naval forces. He stated that he had at that time eighty thousand men under his command, and from my conversation with the Russian officers I concluded that they were anticipating war with Japan. From there I went to Tientsin and Peking, where I was granted an audience by the Empress Dowager, whom I found a most interesting character and one of the remarkable sovereigns of the world. During her reign she had brought about many reforms, such as the prohibition of torture, the discouragement of the importation of opium, measures for a constitutional government and a parliament, and for the encouragement of education.

On leaving Peking I passed over northern China, Manchuria, via the Trans-Siberian Road to Moscow and St. Petersburg. The journey in midwinter was one of the most interesting of my life, as it enabled me to compare that sparsely settled, vast area of country with our Western country. It is much greater in extent, better timbered, well watered, with an abundance of natural resources, very little mountainous country, and the zone passed over would compare favorably, as far as climate is concerned, with our own temperate or middle zone. At St. Petersburg, in a conversation with the War Minister of the Russian Em-

pire, he informed me that the army was then composed of 1,700,000, and with their reserves they could increase their strength to 4,000,000. They were evidently anticipating war with Japan, but at no time during that war did they utilize any great portion of their military power.

On arriving at Paris, I received an invitation to visit Windsor Castle, England, and was the guest of King Edward, whom I had met before, and whom I regarded as one of the strongest as well as one of the most gracious sovereigns of the world.

I returned to Washington on the 1st of February, 1903.

Our army being governed not only by statute laws and regulations approved by Congress, but by a code of honor that requires all to maintain it at the highest degree of excellence in action and deportment, I issued a general order, defining certain maxims and principles under the captions of Patriotism, Discipline, Physical Development, Self-Respect, Self-Reliance, Resourcefulness, and Professional Knowledge. These maxims and principles were subsequently published and adopted in some of the European armies.

Army life had its advantages, amusements, trials, and tragedies, with hopes and ambitions, varied scenes, and, as General Sherman expressed it, "eternal adieus."

In retiring from the active duties of the service I published the following order to the army, which I held in the highest regard, and to the service of which I was devoted:

General Orders, No. 116. Headquarters of the Army, Washington, August 5, 1903.

In accordance with the provisions of the act of Congress of June 30, 1882, the undersigned will retire from the active service August 8, 1903.

In relinquishing the command of the Army of the United States, to which he was assigned by the President October 2, 1895, he hereby acknowledges his appreciation of the fidelity manifested by the officers and soldiers during the past eventful years.

To those who were his companions and associates during one of the greatest of all wars he takes pleasure in expressing his gratification that they have lived through the trials and dangers of long service to witness the results of their fortitude, heroism, and unselfish devotion to the welfare of their country. They have also in a most commendable manner exemplified to the younger generation of soldiers those principles of discipline and patriotism which make the Army the protector and defender, and never the menace, of the nation and its liberties.

The time and occasion are considered opportune for expressing to the Army a few thoughts concerning its past and that which may affect its future welfare. It is from the best impressions and influences of the past that the most desirable results may be realized in the future.

Unswerving devotion to our government and the principles upon which it was established and has been maintained is essential to the efficiency of the national forces, and especially is this so in a democratic government where the individual, in order to be a perfect soldier, must first be a true citizen. The boast that every soldier of a great nation carried a marshal's baton in his knapsack is in a higher sense more than equaled in significance by the fact that every American soldier personifies sovereign citizenship and may by his own conduct exemplify impartial justice to those who have never experienced it, and the results of the highest liberty to those who have been strangers to it, thereby aiding to secure for his country a moral influence not otherwise attainable.

During the darkest hour of our history the first commander of the American forces demonstrated the grandeur and no-

bility of his character by combating the evil influences then pervading the Army and by manifesting the strongest confidence and faith in the ultimate justice and integrity of his government. His words of wisdom uttered at Newburg one hundred and twenty years ago had the effect of inspiring "unexampled patriotism and patient virtue, rising superior to the pressure of the most complicated sufferings." It is one of the glories of our country that the Army has maintained those principles for more than a century.

The commanders of the Army succeeding Washington have by their example, influence, and orders engendered and maintained the highest degree of efficiency, discipline, and patriotism.

Since its organization the Army has been charged with a great variety of responsibilities, all subordinate to defending the country and maintaining the rights of its citizens.

In the discharge of its manifold duties the Army has confronted enemies representing every stage of human development from the highest civilization yet obtained to savagery and barbarism. It has ever been its duty to observe in war those chivalric and humane principles by which inevitable horrors are so greatly mitigated, while by unyielding prosecution of warfare against armed forces its valor has been demonstrated.

All honorable activity and life for the Army must exist within the well-defined lines of patriotism, untarnished honor, sterling integrity, impartial justice, obedience to rightful authority, and incessant warfare against armed enemies. Always to maintain truth, honor, and justice requires the highest moral courage, and is equally as important as fortitude in battle. Drill, discipline, and instruction are but preparatory for the perfection and efficiency of an army.

The events of recent years have placed upon the Army a new obligation and an opportunity for a broader exemplification of its country's principles. The United States Army is now brought into daily communication with millions of people to whom its individual members of every grade are the exponents of American civilization. A serious duty and a great honor are now presented to every officer and soldier—namely, to exemplify to those with whom he comes in contact our country's principles of equal and exact justice,

immunity from violence, equality before the law, and the peaceful use and possession of his own.

Marked changes at different times have occurred in the strength and organization of the Army, resulting from diverse influences, and various experiments have been tried. Time has rectified errors in the past, and will do so in the future. The Lieutenant-General has faith that under all circumstances the Army will maintain its high character, and that its future will be as honorable and glorious as has been its history in the past. His earnest solicitude and best wishes will ever follow the fortunes of the Army.

NELSON A. MILES,
Lieutenant-General, Commanding.

To serve such a Republic as ours has been not only a sacred duty but also a most enjoyable life-work. Every patriot should be grateful to have an opportunity to contribute, even in a humble way, something toward the preservation of the government handed down to us by the fathers, and something toward the maintenance of its institutions. To know that we are identified with and belong to the best, the purest, and the mightiest Republic of the world's history, to see it hold its place among the nations of the earth as immovable as a giant mountain defying the storms and tempests that beat upon it from without and the turmoil and convulsions from within, is a sublime inspiration. It has been most gratifying to serve that government when it was fighting for its self-preservation, when it was maintaining law and order against violence and barbarism, when it was protecting the defenseless and aiding other races and peoples in their struggles for freedom and independence. I have seen not only the heroic fortitude and sacrifice of comrades in the military service, but also

many splendid examples of moral courage and patriotism on the part of citizens of our beloved country.

While the maintenance of an efficient physical force, adequate in number with the magnitude and development of our country, is the imperative duty of the nation, I shall rejoice to see the dawning of the day when the war drums shall throb no longer, when useless wars for the gratification of people's avarice and man's selfish ambition shall be no more. The duty of every patriotic citizen is ever constant and imperative, and never more urgent than at the present time. To wage relentless war against intrigues and hypocrisies of political dictators and demagogues and to destroy every combination of influence and power at variance with the theory of our Constitution or menacing the welfare of our people is the sovereign duty of all. The responsibilities and duties of every citizen are of the highest importance and must continue until all the evils of the municipality, State, and nation shall have disappeared in order that our institutions may be preserved in all their munificence and purity.

APPENDIX A

OUR UNWATERED EMPIRE

By Brig.-Gen. Nelson A. Miles

[From the *North American Review* of March, 1890.]

THOSE pioneers of American civilization who had the fortitude and enterprise to cross the Atlantic and plant their colonies upon the inhospitable shores of this continent in order that they might be free from the tyranny of monarchical governments and better exercise the rights and privileges of independent life; who for generations contended against a savage foe, felling the forest, clearing and cultivating the fields to obtain sustenance for themselves and their families, and who early established institutions of learning for the benefit of all classes, and eventually inaugurated and established a most perfect system of government, must of necessity have had within themselves the heroic elements of character which have made people great and pre-eminent in all ages of the world.

Possibly if there is one moral influence that has contributed more to the success of that people during the past three hundred years than any other, or which will warrant their prosperity and perpetuity in the future, it is the home life of the settlers of this country. Nothing could be more beautiful and sacred than the traditions, memories, and influences that are embraced in that one word, "home"; and immeasurably is this the fact when it is blessed with the assurance of independence and competence which characterize the homes of our country. Loyalty to American institutions is assured by the bonds of citizenship, and the actual ownership of that blessed portion of earth, however humble it may be, that can be called an American home. The simplicity and purity of

such a life is one of the glories of our country. The free air of heaven inspires pure thoughts and noble actions, industry without avarice, luxury without intemperance, economy blended with charity and generosity; and it is these associations and surroundings that have contributed to our physical and moral worth as a people and a nation.

In contradistinction is that unfortunate class of people who have sought this country either for a place of refuge or an asylum, crowding our cities and towns, inhabiting the alleys, breathing foul air, and living upon limited and unwholesome food, their idea of life contaminated even beneath its natural sphere by the associations and influences constantly before them and surrounding them. Hence, any measure that our government can adopt that will, in the main, promote the general good of the people, by which the true American character and spirit can be sustained and encouraged, is indeed worthy of careful consideration.

As we review the acts of our government for the public good, prominent among which appear the improvements to our great natural water-courses and harbors for the welfare and benefit of commerce, and the interchange of products of our country for those of others, although there may have been unwise discrimination used in such appropriations, yet, in the main, they have undoubtedly been of national benefit. The Homestead Act, by which the vast public domain has been surveyed and subdivided into small tracts and placed within the reach of an industrious people, is, perhaps, the most judicious single act of which our government can boast. Next in importance may be mentioned the Pre-emption Act, similar in effect and with results as far-reaching and beneficial. The Timber-Culture Act is another, and one of more benefit than most people realize, for the rapid destruction of our forests must in a few years produce a timber famine if it is not counteracted by the cultivation of forests; and as these are developed the disastrous effects of drought, tornadoes, and cyclones will be diminished.

Another commendable act of the government has been the appropriation of vast tracts of our public domain to the establishment in each State and Territory of agricultural colleges, by which most useful knowledge has been disseminated to every portion of the United States. Last, but

not least, has been the aid given by the government in the way of land subsidies for the construction of the great transcontinental railways, by which the nation's loyalty and unity are bound by iron bands, and the people of one section are enabled to communicate readily with those of another, not to mention the benefits that have been assured to the commercial interests of the country; and while these methods have been criticized, and in some respects condemned as injudicious, it must be remembered that the country at large has been greatly benefited. The price of every alternate section of land held by the government was immediately doubled, and the government realized $2.50 per acre instead of $1.25 for every acre sold; and the value of such lands was increased fully 100 per cent. over what it would have been had they remained remote from any means of communication.

In view of the fact that there are vast areas of public domain still remaining unoccupied, which seem to require an intelligent and judicious system of improvement by the government in order that the best results may be obtained in their settlement, and in order to prevent a small percentage of the people from taking possession of the water-courses and holding them exclusively for their own benefit, thereby shutting out all others from the occupation of a much larger portion and practically controlling the use of hundreds of acres of public land where they are entitled to one, it might be well for the government to inaugurate some system by which these lands may be utilized and colonized for the benefit of the home builders, who constitute our best population.

There is another view of this matter which should not fail to be duly considered. Within the last few years we have witnessed the terrible results occasioned by drought, and half crops have been reported throughout many of the States and Territories. We have also noticed that this has resulted in a very large percentage of land in several of the States and Territories referred to being placed under very heavy mortgages; and should this impending evil continue for a series of years no one can anticipate what may follow. That good results can be produced by a scientific and judicious control of the water-courses of the Western country is a fact so well established that it does not require argument. We may have

reached that period in which attention should be drawn to this important subject, and it is not surprising that the question of water storage and irrigating works in the arid regions of our Western country has been engrossing the attention of the people of the United States, especially the citizens residing west of the one hundredth meridian, more in the past few years than ever before.

While the people of nearly every State and Territory west of that meridian have carefully considered the question, and their legislators have enacted laws bearing upon it, the Federal government but recently took up the matter by act of Congress authorizing the investigation of this subject to ascertain to what extent the arid regions of the United States can be benefited by irrigation. It stipulated that $100,000 be appropriated for topographical surveys for the fiscal year ending June 30, 1889, or any part thereof, to be used by the very able Director of the Geological Survey, Major Powell, with the approval of the Secretary of the Interior, for the purpose of ascertaining the feasibility of providing reservoirs of water with a view to establishing a system of irrigation of the lands in question, and Major Powell was directed to make his report to Congress at as early a date as was practicable. Upon his report and the recommendations of the Secretary of the Interior, the $100,000 was supplemented by an additional appropriation of $250,000 during the last session of Congress by the passage of an act for the further investigation of arid regions. A committee of Senators was appointed to visit the arid regions of the different Western States and Territories the past summer. It completed its work of investigation; was on the road some fifty days, traveling in that time about 12,000 miles, and taking the testimony of hundreds of witnesses.

These were the first Federal steps toward the utilization of what is commonly called desert land. The bill reserves all lands that may hereafter be designated for reservoirs and ditches, and the lands to be reclaimed by irrigation for such reservoirs, from the date of the passage of the act; and provides that the President may from time to time remove any of the reservations made by the bill, and, in his discretion, by proclamation, open any portion of all the lands reserved

by the provision to settlement under the homestead laws. This, however, should be modified so as to fix the price of such lands, improved by the general government, as will compensate it for the expense of such improvement. The sums appropriated, it is hoped, are but the commencement of necessary appropriations for irrigating purposes, as they will scarcely cover the amount requisite for preliminary investigation, without in the least considering the vastness and extent of the work to follow. The engineers employed in the work are required to measure the various streams and sources of water supply, select sites for reservoirs and other hydraulic works necessary for storage and utilization of water, make maps of arable lands surveyed, and furnish full information for the use of Congress in considering further legislation on the subject. They are at present engaged in their investigations and surveys.

The Japanese have practised this improved system of agriculture for thousands of years, although their country is blessed with as much rainfall as the fertile valleys of the eastern slope of our continent. They viewed the matter in its most practical light, using reservoirs and catchment basins for the storage of water when it was at flood, thus preventing destruction to growing crops, and diffusing the water so stored to the lowlands by a regular flow in periods of drought. Even the Chinese have been able, by careful, intelligent, and patient husbandry, to retain the fertility of their soil for thousands of years.

The natives of India, by their system of wells, tanks, and reservoirs, have contended against the calamities of nature for ages. They store the water brought by the monsoon, and husband it for use throughout the whole year. In some of the districts they have formed large artificial lakes by obstructing the rivers in the valleys at the most available points. The English government has spent millions of pounds sterling in furthering the interests of the cultivators of the soil in India by making permanent channels, which carry off the water, secured by means of dams, at all seasons of the year, and by obstructing the bases of the valleys so as to form immense reservoirs; conducting the water from them over the fields by means of canals, from which the government derives a valuable revenue, and by which the

droughts, formerly so frequent and fatal, causing famine and disease, have to a great extent been obviated.

Not only have these judicious measures benefited the two hundred and fifty millions of people of that country, but their prosperity has seriously affected the market of the American farmer. Although irrigation in India has been maintained for generations, the English government saw the necessity of improved works, and right liberally has it appropriated funds for the various improvements. The outcome of it has been the increased number of square miles now under cultivation, in excess of what was cultivated before the improvements were projected, results mainly from the utilization of land formerly devastated by drought and flood. In a great portion of India the population depends entirely upon irrigation.

The Spaniards and Mexicans in the southwestern Territories and in southern California, many years before that part of the country came into the possession of the United States, brought the much-needed source of life to their lands generally from small streams, by their system of *acequias* and *zanjas*. There are to this day in the Salt River Valley of Arizona what appear to be the remains of an immense system of canals, which no doubt existed a thousand years before Columbus discovered America, and aided in the production of enough vegetation to sustain a population many times the number at present in that Territory. The engineers of today are running the lines of their channels along the water routes of that prehistoric race.

This has been a prominent question in the history of all the Western States and Territories, and by being brought to the attention of the general public the necessities and usefulness of irrigation may in time be extended to all needed parts of the country. In some parts of the country the system would prevent the desolating effects of drought, and in others, by the use of reservoirs and dams for storing the waters, the disastrous floods that almost periodically destroy growing crops and injure routes of travel and commerce would be rendered less frequent and destructive. The small amount of work necessary for making lands bordering on a live stream proof against any drought occurring in any part of this country is remarkable; and it is even more remarkable to witness with what passiveness the agriculturist sees

CAPTURE OF FIELD WORKS, SPOTTSYLVANIA, VIRGINIA, 1864

his crops withering, blasted for want of water, almost every summer in the different parts of our country, when the remedy is so near at hand. There is not a piece of land sold in the West in regard to which the judicious purchaser does not look well into the question of how many inches of irrigable water go with the land, as it is the most important factor to be considered. The water right, the number of miner's inches that can be used, and the cost price per foot per acre are all matters to be considered.

History teaches us that irrigation is the oldest and surest method of intelligent agriculture. It was understood in the earliest days of semi-civilized races, and practised in Egypt, Persia, and Assyria ages before the Christian era. The richest and most productive regions of the earth have been cultivated for thousands of years in this manner. The valley of the Nile, various parts of Europe, and a great portion of India have always depended upon it for the product of their soil. Some portions of Egypt which the Nile did not irrigate were watered by canals, filled by taking to them the waters of that great river, and the people were impressed with the necessity of keeping these canals free and unobstructed and always filled with living water.

The following resolution was presented in the platform of one of the political parties in a Western State some time ago as an important measure:

"*Resolved*, That the waters of the State belong to the land they irrigate, and we favor and will aid in maintaining a broad and comprehensive system of irrigation that looks to the benefit of the irrigator as primary to the assumed rights of the riparian and appropriator; a system controlled by the government, free to all, under the control of no class of persons, and established and maintained by a revenue derived from those whom the system will benefit. We believe the water is the property of the people, and that it should be so used as to secure the greatest good to the greatest number of people."

The government of our country has an important mission to perform, now that it has once taken charge of the work, and it is presumed that it will continue until a time when the whole irrigation system will be under its control, with one simple law governing it alike in all States and Territories.

Otherwise, there is danger of confusion and clashing of interests. As to whether it will be taken charge of by the Federal government remains to be seen. The enormous amount of money required to place the desert lands in a productive state would have to be furnished by the government, as it would be impossible for the States and Territories to complete such a system as is in contemplation; and the funds expended should, by a well-matured and comprehensive plan, revert again to the treasury of the general government from the sale of its lands thus improved.

The people of California interested in irrigation, at the State Irrigation Convention in 1887, presented the following propositions in the form of amendments to the State constitution:

"First. The declaration that every natural stream and water source is public property.

"Second. That the appropriation for beneficial uses of any such stream must be made under legislative enactment.

"Third. That all water so appropriated in the State is declared to be a public use.

"Fourth. Rates and rents for use are to be fixed by public authority, but must not exceed seven per cent. on capital actually expended in constructing irrigating works."

The Legislature of Wyoming Territory has adopted the water legislation of the State of Colorado, which is considered the best in use by any of the States and Territories. The subject has been discussed at length in the various reports by the Governors of different Western States and Territories, and all the Western States have fostered and cared for irrigating enterprises; and their citizens have invested millions of dollars, the revenue from which makes it a very profitable investment and benefits the people and the country adjacent to the plant.

Now let us consider the area of the region wherein the surveys are to be made. The area of our country consists, according to the records of the Agricultural Department and other sources, of 1,500,000 square miles of arable land, and an equal amount equally divided in pasture land and in mountain and timber, Alaska not being included in the estimate. Of the arable land it requires a little over 300,000 square miles to produce all our grain, hay, cotton, sugar,

rice, and vegetables. The extent of the territory west of the one hundredth meridian is estimated at 1,300,000 square miles, of which over one-fifth will not admit of cultivation, owing to its rugged, mountainous character, while the remaining area requires only water to make it serviceable for either agriculture or pasturage. Of the 1,000,000 square miles that can be made productive, it is estimated that 150,000 can be redeemed, being equal in area to one-half of the land cultivated in the United States. It will be seen at a glance what a vast population the land in question will be able to support, and the immense benefit that will in time accrue to the government and the people.

The precipitation of water in the mountainous portions of the arid belt averages about 20 inches yearly, although in parts, in some years, as much as 75 inches have fallen, causing floods in the streams, frequently creating destruction in the arable lowlands, and the most of it disappearing in the sandy wastes, where the average rainfall is scarcely 5 inches. The lesser amount falling on low desert lands and the greater in the mountains, the plan for obstructing the mountain valleys or cañons, wherever it can be done to advantage and at small cost, should in all cases be pursued to completion. Where natural catchment basins exist—and there are any number of them in the mountains—the government should reserve them for future irrigation purposes.

Private enterprises, mindful of the advantages and large returns for money invested and the indifference shown by the Federal government, have taken up many important sites for reservoirs which drain areas many square miles in extent, and control the water for vast districts. On the surface of the arid regions it is estimated that about 15 inches of water falls annually, most of which can be utilized for the 1,000,000 acres estimated to be productive for pasturage and cultivation, by the use of reservoirs, canals, and artesian wells. As over four-fifths of the 1,000,000 square miles can only be used for pasturage for the immense herds that now roam the valleys and mesas, this will require very little water when compared with the land to be cultivated. Nearly all of the arid region embraces arable lands favorable for agriculture in all its phases, from the cultivation of the products of the north temperate zone to those of the tropics.

Where irrigation is used in the North the season for watering is generally not longer than three months, but in the South it embraces at least eight or nine months of the year. As much water is used at a time as would result from a day's severe rain. A practical knowledge is requisite, as too much water is liable to produce more injury than benefit. While the irrigated farms are larger generally in Colorado and Utah, in southern California 20 acres is as much as one family can well care for when devoted to the cultivation of vines, fruits, and alfalfa.

That eminent journalist, statesman, and scholar, Sir Edwin Arnold, recently passing over the continent, made this observation:

"Nothing has struck me more in my visit to America than the slope of your Sierras. Your orchards and vineyards were a revelation to me. You will be the wine-growers of the world. Then, in your sage-brush plateaus you only need irrigation to make them fruitful. The land I saw in Nevada is almost exactly like what I saw in India and Arabia, which has been made so productive."

Dividing the area to be reported upon by the Geological Survey into three divisions, the first would embrace the land whose eastern limit would be near the one hundredth meridian and its western bordering the foothills of the Rocky Mountains, near the one hundred and fifth meridian, while its extent would reach from the Rio Grande in Texas to the Canadian boundary. The second division would have its eastern limit near the one hundred and fifth meridian and its western boundary the Sierra Nevada and Cascade ranges of mountains. Much of this division is a mountainous country. The streams of the West find their sources near the summits of the mountain peaks covered with eternal snow, and derive their main supply from the rains and snow that fall within the great basin through which they course to the sea; and it is on this vast mountain region that the lowlands and foothills will have to depend for the water to make them beautiful in the garb of nature. Its cañons can be formed into great catch basins for retaining the rains in their season, while natural lakes are numerous throughout its length.

The State of California, blessed with prosperity derived

from its irrigating works, comprises most of the last division, and it is fast being populated with an intelligent class of agriculturists, brought thither mainly through the richness of the soil, the public enterprise and success of irrigating works, and the assured prosperity of the country. The changes wrought in places in California which not long ago were considered valueless have been indeed wonderful. Where once it was thought nothing but sage-brush and cactus would grow the land has been cleared, ditches have been formed, trees planted, crops cultivated, and the land placed in a higher state of cultivation than many favored localities of the Eastern and Southern States. In ten years villages and cities have sprung up where before coyotes starved.

In fact it is impossible for one to conceive how much a country supposed to be utterly worthless can be benefited by the use of water, unless he has seen such effects. To pass from the hot, arid regions into the fertile valleys of California is as gladdening to the eyes of the beholder as the sight of an oasis is to the traveler in the desert. To see the countless acres of trees with their ripening fruit (for some kind of fruit is always in season in that region), the unlimited acres of grapes, fields of wheat, barley, and alfalfa, and everything breathing life and health, is to see the blessed use of water, husbanded and cared for and appreciated in all its worth. From land valued at less than one dollar an acre it has increased through the medium of improvements of land adjoining, and the benefit of a sure supply of water, until one acre is worth as much as one hundred would have been had not the systems of irrigation been established. No part of this country has attained such success in irrigation as this. The practice of it has spread from this part of the country to all parts of California, Arizona, Utah, Colorado, and other States and Territories. Without irrigation, except in certain moist lands, these beautiful valleys and lowlands would once more revert to desert wastes.

It is a well-known fact that after land has become thoroughly cultivated by irrigation less water is required; and it is safe to assert that thousands of acres of so-called desert land may become adapted for agricultural purposes without the continued help of irrigation. Immediately following the

establishment of an irrigation district, after the canals with their lateral ditches have been completed and the cultivation of crops has commenced, the planting of trees should be encouraged.

The eucalyptus variety is mostly planted in California, and the cottonwood in Arizona and New Mexico. The former is of very rapid growth, and as a wind-break and a protection to crops it is used extensively, although it is very exhausting to the soil. Coincident with irrigation should be tree planting, which would in a short time not only change the appearance of the country, but supply the wood which is necessary for fuel. It would hardly be possible to estimate the value of trees in their usefulness toward reclaiming arid lands, and too much cannot be said in urging the profuse planting of them. In fact, it would be well for the government, in selling land reclaimed by it through the irrigation works to be established, to make it compulsory on the purchaser to plant a portion of his acreage in forest trees. They would only require thorough irrigation during the first year, less the second, very little the third, and none at all thereafter. Tree culture, especially the planting of trees indigenous to the country, should by all means be encouraged.

As we review the past we notice the action of the unscrupulous and the insatiable following in the wake or hanging upon the flanks, and very often seen in a position far in advance of any humane progressive measure which may be adopted for the benefit of mankind or to promote the welfare of a worthy people. It is wonderful how difficult it has been to ward off the schemes of these avaricious creatures; and in a measure of this kind, which has in view the welfare of the entire people, safeguards cannot be too strongly applied to protect it from such contaminating influences. It is a fact to be regretted that many of our most commendable measures, whether municipal, State, or national, which have given us avenues of commerce, works of art, and many improvements for the public good, whether patriotic, humane, or beneficent, have been embarrassed and contaminated by the touch of these creatures, and the purpose of the designer has often been marred and debased by contact with those who see nothing in any public or progressive measure other than the opportunity to gratify their craven and selfish desires.

Moreover, it should be distinctly understood that there are hundreds of square miles of public domain where it would be utter folly to spend more money than the amount necessary to ascertain the fact of their worthlessness. Dangers of this kind should be avoided, and the government should systematically improve what property it possesses worthy of such expenditure and divide it up in such a manner that it can be cultivated by an industrious, enterprising, and intelligent people who build for themselves and their posterity homes that will adorn and beautify any State or Territory, thus encouraging and sustaining the true spirit and character of American citizens, and promoting the general welfare of our entire country. As we can point to the past with just feelings of pride, it is hoped that our future may be as bright, prosperous, and progressive.

APPENDIX B

Before leaving Siboney I issued a congratulatory general order to the army:

HEADQUARTERS OF THE ARMY,
SIBONEY, CUBA, July 16, 1898.

GENERAL FIELD ORDERS,
No. 1.

The gratifying success of the American arms at Santiago de Cuba and some features of a professional character, both important and instructive, are hereby announced to the army.

The declaration of war found our country with a small army scattered over a vast territory. The troops composing this army were speedily mobilized at Tampa (Fla.). Before it was possible to properly equip a volunteer force, strong appeals for aid came from the Navy, which had inclosed in the Harbor of Santiago de Cuba an important part of the Spanish fleet. At that time the only effective fighting force available was the United States Army, and in order to organize a command of sufficient strength the cavalry had to be sent, dismounted, to Santiago de Cuba, with the infantry and artillery. The expedition thus formed was placed under command of Major-General Shafter. Notwithstanding the limited time to equip and organize an expedition of this character, there was never displayed a nobler spirit of patriotism and fortitude on the part of officers and men going forth to maintain the honor of their country.

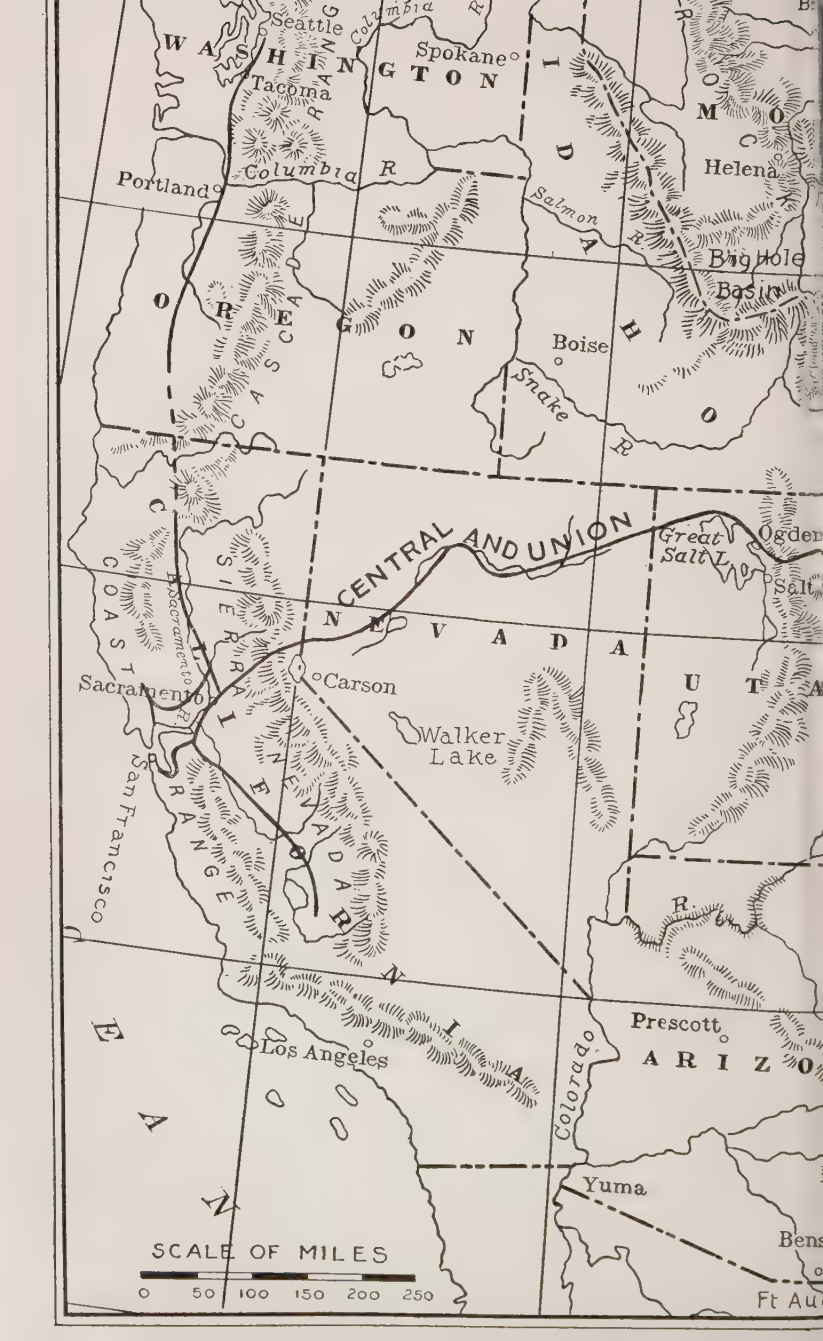
After encountering the vicissitudes of an ocean voyage, they were obliged to disembark on a foreign shore and immediately engage in an aggressive campaign. Under drenching storms, intense and prostrating heat, within a fever-inflicted district, with little comfort or rest, either by day or night, they pursued their purpose of finding and conquering the enemy. Many of them, trained to the severe

experience of the great war and the frequent campaigns on the Western plains, officers and men alike exhibited great skill, fortitude, and tenacity, with results which have added a new chapter of glory to our country's history. Even when their own Generals in several cases were temporarily disabled the troops fought on with the same heroic spirit until success was finally achieved. In many instances the officers placed themselves in front of their commands, and under their direct and skilful leadership the trained troops of a brave army were driven from the thickets and jungles of an almost inaccessible country. In the open field the troops stormed intrenched infantry, and carried and captured fortified works with an unsurpassed daring and disregard of death. By gaining commanding ground they made the Harbor of Santiago untenable for the Spanish fleet, and practically drove it out to a speedy destruction by the American Navy.

While enduring the hardships and privations of such a campaign, the troops generously shared their scanty food with the 5,000 Cuban patriots in arms and the suffering people who had fled from the besieged city. With the 24 regiments and 4 batteries, the flower of the American Army, were also three volunteer regiments. These, though unskilled in warfare, yet inspired with the same spirit, contributed to the victory, suffered hardships, and made sacrifices with the rest. Where all did so well it is impossible by special mention to do justice to those who bore conspicuous part. But of certain unusual features mention cannot be omitted—namely, the cavalry, dismounted, fighting and storming works as infantry, and a regiment of colored troops, who, having shared equally in the heroism as well as the sacrifices, is now voluntarily engaged in nursing yellow-fever patients and burying the dead. The gallantry, patriotism, and sacrifice of the American Army, as illustrated in this brief campaign, will be fully appreciated by a grateful country, and the heroic deeds of those who have fought and fallen in the cause of freedom will be cherished in sacred memory and be an inspiration to the living.

By command of Major-General Miles:

J. C. Gilmore,
Brigadier-General, U. S. Volunteers.


Seattle
Spokane
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Portland
Columbia R
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Salmon R
Big Hole Basin
Helena
Boise
Snake R
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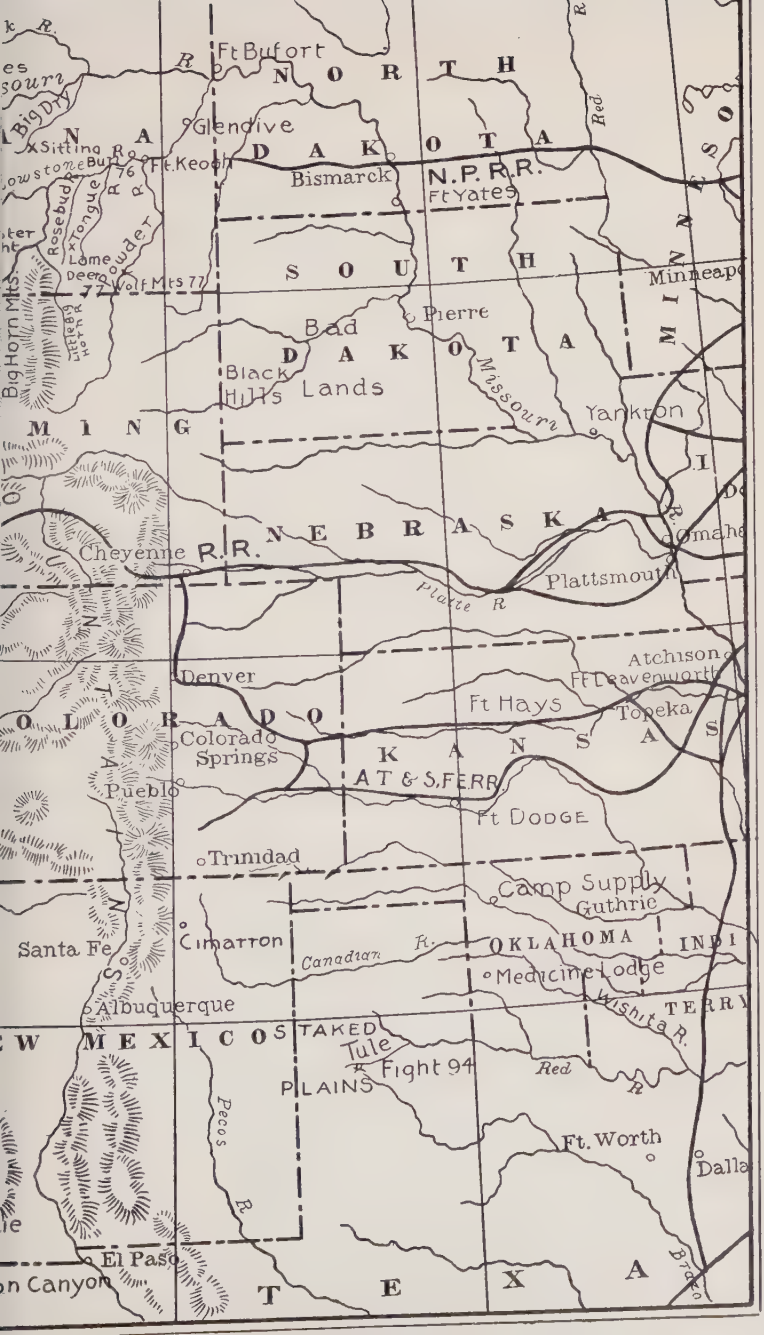
Ft Bufort
NORTH
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Glendive
Sitting Bull
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N.P.R.R.
Ft Yates
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SOUTH
DAKOTA
Pierre
Bad
Black Hills Lands
Missouri
Yankton
Minneapo
NEBRASKA
Cheyenne R.R.
Platte R
Plattsmouth
Omaha
Denver
Ft Hays
Atchison
Ft Leavenworth
Topeka
COLORADO
Colorado Springs
KANSAS
AT & S.F.R.R.
Pueblo
Ft Dodge
Trinidad
Camp Supply
Guthrie
Santa Fe
Cimarron
Canadian R.
OKLAHOMA
Medicine Lodge
Albuquerque
Wichita R.
MEXICO
STAKED PLAINS
Tule
Fight 94
Red R.
Pecos R.
Ft. Worth
Dalla
El Paso
TEXAS
Big Horn Mts
Rosebud
Tongue R.
Powder R.
Lame Deer
Wolf Mts
Little Horn R.
Big Dry
Yellowstone R.

INDEX

Abercrombie, Lieutenant W. F., Copper River expedition, 213, 214.
Adobe walls, stockade, 121.
Aguinaldo, Emilio, and American occupation, 272.
Alexeieff, Admiral, command, 308.
Alger, R. A., Secretary of War, 276, 288.
Allen, Colonel, in Porto Rico, 299.
Allen, Lieutenant Henry J., Copper River expedition, 214.
Allen's Farm, battle, 36.
American Horse, Chief, 245.
Anderson, General, 271.
Antietam, battle, 43–47; Federal opportunity lost, 47; delay after, 48.
Apache Indians, uprising, 132; characteristics, 219, 220; hostilities, 221, 223; pursuit, 225–226; surrender, 227; feeling against, 228.
Appomattox Court-House, Lee's surrender, 90, 91.
Army of Potomac, McClellan in command, 30; at Harrison's Landing, 40; Antietam, 45–47; Burnside commands, 48; at Fredericksburg, 48, 49; Hooker in command, 49; in 1863, 51; Meade in command, 56; Gettysburg, 58–61; and Grant, 62; condition in 1864, 63; battle of Wilderness, 63–64; Spottsylvania, 65–68; Cold Harbor, 69; Petersburg and Richmond, 70–71; Five Forks, 82–83; Appomattox, 90–91.
Atlanta, capture, 79.
Austria, army, 264.

Bailey, Lieutenant, and Sioux campaign, 149; and Bannock outbreak, 193.
Baird, Assistant Adjutant-General, wounded, 179.
Baldwin, General Frank D., and Indians, 124, 127, 153, 155, 213; invalided, 174.
Bannock Indian outbreak, 192–195.
Barlow, General Francis C., command, 39; wounded, 45, 47; Brigadier-General, 48; Spottsylvania, 65–67, 77; Major-General, 67; Cold Harbor, 70; disabled, 76.
Bates, General, in Spanish War, 281.
Beauregard, General, organized army, 20; commands army in Virginia, 21.
Beaver, General James A., mentioned, 93.
Bennett, Captain, death, 195.
Benson, Captain H. C., pursuit of Apaches, 224, 225.
Benteen, Captain, and Custer massacre, 188–189.
Benton, Senator, and transcontinental railroad, 108.
Bernier, Felix Mato, letter to Miles, 299–300.
Biddle, Lieutenant, and Indians, 174, 179.
Biddle, Major, command, 122.
Big Crow, Chief, 153, 155.
Big Foot, Chief, 241.
Black, Colonel, in Porto Rico, 297.

Blanco, Captain-General, in Cuba, 291.
Bloody Lane, fight, 45.
Breckenridge, John C., candidate for Presidency (1860), 15.
Bretherton, Captain, and Indians, 177.
Brett, Lieutenant, pursuit of Apaches, 225.
Bristol, Major, command, 122.
Broad Trail, Chief, 182, 245.
Broady, Colonel O. K., mentioned, 93.
Brooke, General, in Porto Rico, 302.
Brown, J. Frank, accompanies Miles to Arizona, 221.
Brown, John, 9.
Brown, Lieutenant, pursuit of Apaches, 224, 225.
Bull Run, battle, 22.
Burnside, General A. E., commands Army of Potomac, 48; before Fredericksburg, 48; removed, 49.
Bushnel, Mr., and the *Monitor*, 30.
Butler, Major, and Sioux Indians, 155.

Canby, General, massacred, 150.
Carlisle, Indian education established at, 131.
Carnegie, Andrew, and Spanish War, 274.
Carpenter, Colonel, rescue of Forsyth, 120.
Carr, General Eugene A., Indian expedition, 119, 120.
Carter, Captain, *hors de combat*, 179.
Cascade Range, 211.
Casey, General Silas, in Washington, 28; Fair Oaks, 31.
Casey, Major, and Sioux, 155.
"Casey's Tactics," 18.
Cervera, Admiral Pascual de, at Santiago, 276.
Charleston, fall, 79.
Charles V., and slaves in America, 12, 13.
Chatto, Chief, 221.
Chicago, population, 107; exposition, 250, 251.
Clarke, Lieutenant Powhatan H., pursuit of Apaches, 225.
Clay, Clement C., and assassination of Lincoln, 99, 100.
Clay, Lieutenant, staff officer, 223.
Cleary, William C., and assassination of Lincoln, 99.
Cleveland, President Grover, Pullman strike, 254, 257.
Coast defenses, 261.
Cochise, Chief, 221.
Cody, Colonel William F., scout, 145.
Cold Harbor, battle, 69–70.
Collaza, Enrique, 277.
Compton, Major, command, 122.
Cooper, Captain Charles L., capture of Mangus, 228.
Couch, General D. N., organizing militia, 61.
Crater Lake, 211, 212.
Crazy Horse, Chief, 139, 147, 153, 160.
Crofton, Lieutenant, Cuban expedition, 274.
Crook, General, Indian campaign, 140, 144, 221.
Cross, Colonel, killed at Gettysburg, 62.
Crow encampment, 183, 184.
Curtin, Governor Andrew G., 11.
Curtis, Mary, 7.
Curtis, William, 7.
Cushing, Caleb, 11.
Custer, General George A., cavalry officer, 110; engagement with Indians, 111; massacre, 137, 140, 185; letter of instructions, 186, 187; and General Terry, 187, 188; battle, 189–191; enemies, 191, 192; champion, 192.
Custer, Mrs. G. A., 110, 192.

Dapray, Lieutenant, staff officer, 223.
Davidson, Colonel, Indian campaign, 122, 126.

Davis, Commander, in Porto Rico, 298.
Davis, Jefferson, and assassination of Lincoln, 99; arrest, 100; death, 100.
Democratic Convention of 1860, 15.
Dewey, Admiral George, battle in Manila Bay, 271.
Diaz, Porfirio, President of Mexico, 249.
Dinwiddie Court-House occupied, 83.
Doane, Lieutenant, and Indians, 172.
Dodge, Fort, Miles at, 122.
Dorst, Lieutenant-Colonel, Cuban expedition, 274.
Douglas, Stephen A., 11, 15.
"Dred Scott Decision," 15.

Early, General J. A., in Shenandoah Valley, 71, 72, 73.
Ellsworth, Colonel, Zouaves organized, 18; death, 21.
Ericsson, John, and *Monitor*, 29, 36.
Ernst, General, in Porto Rico, 302.
Everett, Edward, 11.
Ewers, General E. P., and Indians, 170.

Fair Oaks, battle, 33.
Farragut, Admiral David Glasgow, loyalty, 21.
Fechet, Captain E. G., and Sitting Bull, 239.
Feria, General, 280.
Finley, Lieutenant, pursuit of Apaches, 224, 226.
First Division, Second Army Corps, its record, 76–78.
Fisher, fort, Fall, 79.
Five Forks, battle, 83.
Forsyth, General George A., Indian expedition, 120.
Fox, William F., quoted, 76, 77.
France, army, 264.
Franklin, General W. B., corps commander, 30.
Fraser, General John, mentioned, 93.

Gaines's Mill, battle, 36.
Gall, Chief, surrender, 182.
Galt, John R., educator, 8.
Garcia, General, in Spanish War, 276, 277, 280, 282.
Garretson, Brigadier-General, in Porto Rico, 298.
Garrison, William Lloyd, 11.
Gaskill, Colonel, in Porto Rico, 297.
Gatewood, Lieutenant, staff officer, 223, 226.
Germaine sisters, rescue, 127, 130.
Germany, army, 264.
Geronimo, Chief, 221; surrender, 226, 227; marauder, 228.
Gettysburg campaign, 58–61.
Gibbon, General John, Indian campaign, 140, 144, 171, 187.
Gilmore, General J. C., in Spanish War, 287, 297, 329.
Glendale, battle, 36.
Godfrey, Captain, wounded, 179.
Gordon, General J. B., Fort Stedman, 81.
Gosson, Captain, 43.
Grant, General U. S., success at Fort Donelson, 29; Lieutenant-General, 62; opening of campaign, 1864, 63; advance, 63; Wilderness, 63; Spottsylvania, 65; flanking movement, 68; North Anna, 69; Cold Harbor, 70; crosses the James, 71; Petersburg mine, 71; and Early's mission, 72; Sheridan's command, 73; plan for Sherman, 74; before Richmond, 79; Fort Stedman, 81; fall of Richmond, 86; pursuit of Lee, 87–90; surrender of Lee, 90–91; aftermath of war, 95; and Rawlins, 95.
Gray Beard, Chief, 127.
Green, Lieutenant, *Monitor-Merrimac* fight, 30.

Gresham, W. Q., Secretary of State, 253.
Griswold, Mr., and *Monitor*, 30.

Haines, General, in Porto, Rico, 302.
Hale, Captain, and Indians, 174, 175, 176, 177, 179.
Halleck, General H. W., commander-in-chief, 39.
Hancock, General W. S., division commander, 46; in Gettysburg campaign, 58; Fredericksburg, 77; quoted, 78.
Harper's Ferry, 9.
Hartranft, General J. F., Fort Stedman, 81.
Hatfield, Captain C. A. P., pursuit of Apaches, 225, 226.
Hawkins, General, in Spanish War, 282.
Hayes, Fort, Miles at, 110.
Heintzelman, General S. P., corps commander, 30.
Henry, General, in Spanish War, 289, 298.
Hernandez, Carlos, 277, 278.
Hidalgo, 249.
Higginson, Captain, and capture of Porto Rico, 296.
Hitchcock, Dr. Alfred, saves Miles's life after Chancellorsville, 56.
Hood, General J. B., supersedes Johnston in command, 74.
Hooker, General Joseph, commands Army of the Potomac, 49; march to Fredericksburg, 51; retrograde movement, 52; Jackson's manœuver, 52; Jackson's attack, 52; defeat, 54; retreat, 56; removed, 56.
Howard, General O. O., at Bladensburg, 28; Fair Oaks, 30; wounded, 33; before Richmond, 35, 36; Gettysburg campaign, 58; and Nez Perces Indians, 171, 172, 176, 177, 178.
Hughes, Governor, of Arizona, 229.
Hulings, General, in Porto Rico, 302.
"Hump," Chief, 153, 159, 179.

Indians, life, 112–115; religion, 114; ancestors, 116; slavery, 116, 117; customs, 117, 118; beliefs, 119; raiding parties, 119; expeditions against, 120; grand council at Medicine Lodge, 120; attack adobe walls stockade, 121; campaign against, in 1874, 122–131; uprising in New Mexico, 132–134; Custer massacre, 137, 188–191; campaign against, in 1876, 77, 137–166; cause of war, 138, 139; surrender, 164, 165; loyalty to government, 170, 171; Nez Perces campaign, 171–181; Crow camp, 183, 184; Bannock outbreak, 192–195; "problem," 196–207; under control, 209; and Indian Territory, 216, 217; Apache, 219–229; hostilities, origin, 234; Messiah, 235–237; death of Sitting Bull, 239; and close of wars, 246.
Irrigation, government, 229–231, 315–327.
Italy, army, 264.

Jackson, General T. J., at Bull Run, 34; character, 34; threatens McClellan, 35; and Northern movement, 40, 41; march around Hooker's flank at Chancellorsville, 52; attack, 52; death, 54; loss to Confederate cause, 54.
Johnson, General Edward, Spottsylvania, 66.
Johnson, President Andrew, proclamation, 99; administration, 101.
Johnston, General Joseph E., in Shenandoah Valley, 22; at

Seven Pines, 30; disabled, 34; succeeded by Lee, 34; Western command, 74; removed, 74; reinstated, 80.
Johnston, Lieutenant C. P., pursuit of Apaches, 224, 228.
Joseph, Chief, exchanged, 177; surrender, 178; character, 181; quoted, 205.
Juarez, Benito, President of Mexico, 249.

Kansas Border War, 9.
Kelly, L. S., scout, 145.
Keys, General E. D., corps commander, 30.
Kicking Bear, Chief, 182, 235, 236, 245.
King Philip's War (1675), outbreak, 6.

Lame Deer, Chief, 161, 162, 170.
Lamont, D. S., Secretary of War, 253.
Lawton, General H. W., Apache campaign, 224–228; in Spanish War, 281, 290, 292.
Lebo, Captain, pursuit of Apaches, 225.
Lee, General Jesse M., charge of Indian agency, 217, 245.
Lee, General R. E., commands Army of Northern Virginia, 34; plan against McClellan, 34, 35; seven days' battle, 34, 35; northern invasion, 42; Antietam, 47; Chancellorsville, 51–54; wounding of Jackson, 54; over-confidence, 59; Gettysburg, 59; retreat, 60, 61; Battle of the Wilderness, 63; Spottsylvania, 65–67; North Anna, 69; Cold Harbor, 70; Petersburg, 70, 71; sends Early to capture Washington, 71–73; Fort Stedman, 81; fall of Richmond and Petersburg, 86, 87; retreat, 89, 90; surrender, 90, 91.
Lewis and Clark expedition, 141, 171.
Lincoln, President Abraham, elected President, 16; feeling against, 17; inauguration, 18; call for troops, 20, 39; revered by army, 47; on Gettysburg battlefield, 61; in Richmond, 87; at City Point, 95; assassinated, 96; mourning for, 97; and Panama Canal, 98; commission to Miles, 98, 99; reward for murderers, 99, 100.
Little Big Man, Chief, 153.
Little Chief, 159.
Little Hawk, Chief, 160.
Llano Estacado, 124, 131.
Longstreet, General James, in Gettysburg campaign, 58.
Looking Glass, Chief, 171, 179.
Lynch, Augustin, mentioned, 93.
Lyon, General Nathaniel, death, 29.

Mabine, Secretary of State of Philippine Republic, 305, 306.
McClellan, General G. B., commands Army of Potomac, 30; Fair Oaks, 30–33; delay after Fair Oaks, 34; loss of depot, 34; change of base, 36; Malvern Hill, 37; opportunity lost, 38; Antietam, 43–46; inaction after Antietam, 47; removed, 48.
McDonald, Captain, and Sioux Indians, 155.
McDougall, General, wounded, 85; mentioned, 93.
McDowell, General, 22.
McKeen, General H. Boyd, mentioned, 93.
McKinley, President William, opposed to Spanish War, 268; proclamation, 271.
McLaws, General Lafayette, Fredericksburg, 53.
McNair, Admiral, 271.
MacKenzie, Colonel, Indian campaign, 122, 126, 153.
Macy, General George N., 93.

Madill, General, wounded, 85; mentioned, 93.
Mahone, General William, forces repulsed, 64.
Maine, destruction, 269.
Malvern Hill, battle, 36–39.
Manassas, battles, 41.
Mangus, Apache chief, 221; captured, 228.
Mangus-Colorado, Chief, 221.
Massachusetts, early struggle for independence, 3.
Maus, General Marion P., 175, 287, 297.
Meade, General George G., commands Army of Potomac, 56; forces under, 57; Gettysburg, 58, 59; and Lee's retreat, 60; before Petersburg and Richmond, 84.
Meagher, General, at Antietam, 43.
Mechanicsville, battle, 36.
Merrimac, construction, 29; battle with *Monitor*, 30.
Merritt, General, 271.
Mexico, French in, 94; conquest of, by Scott, 249.
Miles, Daniel C., brother, 27.
Miles, Daniel, father, 6, 7.
Miles, Daniel, great-grandfather, 7, 9.
Miles, Joab, grandfather, 7, 9.
Miles, N. A., childhood, 4; favorite pastimes, 5; ancestors, 6, 7; education, 8; longing for military profession, 9; preparation for service, 10; elected captain, 25; returned commission, 26; on staff of General Howard, 28; first experience in war, 31, 32; at Fair Oaks, 33; before Richmond, 35; at Allan's Farm, 36; Lieutenant-Colonel, 39, 40; Antietam, 43–45; first experience as field officer, 45; colonel, 48; wounded, 49, 54, 55, 78; Fredericksburg, 53; Harrisburg, 61; rejoined command, 62; battle of the Wilderness, 63; Todd's Tavern, 64; Spottsylvania, 65–67; Brigadier-General, 67; North Anna, 69; Cold Harbor, 70; Petersburg, 70; commands First Division, Second Army Corps, 71, 76, 78; in sight of Richmond, 71; Ream's station, 71; Brevet Major-General, 79; commands Second Army Corps, 79; Five Forks, 84; Sutherland Station, 84–85; Sailor's Creek, 88; High Bridge, 89; flag of truce, 90; Lee's surrender, 91–92; assigned to District of Fortress Monroe, 96; Major-General of Volunteers, 96, 98; commands District of North Carolina, 102; report on conditions of colored race, 1867, 104, 105; commands Fifth United States Infantry, 107; marriage, 107; first impression of the plains, 109; at Fort Hayes, 110; and Custer, 110; study of Indian history, 112; at Fort Dodge, 122; rescue of Germaine sisters, 127, 130; New Mexico, 132; urged measures for conduct of Indian affairs, 134; in Colorado, 135; address at Leavenworth, 1876, 135–136; campaign against Sioux, 137–168; at Fort Buford, 142; winter quarters, 143, 144; interview with Sitting Bull, 148–150; battle, 151; pursuit of Sitting Bull, 152, 153, 238, 239; campaign against the Ogalallas and Cheyennes, 153–156; Indians surrender, 159–160, 164–166; Lame Deer, 161; joined by wife, 166; Nez Perces campaign, 169–181; Crow encampment, 184; Bannock Indian outbreak, 192–195; "The Indian Problem," 196–207; Brigadier-General,

United States army, 207, 209; commands Department of the Columbia, 210; and Alaska explorations, 213, 214; commands Department of the Missouri, 215; accompanies Sheridan to Indian Territory, 215, 216; commands Department of Arizona, 221; Apache campaign, 221–229; surrender of Geronimo, 226, 227; presentation of sword, 229; on irrigation, 229–231; commands Division of the Pacific, 231, 233; visits Mexico, 248, 249; Pullman strike, 252–258; commands Department of the East, 259; commands United States army, 260; visits Europe, 262–266; war with Spain, 268–305; on *Maine* disaster, 269; condition of army, 270; and navy, 271; ordered to Havana, 272; Tampa, 275; Santiago, 285; and Sampson, 286; meeting with General Toral, 287, 291; Spanish surrender, 293; Porto Rico, 296–305; in Philippine Islands, 306–307; China and Japan, 308; St. Petersburg, 308; Paris, 309; guest of King Edward, 309; retired, 309; on "Our Unwatered Empire, 315–327; congratulatory order to the army, 328–329.
Miles, Mrs. N. A., 107, 110, 166.
Miley, Lieutenant, in Spanish War, 292.
Miller, Colonel, death, 33.
Mills, General Anson, Indian campaign, 144.
"Missouri Compromise," 15.
Monitor, construction, 29, 30; battle with *Merrimac*, 30.
Morgan, Governor of New York, 39, 40.
Morrow, Colonel, and soldiers' canteen, 215.
Moses, Chief, 212.
Mount Hood, 211.
Moylan, Captain, wounded, 179.
Musset, Lieutenant-Colonel, death, 39.
Myles, Rev. John, and King Philip's War, 6.
Myles, Samuel, 6.

Napoleon, Louis, and Mexico, 94.
Natchez, Apache chief, 221, 227, 228.
Negro, troops, 103; condition, 104.
Nez Perces Indians, campaign against, 171–181.
North Anna, battle, 69.
Nugent, General Robert, mentioned, 93.

O'Connell, Captain, Cuban expedition, 274.
Oklahoma opened, 219.
Olney, Richard, Attorney-General, 253.
Ord, General E. O. C., attack on Petersburg, 84; pursuit of Lee, 90.

Panama Canal and Lincoln, 98.
Penn, William, and Indians, 117.
Petersburg, siege, 71; mine, 71; battle, 77, 84; fall, 87.
Phillips, Wendell, 11, 12.
Political controversies, 11, 12, 14.
Pope, Lieutenant, and Indians, 124.
Pope, Major-General, commands Army of Virginia, 41.
Porcupine, Chief, 235, 236.
Porter, General Fitz-John, corps commander, 27, 30; overwhelmed, 36.
Porto Rico, capture, 296–305.
Powell, Dr., and Germaine sisters, 128.
Pratt, Captain R. H., establishes Indian education at Carlisle, 131.
Pretty Bear, Chief, 152.

Price, Major, Indian campaign, 122, 126.
Pullman strike, 252–258.

Rain-in-the-Face, surrender, 182.
Ramsey, General, at Sutherland Station, 85; mentioned, 93.
Rawlins, General John A., and Grant, 95.
Ream's Station, battle, 71.
Reber, Major, in Porto Rico, 299.
Reconstruction problems, 100–101.
Red Cloud, Chief, 139, 245.
Reno, Major, and Custer massacre, 188–191.
Reynolds, Doctor, steeplechase, 43.
Reynolds, General J. F., in Gettysburg campaign, 58.
Richardson, Colonel, and Warren, 83.
Richardson, General, death at Antietam, 46, 76.
Richmond, siege, 34–39; battle, 84; fall, 87.
Rizel, José, 305.
Romero, 249.
Romeyn, Lieutenant, wounded, 179.
Ross, Governor of New Mexico, 229.
Rowan, Lieutenant A. S., visits Cuba, 276.
Rue, Allen Thorndyke, 196.

Sailor's Creek, battle, 77, 88.
Salignac, Colonel, military instructor, 10.
Salmon, Sir Nowell, command, 266.
Sampson, Admiral W. T., battle of Santiago, 284; visits Miles, 285; at Cabanas, 289.
Sanders, George N., and assassination of Lincoln, 99.
Sarsopkin, Chief, 212.
Savage Station, battle, 36.
Savannah, captured, 79.
Schley, Admiral W. S., battle of Santiago, 284.
Schmalsle, W. F., scout, 126.
Schofield, General, 253.
Schwan, General, in Porto Rico, 302.
Schwatka, Lieutenant Frederick, Alaska expedition, 213.
Scott, General George, mentioned, 93.
Scott, General Winfield, command, 21; loyalty, 22; in Mexico, 249.
Sedgwick, General John, Fredericksburg, 54.
Seven days' battle, 34–38.
Seven Pines, battle, 30.
Seward, William H., candidate for President (1860), 16; attempted assassination of, 99.
Shafter, General W. R., Santiago campaign, 276–284, 286, 287, 290, 294.
Shellabarger, Samuel, and reconstruction bill, 101.
Sheridan, General P. H., in Shenandoah Valley, 73, 79; joins Grant, 82; Five Forks, 83, 84; in pursuit of Lee, 87–90; report on Indian conditions, 164–165; visits Indian Territory, 215–216.
Sherman, Elizabeth, 166.
Sherman, General W. T., march to the sea, 74; march up the coast, 79; in North Carolina, 80; report on Indian conditions, 165, 166.
Sherman, Mary H., marriage, 107; and Mrs. Custer, 110; joins husband in 1877, 166.
Sherman, Senator John, 101, 268.
Short Bull, Chief, 235, 236, 245
Sioux Indians, campaign against, 137–166.
Sitting Bull, Chief, 139, 142, 147, 148, 149, 150, 152, 153, 160, 164, 178; surrender, 182; quoted, 197; and the Messiah, 237, 238; death, 239.

Slavery, original charter, 12, 13.
Smith, Lieutenant, pursuit of Apaches, 224.
Snyder, Captain, and Indians, 177.
Soldiers' canteen established, 215.
Spain, war with, 268–305; condition of army, 270; and navy, 271; battle in Manila Bay, 271; surrender of Manila, 272; Cuban expedition, 274–284; battle of Santiago, 284; surrender, 291, 293; capture of Porto Rico, 296–305.
Spotted Eagle, Chief, 182.
Spotted Tail, Chief, 139.
Spottsylvania, battle, 65–67.
Standish, Miles, 3.
Stanton, E. M., Secretary of War, 99.
Stanton, Lieutenant, staff officer, 223.
Stedman, Fort, attack on, 81.
Stevens, Thaddeus, reconstruction bill, 101.
Stone Calf, Chief, 129.
Stuart, General J. E. B., destroyed McClellan's base of supplies, 34; Chancellorsville, 52.
Sturgis, Major-General, Indian campaign, 172, 176.
Sumner, General E. V., corps commander, 30; before Richmond, 31; invalid, 46; death, 49.
Sumner, Senator Charles, 11.
Sumter, Fort, bombardment, 20.
Sutherland Station, battle, 77, 84, 85, 87.
Swinton, William, quoted, 83.

Tampa, troops at, 275.
Taylor, Colonel, and Lee's surrender, 91.
Taylor, General Zachary, in Mexico, 248.
Terry, General, Indian campaign, 140, 144, 146, 177; and Custer, 185, 186, 187, 188.
Texas, chief products, 131; area, 131.
Thomas, General George H., loyalty, 21, 75; battle of Nashville, 75.
Thompson, Captain W. A., staff officer, 223.
Thompson, Jacob, and assassination of Lincoln, 99.
Tonasket, Chief, 212.
Toral, General José, surrenders Santiago, 287, 291, 293.
Torres, Louis E., Governor of Sonora, Mexico, 229.
Transcontinental railroad, 108, 109, 119.
Tucker, Beverly, and assassination of Lincoln, 99.
Turkey, army, 262; Sultan, 262, 263.
Two Moons, Chief, 153.
Tyler, Captain, and Indians, 177.

Upton, General Emory, Cold Harbor, 70.
Ute Indian uprising, 132.

Van Schack, George, mentioned, 93.
Victoria, Queen, sixtieth anniversary, 265, 266.
Victoris, Chief, 221.

Wainwright, Commander Richard, and capture of Porto Rico, 296.
Wallace, General Lew, at Monocacy, 72.
Walsh, Lieutenant, pursuit of Apaches, 224, 225.
Warren, General G. K., Five Forks, 82, 83; relieved from command, 84.
"Warren Guards," organized, 25.
Wheelan, Captain, and Lame Deer, 162.

Wheeler, General Joseph, in Spanish War, 282, 287, 292.
Whipple, Bishop, and Indians, 118.
White Bull, Chief, 153, 159.
White Oak Swamp, battle, 36.
Whitney, Lieutenant H. H., visits Cuba, 276; Porto Rico, 297, 298.
Wilder, Lieutenant, pursuit of Apaches, 226.
Wilderness, battle of the, 63, 64, 67.
Williams, Roger, and Indians, 117.
Wilson, General James H., in Porto Rico, 298, 299, 302.
Wilson, Senator Henry, 11, 24, 28.
Wilson's Creek, battle, 29.
Winslow, Mr., and the *Monitor*, 30.
Winthrop, Robert, 11.
Wise, Captain, in Spanish War, 285.
Wolseley, Lord, command, 266.
Wood, Lieutenant Leonard, and Apache campaign, 224.
Woodford, Stewart L., Minister to Spain, 268.
Woodhall, Sergeant, and Indians, 126.
Worden, Captain J. L., *Monitor-Merrimac* fight, 30.

YELLOWSTONE NATIONAL PARK visited, 195, 196.
Young, General, in Spanish War, 282.

ZULICK, Governor of Arizona, 229.

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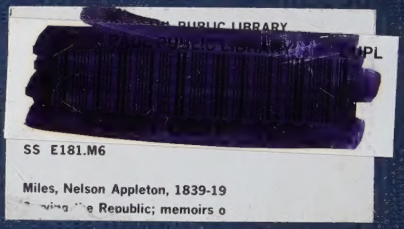

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